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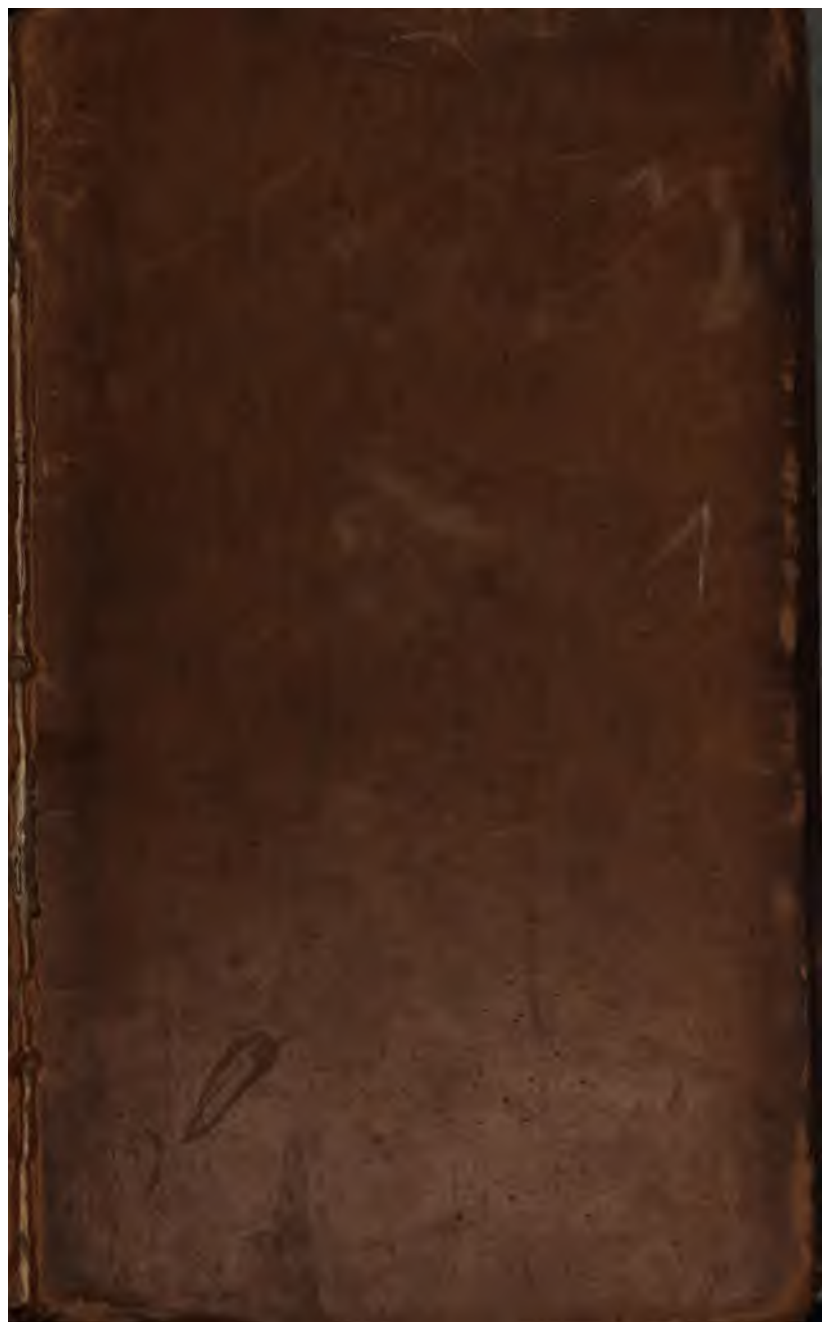
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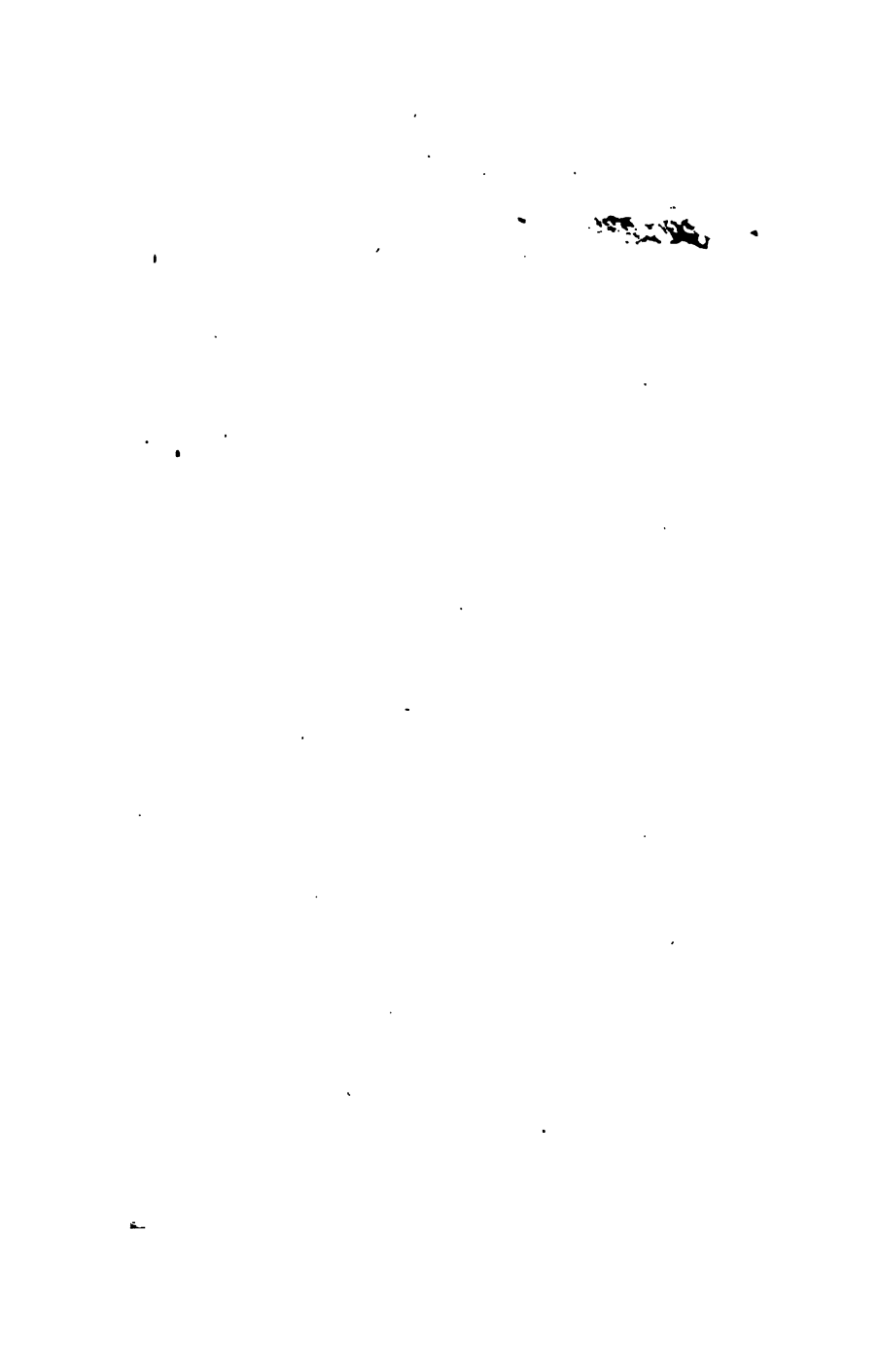
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# P R E F A C E

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BY THE

21 EDITOR.

THE Reflection imparts to me singular Satisfaction, that I have expended those Hours, which I have been able to redeem from my daily Occupation, on correcting and enlarging a Work, which will eminently contribute to the Amusement and Improvement of young Persons. Teaching the *Greek* and *Roman* Classics has constituted the principal Employment and the principal Felicity of my Life, and I look through a Series of Twenty Years with exalted Pleasure and Gratitude, in which I have done some Service to my Country, in instructing Youth in the best Species of Erudition, teaching them to understand and relish the immortal Productions of *Greece* and *Rome*, and by these Standards of literary Excellence, forming them to Purity of Diction, Elegance of Taste, and Solidity of Judgment. This is the sole Department in which, as an INSTRUCTOR, I have done good, or indeed can conscientiously serve Mankind.

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My

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## PREFACE *by the* EDITOR.

My Profession as well as Inclination powerfully induce me to rejoice in every Thing that facilitates the Path of Instruction, in every Book that illustrates the *Greek* and *Roman* Classics, and exhibits to the World the Lives, Characters, and Compositions of those incomparable Writers. The following Work, therefore, being excellently calculated for the Amusement and Instruction of Youth, whether in private Families, or in our Schools, Academies, and Universities, I thought I should deserve well of Parents, Preceptors, and Tutors, if I devoted some of my vacant Hours to augment and improve it. I have not indiligently revised the Whole, added in every Life several Particulars, corrected many Mistakes in Names, Places, and Facts, and have written *four* entire new Lives. At the End of every Article I have added a List of the *best Editions* of each Classic Author, much more complete and accurate than any before published. I have only to add, that the Study and Pains I have employed on these Two Volumes, will be amply recompensed, if they in any Respect conduce to delight and instruct young Persons, and prove instrumental in endowing their Minds with Knowledge and Virtue.

LONDON,  
October 8, 1777.

E. HARWOOD.

## P R E F A C E.

*THE Usefulness, or the Necessity rather, of a Work of this Nature, if executed with Judgment and Accuracy, can never be disputed by such as profess any Regard for Classical Learning, or for those mighty and celebrated Names, which have been transmitted to us, with Renown, through so many revolving Ages, as the great and venerable Founders of it. The mere Perusal and Grammatical Knowledge of these Writers must be jejune and unaffecting, unless you are in some Measure made acquainted with their Characters, their Lives, their Histories, their several Beauties and Imperfections, the Times in which they lived, the Figure they have made in the Republic of Letters, and the Sentiments and Judgment of the Learned in all Ages on their Compositions. These, and many other Circumstances, are so necessary to be known by a young Student, who begins to tread upon Classic Ground, in order to conduct him with Delight and Improvement thro' the Course of his Studies, that without these*

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Helps,



*Helps, he must walk with Dubiousness and Diffidence, must be led astray by false Lights, and be deprived of many wonderful and agreeable Discoveries, which a Collection of this Species must undoubtedly hold out to him.*

*I would have it understood that these Volumes are chiefly designed for the Use and Instruction of younger Scholars, though perhaps they may be of real Benefit to those Gentlemen, who have for some Years neglected the Advantages of their Education, and are desirous of resuming those pleasant and useful Studies, in which they formerly made a Progress at the Schools or Universities. Every Thing contained in them is submitted, with great Deference, to the most eminent Masters of Classical Literature, who will find no greater Faults, than I hope will be atoned by the Diligence they will see I have employed in collecting proper Materials, and the Care I have taken to dispose them in a clear and useful Method. In short, I presume I have in this Design not unsuccessfully accomplished what the Title promises, and therefore shall not plead want of Time or Abilities, the poor and vulgar Refuge of little Authors; since those must be miserable Excuses for a Man's Writing but indifferently, which are strong Reasons why he should not have written at all.*

*I am*

## P R E F A C E.

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*I am not aware of any material Objection that can be offered against the Method I have observed in the Arrangement of this Work, though it intirely differs from the Scheme that has been followed by those who have preceded me. The Lives of the Grecian Poets have been written many Years ago by a very learned Person, and lately, at a great Distance indeed, have appeared the Lives of the Roman Poets, attended with Remarks and Criticisms. But these Writers seem to have studied more to display their own Accomplishments, and a sinister Affectation of their own Skill, than to inform the young Student who wants Help; they entertain you with their own Observations, and rest wholly upon them, without vouchsafing to call to their Aid the Judgment and Sentiments of the many Learned who went before them, and who have acquired Immortality by their laborious Commentaries, and Disquisitions; they overwhelm you with pompous and long Quotations, that cover above half their Pages. Besides the Circumstance of their Thoughts lying vague, and scattered, and unconnected, they are generally dull and tedious, and therefore trouble and perplex you in the Perusal of them: This Fault I have carefully endeavoured to avoid; the Lives, and principal Incidents that relate to the Greek and Roman Classics, will be found in a narrow and concise View, and the Opinion of the*  
best.

*best Critics upon their Writings is afterwards exhibited in a regular Order: With great Diffidence I hazard any Thing of my own Judgment, which might appear vain, forward, and perhaps impertinent, among a Number of such great and undisputed Authorities.*

*T H I S Work must be confessed to possess another Advantage superior to any Thing that has been yet published, by the Addition of a whole Volume, containing the Lives and Characters of the Greek and Roman Historians, and Biographers; which I am confident that no Man will say, were ever yet collected together to any Purpose in the English Language.*

*I believe I am the first who compiled a Work of this Nature, unembarrassed with a Multitude of Quotations; and since I did not see the Necessity of it, I was willing to avoid all the Pomp and Ostentation of Learning. I have indeed introduced a Translation of some few Latin and Greek Passages, which the judicious Reader will excuse, because he will see the Use of it. For when there is Occasion, it manifests as much Affectation and Pedantry, superstitiously to avoid citing Greek or Latin, as it is to be pompous and profuse in those Citations without the least apparent Necessity.*

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T H E

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T H E  
LIVES AND CHARACTERS  
O F T H E  
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H O M E R.

**I**T has been the fruitless Labour of many Ages to arrive at any rational Certainty concerning the Circumstances of *Homer's* Life; every Man having the utmost Avidity to know the Person he cannot but admire: but, unhappily, this is a Curiosity that can never be thoroughly gratified; the most celebrated of Mankind will for ever be the most unknown. Not but that the Ancients have written his Life, but the Circumstances related in it, especially in that ascribed to *Herodotus*, are supported chiefly on fabulous Traditions: All his Biographers deviate so much into Superstition, and so wonderfully vary in their Relations, that no Dependence can be placed in the Accounts

V O L. I.                      B                      which

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which are given, particularly with respect to *Egypt* and *Greece*, the two great native Regions of Fiction and Fable.

EUSTATHIUS has recorded a strange Relation, delivered down to Posterity by *Alexander Paphius*, concerning *Homer's* Birth and Infancy. That he was born in *Egypt* of *Damasagoras* and *Æthra*, and brought up by a Daughter of *Orus*, the Priest of *Isis*, who was herself a Prophetess, and from whose Breasts Drops of Honey would frequently distil into the Mouth of the Infant. In the Night-time, the first Sounds he uttered, were the Notes of nine several Birds; in the Morning he was found playing in Bed with nine Doves: The Sibyl who attended him used to be seized with a Poetical Phrenzy, and to utter Verses, in which she commanded *Damasagoras* to build a Temple to the Muses. This he performed in obedience to her Inspiration, and related all these Things to the Child when he was grown up; who in Memory of the Doves which played with him during his Infancy, has in his Works preferred this Bird to the Honour of bringing *Ambrosia* to *Jupiter*.

HELIODORUS, who had heard of this Claim which *Egypt* put in for *Homer*, endeavours to strengthen it, by naming *Thebes* as the particular Place of his Birth. He allows also, that a Priest was his reputed Father, but that his real Father, according to the Opinion of *Egypt*, was *Mercury*. He says, that while the Priest was celebrating the Rites of his Country, and therefore slept with his Wife in the Temple, the God knew her, and begot *Homer*: That he was born with some Tufts of Hair upon his Thigh.

## H O M E R.

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Thigh, which were a Token of illicit Generation, from whence he was called 'ο μηρ (Femur) *Homer*, by the Nations through which he migrated. That he himself gave the Occasion, for which this Story of his Divine Extraction is so much unknown; because he neither told his Name, Race, nor Country, being ashamed of that Exile, to which his reputed Father had driven him from among the consecrated Youths, on account of that external Mark, which their Priests deemed 'a Testimony of an unlawful Conception.

THAT Poetical Genealogy which is delivered down as *Homer's* in the *Greek* Treatise of the Contention between him and *Hesiod*, records this Account of his Descent. The Poet *Linus* was born of *Apollo*, and *Thoöse* the Daughter of *Neptune*; *Pierus* of *Linus*; *Oeagrus* of King *Pierus*, and the Nymph *Methone*; *Orpheus* of *Oeagrus*, and the Muse *Calliope*; from *Orpheus* came *Othrys*; from him *Harmonides*; from him *Philoterpus*; from him *Euphemus*; from him *Epiphrades*, who begot *Menalops* the Father of *Dius*; *Dius* had *Hesiod* the Poet, and *Perfes* by *Pucamede* the Daughter of *Apollo*; then *Perfes* had *Mæon*, on whose Daughter *Crytheis*, the River *Mæles* begot *Homer*. Here is a miraculous Genealogy, industriously contrived to raise our Ideas to the highest; especially if we reflect that *Harmonides* is derived from *Harmony*, *Philoterpus* from *Love of Delight*, *Euphemus* from *beautiful Diction*, *Epiphrades* from *Intelligence*, and *Pucamede* from *Prudence*. It is not improbable, but the Inventors meant by a Fiction of this Nature to personify such Qualifications



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as were congruous to the Character of the Person for whom this Lineage was drawn.

THERE is a short Life of *Homer* attributed to *Plutarch*, wherein a third Part of *Aristotle* on *Poetry*, which is now lost, is cited for an Account of his uncommon Birth, which is thus narrated: At the time when *Neleus* the Son of *Codrus* conducted the Colony which was sent into *Ionia*, there was in the Island of *Io*, a young Girl, who was compréssed by a *Genius*, who delighted to associate with the Muses and share in their Concerts. She finding herself with Child, and being touched with the Shame of what had happened to her, removed from thence to a Place called *Ægina*. There she was taken in an Excursion made by Robbers, and being brought to *Smyrna*, which was then under the *Lydians*, they gave her to *Mæon* the King, who married her for her Beauty: While she walked on the Banks of the River *Meles*, she brought forth *Homer*, and expired. The Infant was taken by *Mæon*, and educated as his Son, till the Death of that Prince.

THE most remarkable Tradition concerning *Homer's* Life is his Blindness, yet this must not befall him in an ordinary Manner; nothing less than Gods and Heroes must be visibly concerned in it. Thus we find among the different Accounts which *Hermias* has collected concerning his Blindness, that when *Homer* resolved to write of *Achilles*, he had an excessive Passion to fill his Mind with a just Idea of so glorious a Hero; after having therefore paid all due Honours at his Tomb, he intreats that he may obtain a Sight of him. The Hero grants his Poet's  
Petition,

Petition, and rises in a glorious Suit of Armour, which cast so unsufferable an Effulgence, that *Homer* lost his Eyes while he gazed for the Enlargement of his Notions.

BUT the most formal Account we have of the Life of *Homer*, is that which is said to be collected by *Herodotus*. Every one, who peruses this Life of *Homer*, will judge it to be a miserable unauthenticated Treatise, composed of Events which lie only within the Compass of Probability, and belong to the lowest Sphere of Life: It seems to have totally flowed from the groveling Ideas of some *Grammarians*, and is a mean Performance: I shall not therefore exhibit before the Reader the whole of this Life ascribed to *Herodotus*, but only the most material Parts of it. *Strabo* did not deign to make use of it.

A MAN of *Magnesia*, whose Name was *Melalippus*, went to settle at *Cumæ*, where he married the Daughter of a Citizen called *Homymyres*, and had by her a Daughter called *Critheis*. The Father and Mother dying, the young Woman was left under the Tuition of *Cleonax*, her Father's Friend. Whether the Guardian did not take care of his Ward, or that the vague Government, which is usual in new Settlements, allowed a sort of Liberty repugnant to Decorum, the Maid suffered herself to be deluded, and proved with Child. The Guardian, who had not prevented the Misfortune, was willing to conceal it, and sent *Critheis* to *Smyrna*, which was then building eighteen Years after the Founding of *Cumæ*, that is, one hundred sixty-eight after the Destruction.

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tion of *Troy*. *Critheis* being near her Time, went one Day to a Festival which the Town of *Smyrna* was celebrating on the Banks of the River *Meles*. Her Pains came upon her, and she was delivered of *Homer*, whom she called *Melesigenes*, because he was born on the Banks of that River. Having nothing to maintain her, she was forced to spin for her Livelihood.

THERE was at that time in *Smyrna*, a Man called *Phemius*, who taught Literature and Music. This Man having often seen *Critheis*, who lodged near him, and being pleased with her Œconomy, took her to his House to spin the Wool he received from his Scholars for their Instruction. She conducted herself so modestly and discreetly, that *Phemius* married her, and adopted her Son, in whom he discovered a wonderful Genius, and the best natural Disposition in the World. After the Death of *Phemius* and *Critheis*, *Homer* succeeded to his Father-in-law's Fortune and School, and was admired, not only by the Inhabitants of *Smyrna*, but by all Strangers, who resorted thither from all Parts, as it was a Place of great Trade.

A Ship-Master called *Mentes*, who was a Man of Genius, very learned, and a Lover of Poetry, was so captivated with *Homer*, that he persuaded him to leave his School, and travel with him. *Homer*, whose Thoughts were then employed upon the *Iliad*, and who deemed it of great Consequence to visit the Places he should have occasion to celebrate in his Poem, embraced the Opportunity. He embarked with *Mentes*, and during their several Voyages, never failed  
care-

carefully to note down all that he thought worthy of Observation; no Man was ever more accurate in specifying the Situation of Places, and the Temper, Armour, Dress, and different Usages of Nations. The Discoveries he has made in Geography are excellent, and he has taught those who wrote after him, the true Method of that Science.

HE travelled into *Egypt*, from whence he imported into *Greece* the Names of the Gods, and the chief Ceremonies of their Worship. He visited *Africa* and *Spain*, in his Return from whence he touched at *Ithaca*, where he was much troubled with a Rheum falling upon his Eyes. *Mentes* being in haste to take a View of *Leucadia*, his native Country, left *Homer* well recommended with *Mentor*, one of the principal Men of the Island of *Ithaca*, who took all possible care of him. There *Homer* was informed of many things relating to *Ulysses*, which he afterwards made use of in composing the *Odyssey*. *Mentes* returning to *Ithaca*, found *Homer* cured. They embarked together, and after much time spent in visiting the Coasts of *Peloponnesus*, and the Islands, they arrived at *Colophon*, where *Homer* was again troubled with the Defluxion upon his Eyes, which proved at last so violent, that he is said to have lost his Sight. This Misfortune induced him to return to *Smyrna*, where he finished the *Iliad*.

SOME time after, the Situation of his Affairs obliged him to go in *Cumæ*, where he hoped to have found Relief. In the way he staid at a Place called *The New Wall*, being a Colony from *Cumæ*. There he lodged in the House of

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an Armourer called *Tychyus*, where he recited some Hymns he had composed in honour of the Gods, and his Poem of *Amphiaraus's* Expedition against *Thebes*. The People admiring him, he was supported for some time. *Herodotus* assures us, that in his time they still shewed the Place where *Homer* used to sit when he recited his Verses, and that the Place was then held in great Veneration.

NEXT he journeyed to *Cumæ*, and passing through *Larissa*, wrote the Epitaph of *Midas*, King of *Phrygia*, then very lately dead. At *Cumæ*, he was received with extraordinary Joy. Here his Poems were wonderfully admired; but when he proposed to eternize their Town, if they would allow him a Salary, he was answered, that *there would be no End of maintaining all the ὀρφνοὶ or Blind Men*, and hence he got the Name of *Homer*. From *Cumæ* he went to *Phocæa*, where he recited his Verses in the Assemblies: Here one *Thestorides*, a School-master offered to maintain him, if he would suffer him to transcribe his Verses. This *Homer* complying with, urged by Necessity, the other had no sooner gotten them, but he removed to *Chios*; there the Poems gained him Wealth and Honour, while the Author himself could hardly earn his Bread by repeating them. At last, some who came from *Chios*, told the People, that the same Verses were published there by a School-master; *Homer* resolved to find him out. Having therefore landed near that Place, he was received by one *Glaucus*, a Shepherd, at whose Door he had like to have been worried by Dogs. The Shepherd carried him to his Master

at

at *Bolissus*, who admiring his Knowledge, entrusted him with the Education of his Children. Here his Praise began to spread, and *Thestorides*, who heard of his being in the Neighbourhood, fled before him. He removed however some time afterwards to *Chios*, where he set up a School of Poetry, gained a competent Fortune, married a Wife, and had two Daughters, one of whom died young ; the other married his Patron at *Bolissus* : Here he composed his *Odyssey*, and inserted the Names of those to whom he had been most obligated, as *Mentes*, *Phemius*, *Mentor* : Intending to visit *Athens*, he made honourable mention of that City, to prepare the *Athenians* for a favourable Reception of him. But as he went, the Ship put in at *Samos*, where he continued the whole Winter, singing at the Houses of Great Men, with a Train of Boys after him. In the Spring he re embarked in order to prosecute his Journey to *Athens* ; but landing by the way at *Ios*, he fell sick, died, and was buried on the Sea-shore. Some say, he died for Grief, because he could not expound a silly Riddle, proposed to him by some Fishermen ; but *Herodotus*, with good Reason, contradicts that ridiculous Tradition. There are some other scattered Stories about *Homer* ; he was fined, says *Heracлідs*, at *Athens* for a Madman ; *Ælian* relates, that he portioned his Daughter with some of his Works for want of Money : but these Stories are too frivolous to deserve any Credit.

HAD these Memoirs of *Herodotus* been true, they would have decided the Place of *Homer's* Birth ; to which, nineteen Places, says *Suidas*,

laid their Claim. *Adrian* made a solemn Enquiry of the Gods to obtain Satisfaction concerning this Point, as it was a Question not to be settled by Men; and *Apion* (according to *Pliny*) raised a *Spirit* to give him Information. There is a Prophecy of the Sibyls, which predicts that he should be born at *Salamis* in *Cyprus*; and the Oracle given to *Adrian* afterwards, says, that he was born in *Ithaca*. There are some Customs recorded in his Works, that seem to fix his Nativity in *Æolia*, or *Egypt*. A School was shewed for his at *Colophon*, and a Tomb at *Ios*. The *Athenians* made his Name free of their City. The *Smyrneans* built a Temple to him, struck Medals of him, and were so enthusiastically enamoured of his having been their Countryman, that it is said, they burnt *Zoilus* for affronting them in the Person of *Homer*. The *Chians* plead the ancient Authorities of *Simonides* and *Theocritus*, the first calling him *The Poet of Chios*, and the other *The Songster of Chios*; and which is more, *Homer* in the Hymn to *Apollo*, (which is acknowledged for his by *Thucydides*) bids the Muses answer, that *it is the Blind Man that lives at Chios*; the *Chians* likewise shew to this Day an *Homerium*, or Temple of *Homer*, near *Bolissus*. It is impossible to determine in a Point of so much Uncertainty.

THE Search is equally fruitless, if we enquire after his Parents. *Ephorus* has made *Mæon* to be his Father by a Niece, whence he obtained the derivative Name of *Mæonides*. His Mother (if we allow the Story of *Mæon*) is called *Crytheis*; but we are lost again in Uncer-

tainty, if we investigate farther; for *Suidas* has mentioned *Eumetis* or *Polycaste*, and *Pausanias* *Clymene* or *Themisto*. He manifestly appears to have been born considerably later than the Siege of *Troy*, for in his Invocation of the *Muses* to recount the Catalogue of the Ships, he says, *we have only heard a Rumour, and know nothing particularly*. But not to enter into this dry Dispute, the World is inclined to the Chronology of the *Arundelian Marble*, which places him at the time when *Diognetus* ruled in *Athens*, a little before the *Olympiads* were established, about three hundred Years after the taking of *Troy*, and near a thousand Years before the *Christian Æra*.

THE very Name of *Homer* has been disputed; he has been called *Melesigenes*, from the River on whose Banks he was born. *Homer* has been reckoned an ascetic Name, derived from some Accident of his Life: The *Certamen Homericum* calls him once *Auletes*, perhaps from his *Musical* Genius. *Lucian* is very pleasant upon this Subject; he feigns that he had talked over the Point with *Homer* in the Island of the *Blessed*; I asked him, says he, of what Country he was? a Question hard to be resolved with us: To which he answered, He could not certainly tell, because some had informed him that he was of *Chios*, some of *Smyrna*, and others of *Colophon*, but he always took himself for a *Babylonian*, and said he was called *Tigranes*, while he lived among his Countrymen, and *Homer* while he was a Hostage among the *Grecians*. Some, it seems, have found that ὁμηρος signifies a *Hostage*; and this



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Poet (according to *Proclus*) was delivered up under that Denomination in a War between *Smyrna* and *Chios*. Others pretend, that he had the Name of *Homer*, because he was born blind; but if any, says *Paterculus*, believes that *Homer* was born blind, he is blind himself, and has parted with all his Senses. The *Chian* Medal of him, which is of great Antiquity, represents him with a Volume open, and reading intensely. It is impossible he should have been born blind, whatever he might have been afterwards; for he must certainly have beheld the Creation, considered it with a long and accurate Attention, and enriched his Fancy by the most sensible Perception of those Images which he makes the Reader see, while he but describes them. It could not be thought, that they who knew so little of the Life of *Homer*, could have any accurate Knowledge of his Person, yet they had Statues of him, as of their Gods, whose Forms they had never seen. There are still to be found in the Cabinets of the Curious, Medals of *Homer* stricken at *Chios*, at *Smyrna*, at *Amastris*; but none of those Honours having been paid him till long after his Death; we have no Figure of *Homer* taken from the Original: they are all of them the sole Creatures of Fancy and Imagination; but though the ancient Portraits of him seem purely ideal, yet they agree in representing him with a short curled Beard, and with distinguishing Marks of Age upon his Forehead.

THE only incontestable Works which *Homer* has transmitted down to us, are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The *Batrachomyomachia*, or Battle

Battle of the Frogs and Mice, has been disputed; but however, is allowed for his by many Authors. It is indeed a beautiful Piece of Raillery, and *Statius* reckons it like the *Culex* of *Virgil*, a Trial of his Energy before his greater Performance. The Hymns have been also doubted, and attributed by the Scholiasts to *Cynæthus* the Rhapsodist; but neither *Thucydides*, *Lucian*, nor *Pausanias*, have scrupled to cite them as genuine. We have the Authority of the two former, for that of *Apollo*, and of the last, for a Hymn to *Ceres*, of which he has given us a Fragment. That to *Mars* is objected against; and likewise that which is the first to *Minerva*. The Hymn to *Venus* has many Lines copied by *Virgil* in the Interview between *Aeneas* and the Goddess in the first *Æneid*. But whether these Hymns be *Homer's*, or not, they were always judged to be almost as ancient, if not of the same Age with him. Many other Pieces are ascribed to him: Epigrams, the *Margites*, the *Cecropes*, the Destruction of *Oechalia*, and several more, which if they were his, are now to be reputed a real Loss to the Learned World. Time in some things may have prevailed over *Homer* himself, and left only the Names of these Works, as Memorials that such were once in being; but while the *Iliad* and *Odyssæy* remain, he seems like a Leader, who, though he may have failed in a Skirmish, has atchieved a Victory, for which he will pass in Triumph through all future Ages to the final Consummation of all Things.

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WHEN *Homer* had composed his Poems, the People were so captivated with them, that they were quickly dispersed throughout *Ionia*. They were all in one uniform Piece, and not at all divided into Books. But every one not being able to purchase them entire, they went about in detached Pieces, each of which took its Name from the Contents, as *The Battle at the Ships*; *the Death of Dolon*; *the Valour of Agamemnon*; *the Patroclea*; *the Grot of Calypso*; *the Slaughter of the Suiters*, and the like; nor were these entitled, Books, but *Rhapsodies*; from whence they who sung them about *Asia Minor* had the Title of *Rhapsodists*, so called from the *Boughs* of Laurel they used to carry in their Hands. These detached Pieces afterwards occasioned the Division into Books, as obtains at present, and was the Work of Grammarians, who lived long afterwards: When this Division was first made, is not now known, but the Ancients never quoted *Homer* by Books. After the Poems of *Homer* were divided into Books, some *Greek* Grammarian wrote those Arguments to each Book, which are now prefixed to them.

HOMER was not known intire in Greece before *Lycurgus*; that great Law-giver being in *Ionia*, and having there found perfect Copies of his two Divine Poems, took the Pains to transcribe them himself, and carried over this Treasure into Greece. This we may call the FIRST EDITION of *Homer* that appeared in Greece, about a hundred and twenty Years before the Building of *Rome*. As *Lacedæmon* had the Honour of the first Publication of *Homer's* Works, the Distinction of  
arranging.

arranging and methodizing them fell to the Share of *Athens*, in the time of *Solon*, who initiated a Law for their Recital. It was then that *Pisistratus*, the Tyrant of *Athens*, a Person of great Learning and Genius, put together the confused Parts of *Homer*, according to the Regularity and Order in which they are now transmitted to us. He divided them into the different Works entitled the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*. He (that is, his Son *Hipparchus*, by his Order) digested them according to the Author's Design, and distinguished each again into twenty-four Books, to which were afterwards prefixed the twenty-four Letters.

THIS Edition of *Athens* was soon carried and sung abroad by one *Cynæthus*, a learned Rhapsodist, and his Followers, who rehearsed these Poems in all the Cities of *Greece*, and in the Islands; in all which Places they got an Establishment in the Schools, and were publicly read there: Witness the Story of *Alcibiades*, who going into a Rhetorician's School, asked him to read to him some Part of *Homer*; and the Rhetorician answering, he had nothing of that Poet's, *Alcibiades* gave him a Box on the Ear; as if it had been unlawful for any publick Professor to undertake the Instruction of Youth, without being himself acquainted with *Homer*.

BUT the Carelessness of the Transcribers, and the Presumption of the Rhapsodists, soon introduced many Errors into the Copies of *Homer's* Works, the original Beauty of which incurred the Danger of being utterly defaced, had not the Care of Kings and Philosophers under-

undertaken to purge the Errors, and to restore them, as nearly as possible, to their primitive Purity. *Alexander* the Great, who was so passionately fond of *Homer*, that he laid him every Night with his Sword under his Pillow; who called him his Magazine of War, and who would have a Casket of inestimable Value, taken among the Spoils of *Darius*, appropriated to no other use, but to preserve these Poems; to the end, said he, that the most perfect Production of human Genius might be kept in the richest Casket in the World: this Prince appointed learned Men to revise and correct him, and committed this Revival to two great Philosophers, *Callisthenes* and *Anaxarchus*, who followed him in his *Asiatick* Expedition; nor was he satisfied with being present in Person at this Revival, he transcribed the whole Work with his own Hand, as they corrected it from the best Copies, and likewise consulted *Aristotle* upon that Occasion. This Edition of *Alexander* thus corrected, was called, *The Edition of the Casket*.

AFTER the Death of *Alexander*, *Zenodotus* of *Ephesus* again revised it under the first of the *Ptolemies*. Under *Ptolemy Philometor*, the famous *Aristarchus* published a new Edition; he carefully scrutinized those of *Alexander* the Great and *Zenodotus*, and what other Copies he could gather. This Edition obtained so great a Celebrity, that the Number of Copies multiplied extremely. It is likely this produced the Copies of *Marseilles* and *Sinope*, and from that Copy doubtless are come our Editions. We find in the Life of the Poet *Aratus*, that he having

ing finished a Copy of the *Odyssey*, was sent for by *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, and was entertained by him till he had finished a Copy of the *Iliad*. But the World was not contented merely to have settled an Edition of *Homer's* Works, for many Translations were published, whereby other Languages were enriched by an Infusion of his Spirit of divine Poesy. *Ælian* tells us, that even the *Indians* had these Poems in their Language, and the *Persian* Kings sung them in theirs. *Perfius* mentions a Version into *Latin* by *Labeo*, and, in general, the Passages and Imitations which are taken from him, are so numerous, that it may be said that *Homer* hath been translated either in whole or part into almost all Languages.

HOMER, who had a Mind peculiarly accomplished for Poetry, had the vastest, sublimest, and most universal Genius that ever was: It was by his Poems that all the Worthies of Antiquity were formed, from hence the Lawgivers took the first Sketches of the Laws they gave to Mankind; the Founders of Monarchies and Commonwealths from hence took the Model of their Policies. Here the Philosophers found the first Principles of Morality, which they taught the People. Hence Physicians have studied Diseases and their Cures; Astronomers have learned the Knowledge of the Heavens, and Geometricians of the Earth; Kings and Princes have learned the Art of governing, and Captains of forming a Battle, of encamping an Army, of besieging Towns, of fighting and gaining Victories. Nothing is more wonderful than the Descriptions of his Battles,  
which

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which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are replenished with so vast a variety of Incidents, that no one bears a Likeness to another; such different kinds of Deaths, that no two Heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a Profusion of noble Ideas, that every Battle rises above the last in Greatness, Horror, and Confusion.

FROM this great Original, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Aristotle* derived much of their Philosophy; *Sophocles* and *Euripides* took the sublime Tone of the Theatre and their Ideas of Tragedy; *Zeuxis*, *Apelles*, *Polygnotus*, became such excellent Painters; and *Alexander* the Great so valiant. *Homer* has been the first Founder of all Arts and Sciences, and the Pattern of the wise Men in all Ages. And as he has been in some measure the Author of the Heathen Religion which he established by his Poems, one may say that never Prophet had so many Followers as he; yet notwithstanding the Universality of his Genius, his all-comprehensive Mind, capable of every Attainment, applied itself solely to Poetry, to which it directed all its great Powers.

IT is no romantic Commendation of *Homer* to affirm that no Man understood Persons and Things better than he; or had a deeper Insight into the Humours and Passions of Human Nature. He represents great Things with such Sublimity, and little ones with such Propriety, that he always makes the one admirable and the other delectable. He is a perfect Master of all the exquisite Graces of the figurative Style. *Strabo*, the excellent Geographer and;

and Historian, assures us that *Homer* has described the Places and Countries of which he gives Account with an Accuracy, that no Man can imagine who has not seen them, and no Man but must admire and be astonished that has. His Poems may justly be compared to that Shield of divine Workmanship, so inimitably represented in the eighteenth Book of the *Iliad*; in which you are presented with exact Images of all the Actions of War and Employments of Peace, and are entertained with the delightful View of the Universe. *Homer* has all the combined Beauties of every Dialect and Style, scattered through his Writings; he is scarce inferior to any other Poet, in that Poet's own Manner and particular Excellency, but transcends all others in Force and enlargedness of Genius, Elevation of Fancy, and immense Copiousness of Invention. Such a Sovereignty of original Genius reigns all over his Works, that the Ancients esteemed and admired him as the great High Priest of Nature, who was admitted into her inmost Sanctuary, and initiated into her most solemn Mysteries. The learned *Grotius*, amazed at the Extent of his Wit, the Greatness of his Knowledge, the Profoundness of his Thoughts and Maxims, and the Sublimity of his Comparisons, has bestowed upon him a very great Eulogy, for he has not hesitated to compare one of the greatest Prophets, I mean *Ezekiel*, with this noble Poet. He excelled, says he, in Genius and Elocution, insomuch that, the Gift of Prophecy excepted, which is above Comparison, he may worthily be compared to *Homer*, for  
his



his sprightly Thoughts, noble Comparisons, mighty Knowledge in several things, particularly in Architecture.

HE has wonderfully found the Art how to raise his Poetry by the magic Powers of Harmony, mixing them artificially together, and supporting his Verse with well-sounding Particles, and with lofty or graceful Epithets, which cover all that is disagreeable in it. This he has wonderfully performed, especially in his Enumeration of the Ships at the End of the second Book. *Dionysius Halicarnassens* has evinced this by transcribing the eight first Verses of this List as a Pattern of the rest, and shewing that all these Names of Places have in themselves neither Beauty nor Grace, but that *Homer* has found out the Secret so to arrange and dispose them as to make them very beautiful and lofty. We need only read these Verses in the Original, in order to be amazed at their Magnificence. *Homer's* Poetry is like Music, which can bring under its Omnipotence and reduce to Concord the most disagreeable and inharmonious Sounds; all Things submit to it, and concur to accomplish the Effects it enjoins.

HE had likewise the Art, by the Admixture of harsh, coarse, and common Terms with other more flowing and elegant, to make a middle Composition between the austere and harsh, and the graceful or florid; and by that means he wonderfully mingles Art and Nature, Passion and Manners, as *Dionysius Halicarnassens* has well expressed it. Whatsoever Place we fix upon in this Poet, says that excellent

cellent Critic, we shall find it admirably diversified by these two kinds of Fluency and Harmony. This happy Composition has given *Homer* such Vigour and such Charms as no Man yet could ever come near; and what is most wonderful, is, that no Part is laboured or forced: All flows freely from its Spring, and there is every where that pleasing Ease, as if the whole Poem had been continually dictated to *Homer* by the Muse he invokes.

*'Tis said that Homer, matchless in his Art,  
Stole Venus' Girdle to engage the Heart.  
His Works indeed vast Treasures do unfold,  
And whatso'er he touches turns to Gold.  
All in his Hands new Beauty does acquire,  
He always pleases, and can never tire.  
A happy Warmth he every where may boast,  
Nor is he in too long Digressions lost:  
His Verses without Rule a Method find,  
And of themselves appear in Order join'd.  
All without Trouble answers his Intent,  
Each Syllable is tending to th' Event.  
Let his Example your Endeavours raise,  
To love his Writings is a kind of Praise.  
Boileau's Art of Poetry.*

HOMER was certainly the Parent of poetical Diction, he was the first who taught this Language of the Gods to Men. His Expression is like the Colouring of certain great Masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly and executed rapidly. The Tints are the strongest, the most glowing imaginable, and every Figure, every Part of his vast and various Picture are  
touched

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touched with Spirit and Elegance. *Aristotle* had reason to say he was the only Poet who had found out *living Words*, there are in him more sublime Figures and bold animated Metaphors than in any good Author whomsoever. An Arrow is *impatient* to be on the Wing, a Weapon *thirsts* to drink the Blood of an Enemy. Yet his Expression is never too tumid for the Sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the Sentiment that swells and replenishes the Diction, which rises with it and sustains it in its Flight.

IN order to remove his Language the farther from Prose, he seems to have affected *Compound Epithets*. This was a sort of Composition peculiarly propitious to his heroic Poetry, not only as it heightened the Diction, but as it assisted and filled the Numbers with greater Sound and Pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to support the Images. He was not satisfied, it is said, with his Language as he found it settled in any one part of *Greece*, but carefully scrutinized its different Dialects with this particular View, to beautify and perfect his Numbers. He considered these as they had a greater Mixture of Vowels and Consonants, and respectively employed them according as the Verse required either greater Smoothness or greater Strength. What he most affected was the *Ionic*, undoubtedly his native Language, which has a peculiar Sweetness, from its Exemption from Contractions, and from its Custom of resolving the Diphthongs into two Syllables, so as to make the Words unfold themselves with a more spreading and sonorous Fluency.

Fluency. With this he mingled, say the Critics, the *Attic* Contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feeble *Æolic*; and completed this Variety by altering some Letters with the customary Licence of Poetry. Thus his Measures, instead of being Fetters to his Sense, were always in readiness to keep Pace with the Warmth of his Enthusiasm, and even to give a stronger Representation of his Ideas in the Correspondence of their Sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has fetched that exquisite Harmony which forces us to confess that he had not only the most comprehensive Mind, but the most delicate Ear a Poet ever possessed.

HE had many of his Fictions, says *Gale*, from some real Scripture-Tradition which he gathered up whilst he was in *Ægypt*, and which we may collect from his Style and the Affinity of many of his Expressions with the Scripture Language. The learned and ingenious Mr. *Bryant* has clearly evinced this in his System of ancient Mythology. But it is an extravagant Assertion of Sir *Walter Raleigh*, that *Homer* had read over all the Books of *Moses*, as appears evidently, says he, from many Places stolen from thence Word for Word.

HOMER, says Sir *William Temple*, was without doubt the most universal Genius that has been known in the World, and *Virgil* the most accomplished. To the *first* must be allowed the most fertile Invention, the richest Vein, the most general Knowledge, and the most lively Expressions. To the *last* the noblest Ideas, the justest Institution, the wisest Conduct, and  
the

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the choicest Elocution. To speak in the Painter's Terms, we find in the Works of *Homer* the most Spirit, Force and Life; in those of *Virgil*, the best Design, the truest Proportions, and the greatest Grace. The Colouring of both seems equal, and indeed in both is admirable. *Homer* had more Fire and Rapture, *Virgil* more Light and Sweetness; or at least the poetical Fire was more raging in the one, but clearer in the other; which makes the first more amazing, and the latter more agreeable. The Ore was richer in the one, but in the other more refined, and better allayed to make up excellent Work. Upon the whole, says *Temple*, I think it must be confessed that *Homer* was of the two, and perhaps of all others the vastest, the sublimest, and the most wonderful Genius; and that he has been generally so esteemed, there cannot be a greater Testimony given than what has been by some observed, that not only the greatest Masters have found the best and truest Principles of all their Sciences or Arts; but that the noblest Nations have derived from them the Original of their several Races, though it be hardly yet agreed whether his Story be true or Fiction. In short, these two immortal Poets must be allowed to have so much excelled in their Kinds, as to have exceeded all Comparison, to have even extinguished Emulation, and in a manner confined true Poetry, not only to their two Languages, but to their very Persons.

*Just as a Changeling seems below the rest  
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast;*

*So these Gigantic Souls amaz'd we find  
As much above the rest of Human Kind.  
Nature's whole Strength united! Endless Fame  
And universal Shouts attend their Name.*

*Mulgr. Essay on Poetry.*

IT is almost incredible to what an height of Enthusiasm the Ancients carried their Adoration of *Homer*. *Sparta* and *Macedon* chiefly venerated him in respect of his warlike Spirit; *Athens* and *Ægypt* in regard to his Poetry and Learning. His Works, which from the very beginning passed for excellent Poetry, in subsequent time came to be History and Geography; they rose to be a Sytem of universal Science, and were exalted into a Scheme of Religion. From him the Poets drew their Inspirations, the Critics their Rules, and the Philosophers a Defence of their Opinions. They instituted Games in honour of him, dedicated Statues, erected Temples at *Smyrna*, *Chios*, and *Alexandria*; and *Ælian* tells us, that when the *Argives* sacrificed with their Guests, they used to invoke the Presence of *Apollo* and *Homer* together. *Ptolemy Philopator* constructed a Temple to his Honour, erected a Statue of him, and placed about the Statue those Cities which contended for the place of his Birth. These were *seven*, and are well expressed in the two following Lines:

*Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios,  
Argos, Athenæ,  
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ.*

*Ælian* further informs us, that *Galaton* the Painter drew *Homer* vomiting, and the rest of the Poets licking up the Stream, intimating by this indelicate Image that they derived all that they had from him. *Virgil* used to say, it would have been easier to have wrested *Hercules'* Club from him than steal a Verse from *Homer* by way of Imitation. *Arcefilaus* the Philosopher never failed to read some Passage of this Poet Night and Morning, and always said when he took up the Book, *he was going to his Mistress*. His Poems not only amused and instructed the Mind, but have in all Ages contributed to please the Eye; the ablest Painters, and the most celebrated Statuaries having drawn from thence the Arguments and Designs of those noble Productions, which have been the greatest Ornaments of Temples and Palaces. *Vitruvius* reckons the Engagements of *Troy*, and the *Travels of Ulysses* among the Subjects usually painted in Galleries and Porticoes. *Hiero* caused all the Fable of the *Iliad* to be represented in the Cabin of his Ship in inlaid Work. *Francis* the First, says *Mrs. Dacier*, took from the *Odyssey* the Ornaments of one of the Galleries at *Fontainbleau*. The Ancients mention certain Bowls or Cups, of great Value, which were called *Scyphi Homericæ*, *Homer's* Bowls, because there were some Stories taken out of his Poems, or several of his Verses engraven on them. *Nero* was passionately fond of them, as *Suetonius* informs us. There would be no End of expatiating upon this Subject.

HOMER with his wonderful Accomplishments, and his inimitable Excellencies, could

not

not secure his Memory from Detraction and Envy. Monsieur *Perrault* affirms confidently, there never was any such Person in the World. He says that the two Poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, are nothing but a Collection of many little Pieces, by several Hands joined all together in a Body. The Siege of *Troy* being the general Subject of the Poets in the Times when it is pretended he lived, there came out commonly twenty or thirty Poems on that Action every Year, and the Man that made the best Verses gained the Prize. At last there happened to be some sort of Men in the World, who took a fancy to join the best of these Pieces together, and accordingly ranging them into some Order and Method, they formed the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. This is a bold Opinion, and deservedly exploded.

OTHERS allow *Homer* to have written the several Parts that make up these two Poems; but he wrote them, say they, without any View or Design; his Poems are loose, independent Pieces, tacked together, and were originally no more than so many Songs and Ballads upon the Gods and Heroes, and the Siege of *Troy*. This Notion is, in the highest Degree, absurd: It would be strange that *Aristotle* should form his Rules on *Homer's* Poems, that *Virgil* should build his *Æneid* upon the Model of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and that *Horace* should propose *Homer* for the Standard of Epic Writing, adorning him with this Testimony, that he never undertook any thing inconsiderately, nor ever made any foolish Attempts, if this celebrated Poet had not formed his Works upon a regular



Scheme and Plan, and carried them on with an intentional Regularity and Method from the Beginning to the End. In each of his Poems, says the eminently learned Dr. *Clarke*, from the Commencement of the Narrative to the Conclusion, the whole is so admirably connected; in the *Odyssey* the Narration is so uniform and regular; in the *Iliad*, in every Book, in almost every Page, whatever Battle is fought, whatever Transaction related, *Achilles*, as the principal Hero, is every where introduced with such admirable Art, and his Superiority represented to the Mind of the Reader, that it is absolutely impossible but the whole Poem must have been written with one Design.

SOME again attack him as a Plagiary, and arraign him with collecting and publishing the Works of those who wrote before him. *Diodorus Siculus* tells us, that there was one *Daphne*, the Daughter of *Tiresias*, who from her Inspirations obtained the Title of a *Sibyl*; she was endowed with a very extraordinary Genius, and being made a Priestess at *Delphi*, wrote Oracles with wonderful Elegance, which *Homer* sought for, and adorned his Poems with several of her Verses. *Ptolemæus Ephestio* relates, that there was before *Homer* a Woman of *Memphis*, called *Phantasia*, who wrote of the Wars of *Troy*, and the Peregrinations of *Ulysses*. *Homer* arriving at *Memphis*, where she had laid up her Work, and getting acquainted with *Phanitas*, whose Business it was to copy the sacred Writings, he obtained a Sight of these, and entirely followed the Scheme she had sketched. But this is an extravagant and absurd Story, which

which mentions an *Egyptian* Woman with a *Greek* Name, and who was never heard of but on this Occasion. *Clemens Alexandrinus* asserts, that he has taken several Verses, word for word, out of *Orpheus de extincto Baccho*. There are other malicious Relations of this nature, which deserve no Credit, and therefore shall not be mentioned.

THE Writings of *Homer* have been ransacked and tortured for Objections: His Narrations, says *Scaliger*, are tedious, his Thoughts and Notions are too effeminate and vulgar, they have so little of Sense or Energy in them, that he says they would scarce affect his Scullion. His Epithets are cold, flat, childish and unseasonable; he is too replete with Digressions and insipid Dialogues, he has invented indelicate and abominable Stories concerning the Gods. His Representations of the Deities are gross, and the Manners of his Heroes vicious and defective. He talks coarsely of Pots and Caldrons of Blood, Fat, Entrails. We find Princes slaying Beasts and roasting them: We hear *Ulysses* boasting of being the best Cook in the World, and challenging any Man to cut Meat, to serve Wine, or to make a Fire with him. And we see *Achilles* trying his Skill at the same Employment. These, and other Censures equally frivolous, are to be met with, which are easily obviated, by observing only, that when we are reading *Homer*, we are perusing the most ancient Author in the Heathen World. We are taking a View of Nature in her simple Dress, in Opposition to the Luxury of succeeding Ages; we are stepping almost

three Thousand Years back into the remotest Antiquity, and entertaining ourselves with a clear and surprizing Vision of Things no where else to be found, the only authentic Portraiture of the ancient World.

It is certain, the divine *Plato* banished the Writings of *Homer* out of his Commonwealth, which some would fix as a Stigma upon the Poet's Reputation. The Reason, says *Blackwall*, why *Plato* would not admit the Poems of *Homer* to be in the Hands of the Subjects of that Government, was, because he did not esteem ordinary Men capable Readers of them. They would be apt to pervert his Meaning, and have wrong Notions of God and Religion, by taking his bold and beautiful Allegories in a literal Sense. *Plato* frequently declares that he loves and admires him as the best, the most pleasant, and the divinest of all the Poets, and studiously imitates his figurative and mystical Way of writing. Though he forbid his Works to be read in public, yet he would never be without them in his Closet. Though the Philosopher pretends, that for Reasons of State he must remove him out of his City, yet he declares he would treat him with all possible Respect while he staid, and dismiss him laden with Presents, and adorned with Garlands, as the Priests and Supplicants of their Gods used to be, by which Mark of Honour, wherever he came, Men might be warned, and induced to esteem his Person sacred, and receive him with due Veneration.

THE most memorable Enemy to the Merits of *Homer* was *Zoilus*, a snarling Critic, who fre-

frequented the Court of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, King of *Egypt*, a great Encourager of learned Men. This Fellow wrote ill-natured Notes upon the Writings of this Poet, but received no Encouragement from the *Egyptian* Prince. He soon became universally hated, and at length died miserably; some say he was stoned, others that he was burnt to Death, and others that he was crucified by *Ptolemy* for a Crime that deserved that Punishment.

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### Best EDITIONS of H O M E R.

*Homeri Opera*, printed with very elegant Types, in the Collection of Heroic Poets, by *Henry Stephens*, 1566, Fol. Gr. 5l. 5s.

*Homeri Opera*, 2 vols. 4to. Gr. & Lat printed by *Elzevir* in a most elegant and correct Manner, with the *Scholia*, at *Amsterdam*, 1656, 1l. 11s. 6d.

*Barnes's Homer*, 2 vols. 4to, with the *Greek Scholia*, and *Notis variorum*, *Cantab.* 1711, 2l. 2s.

*Dr. Clarke's Homer*, 4 vols. 4to; the first Edition of the *Iliad* at *London* 1729, is infinitely more correct than the second that was published in 1754, which is wretchedly incorrect. The *Odyssy* was published at *London* 1740, by *Dr. Clarke's* Son, who appears not to be so accurate and judicious a Critic as his Father. *Dr. Clarke's* Edition has not the *Scholia*, which is its principal Defect.

*Homeri Opera a Berglero*, Gr. & Lat. 12mo. *Amsterdam*, 1707.

*Homeri Opera*, Gr. 2 vols. folio, *Glasg.* 1758, 2l. 2s. the most magnificent and correct Edition of *Homer* ever delivered to the World.

## H E S I O D.

THE Lives of few Persons abound with so many Uncertainties and fabulous Relations, as those of *Hesiod* and *Homer*; for which reason, what may possibly be true, is sometimes as much disputed as the romantic part of their Stories. The first has been more explicit than the other, in furnishing us in his Writings with some Circumstances of his Life and Family, as the Condition of his Father, the Place of his Birth, and the Extent of his Travels; and he has rendered it indisputable, though he has not fixed the Period, that he was one of the earliest Writers of whom we have any Account.

HE tells us in the second Book of his *Works and Days*, that his Father was an Inhabitant of *Cuma*, one of the *Æolian* Isles, now called *Faio Nova*, about thirty-six Miles North of *Smyrna*; from hence he removed to *Ascra*, a miserable Village in *Bæotia* at the Foot of Mount *Helicon*, which was doubtless the Place where *Hesiod* was born, hence the Name of *Ascræus* so frequently given to *Hesiod*, though *Suidas*, *Fabricius*, and others say he was of *Cuma*. He seems himself, and not undesignedly, to have prevented any Mistake about his Country; he tells us explicitly in the same Book,

Book, that he never was but once at Sea, and this was in a Voyage from *Aulis*, a Sea-port in *Bæotia*, to the Island *Eubæa*. This compared with the former Passage, of his Father's sailing from *Cuma* to *Bæotia*, will leave us no doubt concerning his Country. Thus he addressees to his Brother *Perfes* an Account of their Father's first Abode and his subsequent Removal.

Ὅσπερ ἰμός τι πάτηε, &c.

So our poor Father toil'd his Hours away,  
Careful to live in the unhappy Day.  
He, foolish *Perfes*, spent no Time in vain,  
But fled Misfortunes thro' the watry Plain.  
He from *Æolian Cuma* th' Ocean pass'd,  
Here in his fable Bark arriv'd at last.  
Not far from *Helicon* he fix'd his Race  
In *Ascra's* Village; miserable Place!  
How comfortless the Winter-Season there!  
And cheerless, *Ascra*, is thy Summer Air!  
O *Perfes*, may'st thou ne'er forget thy Sire,  
But let thy Breast his good Example fire.

Cooke's Translation.

THE Names of his Father and Mother we are to acquire from some other Intelligence, and *Suidas* tells us they were *Dius* and *Pycimene*. Of what Quality his Father was, we are not very certain; that he was driven from *Cuma* to *Ascra* by Misfortunes, we have the Testimony of *Hesiod*. His Father appears to have prospered better at *Ascra* than he did in his own Country; yet *Hesiod* could arrive at no higher Fortune than that of tending Sheep, on the Top of Mount *Helicon*. Here the Muses

met with him, and enlisted him into their Service.

*“Αὐτὸς ποῖ” Ἡρόδοτος, &c.*

E'er while as they the Shepherd Swain behold,  
Feeding beneath the sacred Mount his Fold,  
With Love of charming Song his Breast they fir'd,  
There me the heavenly Muses first inspir'd,  
There when the Maids of *Jove* the Silence broke,  
To *Hesiod* thus, the Shepherd Swain, they spoke :

Shepherds attend your Happiness, who place  
In Gluttony alone the Swain's Disgrace ;  
Strict to your Duty in the Fields you keep,  
There vigilant by Night to watch your Sheep ;  
Attend ye Swains on whom the Muses call,  
Regard the Honour not bestow'd on all :  
'Tis ours to speak the Truth in Language plain,  
Or give the Face of Truth to what we feign.

So spoke the Maids of *Jove*, the sacred Nine,  
And pluckt the Sceptre from the Tree divine,  
To me the Branch they gave, with Look serene  
The Laurel Ensign never-fading green :  
I took the Gift with holy Raptures fir'd,  
My Words flow sweeter, and my Soul's inspir'd.  
Before my Eyes appear the various Scene,  
Of all that is to come, and what has been :  
Me have the Muses chose their Bard to grace,  
To celebrate the blest'd immortal Race.  
To them the Honours of my Verse belong,  
To them I fast and last devote the Song.

THIS is no more than a signal Proof of poetical Vanity, which *Lucian* ridicules in a whole Dialogue ; *Ovid* seems to have entertained the same Opinion of it in the Beginning  
of

of his *Art of Love*. To prove that he intended to be sincere, and affirm nothing but Truth, he says,

*Nec mihi sunt visæ Clio, Cliusque Sorores,  
Servanti pecudes vallibus, Ascræ, tuis.*

Nor *Clio*, nor his Sisters have I seen,  
As *Hesiod* saw them on the shady Green.

VIRGIL had more Reverence for this Poet, to whom he was so much indebted, and whose Pattern he proposed for his Imitation in the *Georgicks*, for only transforming the *Laurel Wand* into a Set of *Pastoral Reeds*, he takes occasion to pass the highest Eulogy upon *Hesiod*.

*Hos tibi dant Calamos, en accipe, Musæ,  
Ascræo quos ante seni ; quibus ille solebat  
Cantando rigidas deducere Montibus Ornos.*

These Reeds the Muses to your Lips commend,  
The same they lent their old *Ascræan* Friend ;  
By whom inspir'd, descending Trees they led  
To mix in Chorus with the Flocks he fed.

UPON the Death of the Father, who left some Fortune behind him, the Estate ought to have been equally divided between the two Brothers, *Hesiod* and *Perfes*, but upon the Partition, *Perfes* defrauded him by corrupting his Judges. He was so far from being provoked to any Resentment by this Act of Injustice, that he expressed a Concern for these poor mistaken Mortals, who centered their Happiness in Riches only.



even at the Expence of their Virtue. He informs us that he was not only above Want, but capable of assisting his Brother in his Distresses, which he often did after the iniquitous Treatment he had received from him.

THE last Circumstance he mentions relating to himself, is his Victory in a poetical Contention. *Amphidamas* King of *Eubæa* had instituted funeral Games in honour of his own Memory, which his Sons afterwards saw performed; *Hesiod* here was a Competitor for the Prize in Poetry, which was a Tripod; this he won, and, as he tells us himself, consecrated to the Muses. *Plutarch*, in his Banquet of the Seven Wise Men, makes *Periander* give an Account of the poetical Contention at *Chalcis*, in which *Hesiod* and *Homer* are made Antagonists; the first was Conqueror, who received a Tripod for his Victory, which he dedicated to the Muses with this Inscription.

This *Hesiod* vows to th' *Heliconian Nine*,  
In *Chalcis* won from *Homer* the Divine.

\**Ἡσιόδῳ Μῦσαις, &c.*

GYRALDUS, in his Life of *Hesiod*, informs us, that he and *Homer* sung in *Delos* to the Honour of *Apollo*.

\**Ἐν Δῶλῳ, &c.*

*Homer* and I in *Delos* sung our Lays,  
There first we sung and to *Apollo's* Praise;  
New was the Verse in which we then began  
In honour to the God *Latona's* Son.

WE are informed that *Philip* of *Macedon* and his Son *Alexander* had a Dispute upon this Subject. The Prince declared in favour of *Homer*; his Father told him the Prize had been given against him to *Hesiod*, and asked him whether he had ever seen the Verses *Hesiod* inscribed upon the *Tripod*, and dedicated to the *Muses* on Mount *Helicon*? *Alexander* allowed it, and said, that *Hesiod* might well gain the Prize, when Kings were not the Judges, but ignorant Ploughmen and Rusticks. The Remark of *Cleomenes* the *Lacedæmonian* bears some Resemblance to this, who observed that *Homer* was the Poet of the *Spartans*, and *Hesiod* of the *Helotes*, or their Slaves, because the first taught the Art of War, and the other the Art of Husbandry. The Authority of these Relations is questioned by learned Men, especially by those who will not allow these two great Poets to have been Contemporaries, but place *Hesiod* between thirty and forty Years before *Homer*: As Sir *Thomas Pope Blount* has done in that excellent and useful Book entitled *Censura celebriorum Virorum*, and Dr. *Priestley* in his *Biographical Chart*.

**HESIOD** having enrolled himself in the splendid Service of the *Muses*, abdicated the Pastoral Life, and applied himself to the Study of Arts and Learning. In the latter part of his Life he removed to *Locris*, a Town at nearly the same Distance from Mount *Parnassus*, as *Ascræ* was from *Helicon*: *Gyraldus* and others tell us that he left a Son and a Daughter, and that his Son was *Stesichorus* the Poet; but this wants Confirmation.

firmation. It is allowed by all, that he lived to a very advanced Age.

THE Story of his Death, as related by *Solon*, in *Plutarch's Banquet of the Seven Wise Men*, is very remarkable. The Man with whom *Hesiod* lived at *Locris*, a Native of *Milesus*, ravished a Maid in the same House. A malicious Charge was brought to the Girl's Brothers against *Hesiod* as an Accomplice, who barbarously murdered him and his Companion, whose Name was *Troilus*, and threw their Bodies into the Sea, The Body of *Troilus* was cast on a Rock, which retains the Name of *Troilus* from this Incident. The Corse of *Hesiod* was received by a Shoal of Dolphins as soon as it was thrown into the Water, and carried to the City of *Molicria*, near the Promontory *Rhion*; near which Place the *Locrians* were then solemnizing a Festival, the same which is at this Time celebrated with so much Pomp. When they saw a floating Carcass, they ran with Astonishment to the Shore, and finding it to be the Body of *Hesiod*, newly murdered, they resolved, as they thought themselves obliged, to detect the Assassins of a Person they so much honoured. When they had found out the Wretches that had perpetrated the Murder, they flung them alive into the Sea, and afterwards demolished their Houses. The Remains of *Hesiod* were deposited in *Nemea*, and his Tomb is unknown to most Strangers; the reason of its being concealed was owing to the *Orchomenians*, who had a Design, founded on the Advice of an Oracle, to steal his Remains from thence, and inter them in their own Country.

Country. This Incident respecting the Oracle, here mentioned by *Plutarch*, is related by *Pausanias* in his *Bæoticks*. He tells us, that the *Orchomenians* were advised by the Oracle to convey the Bones of *Hesiod* into their Country, as the only Expedient to drive away a Pestilence which raged among them. They obeyed the Oracle, found the Bones, and brought them Home. *Tzetzes* says, they erected a Tomb over him, with an Inscription to this Purport :

*Hesiod*, thy Birth is barren *Ascrea*'s Boast,  
Thy dead Remains now grace the *Minyan* Coast.  
Thy Honours to meridian Glory rise,  
Grateful thy Name to all the Good and Wise.

WE have the Knowledge of some few Monuments, which were instituted in honour to this great and ancient Poet. *Pausanias*, in his *Bæoticks*, informs us, that his Countrymen the *Bæotians* erected to his Memory an Image with a Harp in his Hand; the same Author tells us in another Place, that there was likewise a Statue of *Hesiod* in the Temple of *Jupiter Olympius*. *Fulvius Urfinus*, and *Boissard*, in his Antiquities, have exhibited a Breast with a Head, a Trunk without a Head, and a Gem of him; and *Urfinus* says, there is a Brazen Statue of him in the publick College at *Constantinople*: The only original Monument of him besides these now remaining, or at least known, is a Marble Bust in the *Pembroke* Collection at *Wilton*, a good Engraving of which is prefixed to Mr. *Cooke*'s Translation of *Hesiod*, both to the 4to and 12mo Editions.

THE

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THE *Theogony*, and the *Works and Days*, are the only undoubted Pieces of our Poet now extant; though it is supposed that these Poems have not descended in their original Integrity and Perfection to the present Times. The *Theogony*, or *Generation of the Gods*, *Fabricius* indisputably proves to be the Work of *Hesiod*; nor does it admit a Doubt, says he, but that *Pythagoras* took it for his, who in his Descent to Hell, feigned he saw the Soul of *Hesiod* tied with Chains to a Brass Pillar, and the Soul of *Homer* suspended on a Tree, both exposed to the Biting of Serpents, as a Punishment for what they had written concerning the Nature of the Gods. This, doubtless, is the Poem which gave *Herodotus* Occasion to say, that *Hesiod* with *Homer* was the first who introduced a *Theogony* among the *Grecians*, the first who gave Names to the Gods, ascribed to them Honours and Arts, giving particular Descriptions of their Persons. The ΕΡΤΑ, or the *Works and Days* of *Hesiod*, *Plutarch* assures us, were customarily sung to the Harp; *Manilius*, whom Mr. Creech has evidently proved to be an Author of the *Augustan* Age, in the second Book of his *Astronomy*, takes notice in his Commendation of this Poem and his Writings, that these two poetical Productions were the only remaining Pieces of *Hesiod*'s in the Reign of *Augustus*. *Manilius* gives this extraordinary Account of them, and of their Author. /

*Hesiodus. memorat, &c.*

——— *Hesiod* sings the Gods immortal Race,  
He sings how *Chaos* bore the earthy Mass;

How

# H E S I O D.

41

How Light from Darkneſs ſtruck did Beams  
display,

And Infant Stars firſt ſtagger'd in their Way.

How Name of Brother veil'd a Huſband's Love,

And *Juno* bore unaided by her *Jove*.

How twice-born *Bacchus* burſt the Thund'rer's  
Thigh,

And all the Gods that wander through the Sky,

Hence he to Fields deſcends, manures the Soil,

Inſtructs the Ploughman, and rewards his Toil,

He ſings how Corn in Plains, how Vine in Hills

Delight; how both with vaſt Increate the Olive  
fills.

How foreign Grafts th' Adulterous Stock receives,

Bears ſtranger Fruit, and wonders at her Leaves:

An uſeful Work when Peace and Plenty reign,

And Art joins Nature to improve the Plain.

*Greech's Tranſlation.*

THERE is a Poem aſcribed to *Hefiod*, and commonly printed with the other two above-mentioned, under the Title of *The Shield of Hercules*, which has not one plauſible Argument in its Favour, by which it may be affirmed to be a genuine Work. *Ariſtophanes* the Grammarian ſuppoſes it to be ſpurious, and that it is an Imitation of the *Shield of Achilles* in *Homer*. Of the other Labours of this ancient Poet, we have nothing but the Titles remaining, except ſome Fragments preſerved by *Pauſanias*, *Plutarch*, and *Polybius*, who gloried as much in reſcuing a Verſe from the Ruins of Time, as a Prince exults in a Victory obtained over his moſt powerful and inveterate Enemy. We are told that *Hefiod* compoſed ſome other Poems, of which we have not even the Titles. We are  
affured.

assured from divers Passages in *Pliny*, that he wrote of the *Virtues of Herbs*, as in the Beginning of his *Works and Days* he speaks of the Wholesomeness of Mallows, and of the Daffodil, or Asphadelos; *Quintilian*, in his fifth Book, denies the Fables of *Æsop* to be originally written by him, but says the first Author of them was *Hesiod*; and *Plutarch* informs us, that *Æsop* was his Disciple; but nothing certain can be determined upon this Subject.

THIS *Greek* Poet, with all his Excellencies, notwithstanding the Sweetness and perspicuous Plainness of his Style, the Pleasantness of his Fables, and the strict Virtue and Morality of his Precepts, has met with illiberal Treatment from Men of Note in the Republic of Letters, who have criticised his Writings: *Le Fevre* remarks, that in his Poem of *Works and Days*, he has acted like our Almanack-Makers, who distinguish between fortunate and unfortunate Days, and that this Piece upon the whole is not much to be valued. *Ludovicus Vives*, speaking of his *Theogony*, says, it is of some use for understanding the Poets, but in other respects it is good for nothing. *Quintilian* gives him the Palm only in *medio genere dicendi*, in the middle Style, not considering that his Subjects obliged him to rise no higher. *Clemens Alexandrinus* takes notice of several Verses stolen *verbatim* by *Hesiod* out of *Musæus* the Poet; and *Gale*, in his Court of the *Gentiles*, assures us, that *Hesiod* received some of his choicest Traditions from the Scriptures, if not immediately, yet originally, as will appear probable to any one who will take the trouble to draw up the Parallel.

BUT

BUT notwithstanding the Severity of these Censures, *Hesiod* has the Current of learned and judicious Criticism ever flowing in his Favour. *Heinsius* in the Preface to his Edition of this Poet remarks, that among all the Poets, he hardly could fix upon any except *Homer* and *Hesiod* who understood how to represent Nature in her true native Simplicity: Which is infinitely to be preferred before all that false metreticious Attire which future Ages have lavished upon her. He proceeds to tell us, that what to him seemed most wonderful was, that Nature had begun and perfected at the same time her Work in these two Poets, whom for that very reason he does not hesitate to call *Divine*; adding, that Nature had in both these Authors exhibited to us a complete and perfect Model of all poetical Excellence.

THE learned *Borrichius* remarks, that *Hesiod's* Poem, called *Works and Days*, was dictated by so much good Sense and Understanding, that even at this Day the reading of it will be of signal Use to all who apply themselves to Moral Philosophy, to Policy, to Œconomy, to Marine Affairs, and to Husbandry; and as for his *Theogony*, or *Generation of the Gods*, he observes, that we may learn much more from this Poem, than the Title seems to import; since those who are curious in exploring the Nature of Things, discover under the Cover of these Fables, natural Truths, and salutary Maxims, drawn from the deepest Philosophy. *Paterculus* styles him a Poet of a very elegant Genius, happy in the mellifluous Smoothness of his Numbers, and love of Quiet and Repose.

BUT



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BUT it is *Virgil* who stamps the poetical Character of *Hesiod* with the greatest Sanction, as he frequently mentions him with Honour, and in his *Georgics* follows him as his great Exemplar.

*Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida Carmen.*

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*Best EDITIONS of HESIOD.*

*Hesiod* magnificently printed in *Stephens's Collection* of the Heroic Poets, Gr. Fol. 1566.

*Hesiod* cum Græcis Scholiis et notis Dan. Heinsii, 4to, L. Bet. 1603, 10s. 6d. This is a very valuable Edition, and the most useful hitherto published of *Hesiod*, on account of the ancient Scholia, which are here correctly printed. The *Oxford Edition* of *Hesiod*, published by *Robinson*, hath not the Greek Scholia.

*Hesiod*, by *Robinson*, Gr. & Lat. 4to, *Oxon.* 1737, 15s.

*Hesiod*, *Salvini*, Gr. Lat. & Ital. 8vo. *Potav.* 1747. 5s.

*Hesiod*, notis Variorum & Clerici, 8vo, *Amst.* 1701, 6s. a very excellent Edition, but its great Imperfection is the want of the ancient Greek Scholia, which contain a Treasure of Mythological Learning.

*Hesiod*, Gr. & Lat. notis *Krebsii*, 12mo, *Lips.* 1746. 3s.

*THEOGNIS.*

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## T H E O G N I S.

**T**HEOGNIS was a Native of *Megara*, and frequently distinguished among the Ancients by the Name of the *Megarean Poet*. *Plato* erroneously believed him to be a *Sicilian*. The Place in which he received his Birth was *Megara* in *Attica*. The Purity of his Diction evinces this. He flourished in the Time of *Cræsus*, King of *Lydia*, about five hundred and fifty Years before *Christ*. He lived to a very advanced Age, to the Beginning of the War between the *Greeks* and *Persians*. He was expatriated by his Enemies, and conflicted with great Calamities. Where he died is uncertain.

THE Poems of *Theognis* are moral Compositions; what Powers of Poesy he possessed, he employed in the Service of Virtue. His ethical Admonitions are just and useful, and will ever be read with Pleasure and Improvement. It appears to me that this long Poem, of above a thousand Lines, originally consisted of a Number of separate Compositions, addressed to a Variety of Persons named in it, but that these detached Elegies came in time to be compounded and compressed into one undivided System. From his sometimes addressing *Cyrnus*, sometimes *Acadernus*, *Democles*, *Onomatritus*, *Clearristus*,

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*rifus, Thectimus, Timagoras,* and *Simonides*, it is evident that the Poem could not be originally in that Mass of Disorder in which we have received it.

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*Best* EDITIONS of THEOGNIS.

*Theognis*, Gr. & Lat. cum Scholiis, per Eliam Vinetum Santonem, 4to, *Paris*, 1543.

*Theognis*, Scholiis Camerarii, & Indice duplici a Sebero, 8vo, an excellent Edition and very scarce. *Lips.* 1620.

*Theognidis*, Phocylidis, Pythagoræ, Solonis, & aliorum poemata gnomica, a Sylburgis; a very accurate as well as elegant little Book, 12mo, *Ultraj.* 1659, 5s.

*Theognis*, cum Indice ac Notis, ab *Ant. Blackwall*, 12mo, *Lond.* 1706. This is by far the best Edition of *Theognis*. It is of rare Occurrence. The Editor was the learned and ingenious Mr. *Blackwall*, who wrote on the sacred Classics.

SAPPHO.

## S A P P H O.

THIS excellent Poetess, who enjoyed the Titles of the *Ninth Lyrick*, and the *Tenth Muse*, was a Native of *Mitylene*, the Capital of the *Molian* Cities in the Island of *Lesbos*. Her Mother's Name was *Cleis*, but who her Father was is uncertain, there being no less than eight Persons, mentioned in *Suidas*, as contending for that Honour: the most received Opinion decides in favour of *Scamandronymus*. She flourished, according to *Suidas*, about the forty-second Olympiad, and was Contemporary with *Pittacus*, Tyrant of *Mitylene*, and according to the common Account, one of the seven renowned Sages of *Greece*. She was acquainted with the two famous Poets, *Stesichorus* and *Alcæus*. The last of these is said to have been her Suitor; and a Rebuke which she gave him, is still extant in *Aristotle*. He informs us, that *Alcæus* one Day accosting *Sappho*, and telling her he had something to say to her, but was ashamed to utter it: Was it any thing good, she replied, and not rather something dishonourable, which you have conceived in your Mind, you would not be ashamed to disclose it.

*DIPHILUS* the Comic Poet, and *Hermesioxanax* the *Colophonian*, assure us, that *Anacreon* of  
Tees

*Teos* was also one of her Lovers; but this Amour has been generally esteemed too repugnant to Chronology to be admitted, and it must still be considered as such, notwithstanding Mr. *Barnes's* learned Endeavours to demonstrate the Contrary.

WE have no Records by which we can judge of her Quality, whether she was of noble or vulgar Extraction; for though *Strabo* informs us, that her Brother *Charaxus* traded in Wines from *Lesbos* to *Egypt*, yet we can conclude nothing from this Anecdote, since People of the best Rank among the Ancients employed themselves in Traffick, and frequently employed it as an Expedient to travel. *Solon*, when in *Egypt*, defrayed his Expences by Commerce; and *Plato* maintained himself there by the Oils which he sold. Besides *Charaxus* abovementioned, she had also two elder Brothers, *Larychus* and *Eurygius*. *Larychus* she highly extolled in her Verses for his Virtue and Munificence, and particularly for his having distributed Wine among the *Mitylenians* in the *Prytanæum*; but against *Charaxus* she as bitterly inveighed, for the extravagant Love he bore to a famous Courtezan called *Rhodope*.

THIS *Rhodope* is reported to have been a Fellow-Slave with the celebrated *Æsop*, and to have built one of the Pyramids of *Egypt*. As she was once bathing in the *Nile* (for she was a Native of *Naucratis*, a City of *Egypt*) an Eagle snatched one of her Slippers out of the Hands of her Waiting-Woman, and carrying it to *Memphis*, where the King sat administering Justice in a public Place of the City, dropped it  
up

in his Lap. The King was surpris'd at the Novelty of this Incident, and being smitten with the Beauty of the Slipper, immediately despatched Messengers throughout the Country, with Orders to bring to him the Woman with whom they should find the Fellow of that Slipper: *Rhodope* being found, was conducted to the King, and created by him Queen of *Egypt*.

To return to *Sappho*: She married one *Cercolus*, a Gentleman possessed of great Wealth and Power in the Isle of *Andros*, by whom she had a Daughter named *Cleis*; but being left a Widow very young, she could never think of a second conjugal Connection; not bearing to confine that Passion to one Person, which, as the Ancients tell us, was too violent in her to be restrained even to one Sex. She had many Female Favourites whom she lasciviously caressed; *Athis*, *Andromeda*, *Telephylla*, *Megara*, and others. On account of these Intimates, her Character suffers much from the Imputation of illicit and unnatural Pleasures; it being a constant Tradition, that her amorous Passion was not satisfied with the Commerce of Men, but that she was willing to have her Mistresses as well as her Gallants.

BUT no one seems to have been the Object of her Admiration, so much as the lovely *Phaon*. He was at first a kind of Ferryman, as is reported, and is thence fabled to have carried *Venus* with a great deal of Care over the Stream in his Boat, and to have received from her as a Reward, the Favour of being the most beautiful Man in the World. *Sappho*, it seems, had not Charms sufficient to subdue this obdurate

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**Lover.** He withdrew from her Solicitations, and retired from *Lesbos* to *Sicily*. She took a Voyage in pursuit of him, and there, upon that Occasion, it is imagined she composed her Hymn to *Venus*. From her Disappointments in Love originated some of her finest poetical Productions, particularly that elegant Epistle which *Ovid* makes her write to her ungrateful *Phaon*, the best and tenderest Thoughts in which, he is supposed to have borrowed from some of her Compositions that are now lost.

It is no wonder that the Charms of her Person made no Impression upon *Phaon's* Heart, for it seems she was a very plain Damsel, and as she is commonly described, of very diminutive Stature, and of a brown Complexion. *Ovid* knew very well this Part of her Character, and he only had the Art to excuse it.

*Si mihi difficilis, &c.*

To me what Nature has in Charms deny'd,  
Is well by Wit's more lasting Charms supply'd;  
I own my short Dimensions; that they suit  
Just with my Verse, and make with that two Foot.  
Tho' short of Stature, yet my Name extends  
To Heaven itself, and Earth's remotest Ends.  
Brown as I am; an *Æthiopian* Dame  
Inspir'd young *Perseus* with a generous Flame.  
White Doves will bill with those of shining Jet,  
And the Green Turtle woo a speckled Mate:  
If to no Charms thou wilt thy Heart resign,  
But such as merit, such as equal thine,  
By none, alas, by none thou canst be mov'd,  
*Phaon* alone by *Phaon* must be lov'd. POPE.

FINDING

FINDING her Importunity ineffectual, and her dear *Phaon* inexorable, she was transported into the last Excesses with the Violence of her Passion, and at last resolved to disengage herself from it at any risk whatever. There was a Promontory in *Acarnania* called *Leucate*, on the Summit of which stood a Temple dedicated to *Apollo*; in this Temple it was usual for despairing Lovers to make their Vows, and afterwards to cast themselves from the Precipice into the Sea; for it was an established Opinion, that all who were taken up alive, would immediately find themselves totally delivered from their former Passion. *Sappho* tried the Cure, but perished in the Experiment. Some write that she was the Inventress of this Custom; but *Strabo* tells us, that those who understood Antiquity better, have reported that one *Cephalus* first made the desperate Descent from that fatal Precipice called *The Lovers Leap*. *Ovid* introduces *Sappho* as advised to this Remedy by the Vision of a Sea-Nymph, of which she sent the following Account to the cruel *Phaon*.

*Hic ego cum lassos, &c.*

Here as I lay and swell'd with Tears the Flood,  
Before my Sight a watry Virgin stood,  
She stood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain,  
" Fly hence and seek the fair *Leucadian* Main:  
" There stands a Rock, from whose impending  
Steep,

" *Apollo's* Fane surveys the rolling Deep.

" There injur'd Lovers leaping from above,

" Their *Flames* extinguish, and forget to love:



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“ *Deucalion* once with hopeleſs Fury burn’d,  
 “ In vain he lov’d, relentleſs *Pyrrha* ſcorn’d,  
 “ But when from hence he plung’d into the Main,  
 “ *Deucalion* ſcorn’d, and *Pyrrha* lov’d in vain.  
 “ Haſte, *Sappho*, haſte, from high *Leucadia* throw  
 “ Thy wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps  
 below.

POPE.

THE *Mitylenians* held her ſingular Worth in ſuch Eſtimation, and were ſo ſenſible of the Celebrity they received from the Circumſtance of her being their Countrywoman, that they paid her ſupreme Honours after her Deceſſe, and coined Money with her Head for the Impreſs.

SHE was the Inventreſs of *Sapphick* Verſes, and, according to ſome Authors, of the *Pæſtis*, an Inſtrument of Muſic. She wrote in the *Æolick* Dialect; ſhe compoſed nine Books of Odes, beſides Elegies, Epigrams, Iambicks, Epithalamiums, and other Pieces, of which we have nothing remaining entire but a Hymn to *Venus*, for which we are indebted to *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaffus*, and an amorous Ode, addreſſed to one of the young Maids whom ſhe admired; which *Longinus* hath preſerved. The laſt of theſe is the moſt eſteemed, and is ſtill acknowledged as an inimitable Specimen of the moſt artificial Combination or rather Combat of all the Paſſions, and of all the ſtriking Circumſtances that can enliven a Piece. It is conſiſt, and elegantly tranſlated by Mr. *Philips*:

I.

Bleſt as th’ immortal Gods, is he,  
 The Youth who fondly ſits by thee,

And

And hears and sees thee all the while,  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

## II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest  
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast ;  
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,  
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost :

## III.

My Bosom glow'd ; the subtle Flame  
Ran quick through all my vital Frame ;  
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung ;  
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

## IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd ;  
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd ;  
My feeble Pulse forgot to play ;  
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

The Soul of *Sappho* was formed for Love and Poetry, she felt the Passion in all its Ardour, and described it in all its Symptoms. *Horace* calls her *Mascula Sappho*, which *Porphyry* explains of the Energy of her Poetry. *Plutarch* compares her to *Cacus*, the Son of *Vulcan*, who breathed out nothing but Flame. *Vossius* says, that none of the *Greek* Poets excelled *Sappho* in Sweetness of Versification, that she made *Archilochus* the Model of her Style, but at the same time took great care to soften and sweeten the Severity of his Expression. What remains to us of *Sappho* carries in it something so soft, luxuriant, and charming, even in the Sound of the Words, that *Catullus* himself, who has attempted an Imitation of them in *Latin*, falls infinitely short of them. And so

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have all the other Poets, who have delivered their own Ideas upon this Subject. It must be allowed, says *Rapin*, by that which is left to us in the Fragments of *Sappho*, that *Longinus* had great Reason to boast so highly in his Works of the admirable Genius of this Woman, for there are found some Strokes of Delicacy, the most elegant, and the most passionate that ever were conceived or expressed.

CRITICS pretend that there were two Ladies of this Name, who lived at the same time, and excelled in Poetry: But *Ovid*, *Statius*, and others of the *Latin* Poets, avow but one *Sappho*, to whose Memory the *Romans* erected a noble Statue of Porphyry. If there were two, the Characters of these Ladies must lie indiscriminately blended as they have hitherto done, and the surviving Nymph must adopt the Faults, as well as the Virtues, of her forgotten Namesake.

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*Best EDITIONS of SAPPHO.*

Novem Fæminarum Græcarum Carmina Gr. curâ Fulvii Ursini, apud Plant. 12mo, 1568.

*Sapphus* Poetriæ Lesbîæ Fragmenta et Elegia, curâ Wolfii, 4to. Lond. 1733.

Τα Σωζόμενα τῶν Ελεγειακῶν καὶ τινῶν τῶν Λυρικῶν Ποιητῶν. Gr. 8vo, Oxon. 1759. A very beautiful and correct Edition.

Published in Gr. along with *Anacreon*, in a very splendid Edition, at *Glasgow*, 12mo, 1757. The same magnificent Type as the *Glasgow Homer*.

*ALCÆUS.*

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A L C Æ U S.

THE abovementioned Account of *Sappho* properly introduces the Life and Character of *Alcæus*. He was a Native of *Mitylene* in the Island of *Lesbos*, and one of the greatest Lyric Poets of Antiquity. Some say he was the Inventor of the *Barbiton*, though others ascribe this Honour to *Terpander*. *Horace* compliments him upon this Subject;

——— *Age dic Latinum, &c.*

Begin sweet Harp a *Roman* Strain,  
Those Measures and those Airs maintain,  
First struck by great *Alcæus'* noble Hand.

HE flourished in the forty-fourth Olympiad, being contemporary with *Sappho*, who was born in the same Place. We find an Anecdote in *Aristotle's* Rhetoric, where *Alcæus* is introduced requesting I know not what Favour of *Sappho*, who was not in that moment in so good a Humour as she commonly used to be, and refused him what perhaps she was the first to offer him the next Day.

Θύω τὴν σπῆν, &c.

*Alcæus.*

Fain would I speak, but must thro' Shame conceal  
The thought my eager tongue would soon reveal.

D 4

*Sappho.*

*Sappho.*

Were your Request, O Bard, on Honour built,  
Your Cheeks would not have worn these Marks  
of Guilt ;

But in prompt Words the ready Thoughts had  
flown,

And your Heart's honest Meaning quickly shown.

UPON this Occasion *Le Fevre* observes, that a sprightly Genius, who at half a Word can discover in what the Beauty of Thought and Expression consists, must be sensible that this Application of *Alcaus* is one of those Declarations of Love, which require the critical Minute, and that *Sappho* apprehended perfectly what it meant. Her Answer, says he, is wise, but perhaps too serious upon this Supposition.

THE State of *Mitylene* suffered at this time under the Oppression of *Pittacus*, one of the seven Sages of *Greece*. *Alcaus* undertook the Defence of the Public Liberty, and put himself at the Head of a strong Party for the Deliverance of his Country ; but the Success did not crown his Wishes at the first Attempt, for he was overthrown and expelled by the Tyrant's Power out of the City. It is said by some, that he was taken Prisoner by *Pittacus*, who gave him his Liberty after he had treated him in a very contumelious manner. *Alcaus* had scurrilized this Prince in very illiberal Expressions ; he called him, as we learn from *Suidas*, *Splay-foot*, *Fat-paunch*, and other opprobrious Names ; but *Pittacus* disregarded the Affront, saying, It was better to forgive, than to punish an Injury. He was forced into Banishment, with many others ;

others; but returning with a numerous Force at the Head of the Exiles, he expelled the Tyrant, and re-established the ancient Government of the City. We are told, that in order to inspire his Soldiers with Courage, he employed the harmonious Cadence of Numbers, and made his Harangues in Verse at the Head of his Army. But though he appeared so strenuous an Assertor of the Public Liberty, yet he was suspected to entertain some dangerous Designs against the State, and that he opposed the Tyranny with no other View, than to throw the Possession of the Sovereign Power into his own Hands. I find in *Dionysius Halicarnassæus*, that the Inhabitants of *Mitylene* elected *Pittacus* for their General against the Poet *Alcæus* and his Adherents, whom they had banished. Others say, that having abused *Pittacus's* Clemency, and continuing to cabal and inveigh against him, he was no longer treated with favour; which *Ovid* thus expresses,

*Uique Lyrae uates fertur perisse severæ,  
Causa sit Exitii dextera læsa tui.*

Or may thy Satire too severe be found,  
And thine like poor *Alcæus's* Muse be crown'd;  
With Vengeance from the Hand it dares to }  
wound.

We are told by *Diogenes Laërtius*, that he had a Contest with the Tyrant in Verse, in which Engagement he undoubtedly obtained the Victory.

ALCÆUS seems to have been of a warlike Disposition; he himself informs us that his House was furnished with Helmets, Shields, and Ensigns, and was a Magazine of Military Stores; yet History has fixed an Imputation upon his Courage; for *Herodotus* reports, that he ran away and left his Arms behind him, when the *Athenians* gained a Battle against the *Lesbians*. But it was some Comfort to him in his Disgrace, that the Conquerors formally gave Orders for his Arms to be hung up in the Temple of *Minerva* at *Sigeum*. *Horace*, who among all the *Latin* Poets most resembles *Alcæus*, confesses as well as he, that he fled from the Battle, and threw down his Arms, as being useless in Flight.

*Tecum Philippos, &c.*

With thee I saw *Philippi's* Plain,  
Its fatal Rout; a fearful Scene!  
And dropp'd, alas! th' inglorious Shield,  
Where Valour's Self was forc'd to yield,  
Where soil'd in Dust the vanquish'd lay,  
And breath'd th' indignant Soul away.

*Francis.*

THE same Incident happened to *Archilochus*, before *Alcæus*, and he publicly confessed it.

HE fell into the *Greek* Vice, the Love of Boys; the Name of his Favourite was *Lycus*, whose black Eyes, as *Horace* says, and black Hair had inflamed him.

— Qui

——— *Qui ferox bello, &c.*

*Alcæus* first thy Music strung,  
Dreadful in War to thee he sung,  
When he heard the Battle roar,  
Or almost shipwreck'd reach'd the Shore.  
Music, Love, and Wine his Theme,  
And Venus, Laughter-loving Dame,  
Cupid ever by her Side,  
And *Lycus* high in Beauty's Pride,  
With his Hair of jetty Dye,  
And black the Lustre of his Eye.

*Francis.*

THIS Boy, as *Cicero* observes, had a Mole upon his Finger, which, in the Poet's Fancy, was a beautiful Ornament; and remarks farther, that though *Alcæus* had some Title to Courage, yet he had filled his Verses with an excessive Pederasty. He was so amorous, says *Scipio Gentilis*, in his Notes on *Apuleius*, that he compares himself to a Hog, which whilst it is eating one Acorn, devours another with its Eyes; just so, says he, when I am enjoying one Girl, I am wishing for another. He had likewise the Character of a great Drinker, and would take occasion from the Difference of each succeeding Season of the Year, to illustrate the Necessity of generous Living and circulating the Glass.

THE Poetical Abilities of *Alcæus* are indisputable, and though his Writings were chiefly in the *Lyric* Measure, some Fragments of which are collected by *Fulvius Urfinus*, yet his Muse was capable of treating the sublimest Subjects



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with a suitable Dignity. This made *Horace*  
say,

*Et te sonantem, &c.*

*Alcæus* sweeps the Golden Strings,  
And Seas, and War, and Exile sings :  
Thus while they strike the various Lyre,  
The Ghosts the solemn Sounds admire ;  
But when *Alcæus* lifts the Strain  
To Kings expell'd and Tyrants slain,  
In thicker Crowds the shadowy Throng  
Drink deeper down the martial Song.

MR. DACIER observes upon this occasion, that  
*Alcæus's* Style was elevated and strong, and  
that he treated of sublimer Subjects than *Sappho*,  
who says of him in *Ovid*,

*Nec plus Alcæus, &c.*

—The wide World resounds with *Sappho's* Praise,  
Tho' great *Alcæus* more sublimely sings,  
And strikes with bolder Rage the sounding Strings.  
No less Renown attends the moving Lyre,  
Which *Cupid* tunes, and *Venus* does inspire.

ALCÆUS, says *Quintilian*, merits the Golden  
*Plectrum*, which every wise and virtuous Per-  
son gives him in that Part of his Poems, in  
which he lashes the Oppression of Tyrants ; in  
this he is highly useful to the Manners of Man-  
kind, being concise and majestic in his Lan-  
guage, and breathing the true Spirit of *Homer* ;  
however, he sometimes descends to Mirth and  
Love,

Love, though naturally qualified for softer Subjects.

THERE was another *Alcaeus*, an *Athenian*, a *Tragic Poet*, and the first, according to some Writers, who composed Tragedies. It seems he repudiated his Country, which was *Mitylene*, and passed for an *Athenian*. He left ten Pieces, whereof one was *Pasiphaë*; it was this which he produced when he disputed with *Aristophanes*, in the fourth Year of the ninety-seventh Olympiad. I find in *Plutarch* another *Alcaeus*, different from the preceding, and who perhaps is the same, whom *Porphiry* mentions as a Writer of satirical Iambic Verses, and Epigrams, and who wrote a Poem concerning the Plagiarism of the Historian *Ephorus*. The *Alcaeus* mentioned in *Plutarch* lived in the hundred and forty-fifth Olympiad, in the Year of *Rome* five hundred and fifty-five, as appears from the Ode he composed on the Battle which *Philip* King of *Macedon* lost in *Thessaly*. This Ode represented *Philip* as running away faster than a Stag, and magnified the number of the Slain, in order to vex him the more. Nevertheless, *Plutarch* tells us, that *Titus Flaminius*, who gained that Battle, was more offended at *Alcaeus's* Verses than *Philip*, because the Ode mentioned the *Ætolians* before the *Romans*, and seemed by this Circumstance to give the *Ætolians* the chief Honour of the Victory. *Philip* defended himself against *Alcaeus's* Song by another; the Substance of which is thus given us by *Plutarch*:

This

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This leafless barkless Trunk, O Passenger,  
Is erected as a Gibbet for *Alcæus*.

WE are told likewise of one *Alcæus* a *Messenian*, who lived in the Reigns of *Vespasian* and *Titus*. I know not which of these *Alcæuses* it was who suffered a very remarkable Kind of Death for his Lewdness. This Epitaph is given us by *Vossius*.

Ἀλκαίου τὰ φθ. ἔσθ., &c.

This is *Alcæus's* Tomb, who died by a Radish,  
The Daughter of the Earth, and Punisher of  
Adulterers.

THE Meaning is, that *Alcæus* suffered the Punishment of Adulterers, which consisted in a certain manner of impaling; they thrust one of the largest Radishes they could find up the Adulterer's Fundament, or for want of Radishes they made use of a Fish with a very large Head, as the Scholiast of *Juvenal* informs us in the tenth Satire;

— *Quosdam Mæchos & Mugilis intrat,*  
— The Mullet enters some behind.

THIS enables us to understand the Menace  
of *Catullus*.

*Ab tum te miserum, &c.*

Ah! wretched Thou, and born to luckless Fate,  
Who art discover'd by the unshut Gate!

IF

If once, alas! the jealous Husband come,  
The Radish, or the Sea-Fish, is thy Doom.

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EDITIONS of *A L C Æ U S.*

*Inter Poetas Lyricos diversarum editionum. Geneva, fol. and 24to.*

*Among the Elegiac Greek Poets, printed at Oxford 1759, Gr. 8vo.*

*1761*

*ANACREON.*

## A N A C R E O N.

**A**NACREON, one of the most jovial and amorous of the *Greek Poets*, was born at *Teos*, a City and Sea-port of *Ionia*, but of what Parents is not agreed among Authors; some calling his Father's Name *Scythinus*, others *Eumelus*, and others *Parthenius* or *Aristocritus*; his Mother's Name was *Eëtia*. Madam *Dacier* endeavours to shew that he was related to *Plato's* Family, and consequently allied to the *Codridæ*, the noblest Family in *Athens*; but this Conjecture cannot be supported. The Time of his Birth was about the second Year of the fifty-fifth Olympiad, and the twenty-ninth before the Death of *Cyrus*.

AGREEABLY to this Account, this Writer was about eighteen Years of Age, when *Harpagus*, the General of *Cyrus* came with an Army against the confederate Cities of the *Ionians* and *Æolians*: The *Milesians* immediately submitted; but the *Phocæans*, a brave People, finding they were too weak to oppose the Enemy, chose rather to abandon their Country than their Liberty, and collecting a Navy, transported themselves and Families to the Coast of *France*, where being hospitably received by *Nannus*, the King of the Country, they built *Marseilles*. The *Teians* soon followed

lowed this worthy Example, as *Herodotus* informs us; for *Harpagus* having made himself Master of their Walls, by means of the Mounds of Earth he raised about them, they unanimously embarked on board their Ships, and sailing into *Thrace*, settled in the City *Abdera*; where they had not resided long, before the *Thracians*, jealous of their new Neighbours, endeavoured to give them Disturbance. It should seem that it was in these Conflicts that *Anacreon* lost those of his Friends whom he celebrates in his Epigrams. It was also in this Place, that he composed his fifty-ninth Ode, which one may conjecture was written whilst he was very young.

WE are not to expect many Particulars of the Life of this Poet, because he appears to have been a professed Despiser of all worldly Care and Business: Wine and Love had the Disposal of all his Hours. And if to amuse himself, he engaged in so delightful a Study as Poetry, perhaps his Intention was rather to pay his Adorations to some other Deities, than to celebrate the Muses. *Ovid* himself, though one of the freest Livers upon Record, yet could censure *Anacreon's* Verses, as of a looser Strain than his own.

*Quid, nisi cum multo Venerem confundere Vino  
Præcepit Lyrici Teia Musa senis.*

*Venus* with *Bacchus* madly to confound,  
Was all the wise Advice the *Teian* Lyre could  
sound.

FROM

FROM *Abdera* we find he took a Voyage to the Court of *Polycrates*, the Tyrant of *Samos*, as he is called, which was rendered, by the Felicity and polished Manners of this Prince, one of the gayest and most flourishing in *Asia*. A Person of *Anacreon's* Character could not but meet with a cordial Reception, wherever Wit and Pleasure reigned; and accordingly we find by the Ancients, that he was so highly honoured by *Polycrates*, as not only to be admitted to share his Friendship, but even his most secret Counsels. It was here he became enamoured of the beautiful *Bathyllus*, whose Picture he has so finely drawn in his twenty-ninth Ode.

*Non aliter, &c.* Hor. Epod. 14.

Thus soft *Anacreon* for *Bathyllus* burn'd,  
And oft his Love he sadly mourn'd;  
He to his Harp did various Grief rehearse,  
And wept in an unpolish'd Verse.

To this Favourite a celebrated Statue was erected at *Samos* by *Polycrates*. *Apuleius* has given us a Description of it. *Maximus Tyrius* mentions another beloved Youth, named *Smerdias*, the Son of a *Thracian* Prince, who had been presented to *Polycrates* by some Greek Pirates. *Ælian* reports, that *Polycrates* was so jealous of this last Amour, that he ordered the Boy to be shaved, and that *Anacreon* composed an elegant Poem upon the Occasion, though we have nothing now but the Memory of it remaining.

BESIDES

BESIDES these two, he was enamoured of the fair *Cleobulus*. He had like to have killed him in the Arms of his Nurse, by jostling against her as he was reeling one Day through the Streets in a State of Ebriety; and not content with this, he abused the Child with insolent Language. The Nurse wished he might one Day commend him more than he now abused him. Her Vow was fulfilled; for *Cleobulus* grew to be a most beautiful Youth. *Anacreon* fell in love with him, and wrote several Verses in Commendation of his Person. *Ælian* indeed is displeased if we suspect *Anacreon* of any thing criminal in regard to that Train of beauteous Youths whom he admired; but the general Voice is so loud against him in this Particular, that the Imputation must for ever rest upon his Memory.

IF we can believe *Stobæus*, he was no less a Philosopher in his Contempt of Riches, than he was a Poet in his Love of Pleasure. This Author relates, that *Anacreon* having received five Talents of Gold as a Present from *Polycrates*, was not able to sleep for two Nights successively; so that not being willing to lose his Rest in so bad a Cause, he carried back the Treasure, and told his Patron, that however considerable the Sum might be, it was not a Price for the Trouble of keeping it. Very singular Behaviour in a Poet!

HERMIONAX, as he is cited by *Athenæus*, gives an Account of *Anacreon's* Amours with *Sappho*; but *Athenæus* himself refutes the Story, by observing that *Sappho* and *Anacreon* could not possibly be Contemporaries; the Poetess  
living



living under *Alyattes*, Father to *Croesus*, and the Poet under *Cyrus* and *Polycrates*. Mr. *Bayle* remarks upon this Occasion, that *Sappho* and *Anacreon* had such congenial Souls, and so much resembled each other in their Style of Writing, that it is somewhat difficult to distinguish the one from the other: It is pity, says he, that they were not Contemporaries; for if they had, they ought to have been Husband and Wife, that the World might have seen what would have arisen from the Collision of two such amorous and accomplished Souls.

How long *Anacreon* continued at *Samos*, is uncertain; but it is probable that the Friendship of *Polycrates*, and the Splendor of his Court, had sufficient Efficacy to detain him there the greatest Part of his Reign. This Opinion also seems confirmed by *Herodotus*, who assures us, that *Anacreon* of *Teos* was with that Prince in his Apartment, when he received a Message from *Orates*, Governor of *Sardis*, by whose Treachery *Polycrates* was soon after betrayed and inhumanly crucified, expiating by his cruel Death the Envy of a long Series of uninterrupted Happiness.

It seems to have been a little before this remarkable Accident, that our Poet left *Samos* and removed to *Athens*, having been invited thither by *Hipparchus*, the eldest Son of *Pisistratus*, one of the most virtuous and learned Princes of his Time; who, as *Plato* assures us, sent the most obliging Letters with a Vessel of fifty Oars, to convey him over the *Ægean Sea*. The same Philosopher who relates this, does *Anacreon* the Honour of styling him the *Wise Anacreon*;

## A N A C R E O N 69

*Anacreon*; which is the Foundation of Monsieur *Fontanelle's* ingenious Dialogue, where he introduces *Anacreon* and *Aristotle* disputing the Prize of Wisdom, and gives the Superiority to the Poet.

*HIPPARCHUS* being slain by the Conspiracy of *Harmodius* and *Aristagitan*, he returned to his native Country *Tees*: for after the Death of *Cyrus*, the *Teians* had been suffered to reinhabit their Country unmolested: here he resided till the Revolt of *Histieus*, on which Account, as *Suidas* tells us, he was obliged once more to fly to *Abdera*, where he died. As his own Verses confess his great Age, though not the Effects of it, so *Lucian* classes him in his List of long Livers, allowing him fourscore and five Years.

A VERY small Portion of his Works has escaped the Malice of Time; for besides his Odes and Epigrams which still remain, he composed Elegies, Hymns, and Iambics. Some Writers honour him with the Invention of the Lyre. His Poems, that are extant, consist chiefly of amorous Odes and *Bacchanalian* Songs. He wrote in the *Ionick* Dialect. How much he was the Delight both of the Ancients and Moderns, appears sufficiently from those extravagant Praises they have lavished upon him. *Horace* commemorates him with Distinction:

*Nec siquid olim, &c. L. 4. Od. 9.*

Whatever old *Anacreon* sung,  
However tender was the Lay,  
In spite of Time is ever young,  
Nor *Sappho's* amorous Flames decay;

Her

Her living Songs preserve their charming Art,  
Her Love still breathes the Passions of her  
Heart.

*Francis.*

THIS Writer had an elegant Mind, and there are inexpressible Charms and Graces in his Poetry. The Verses of *Anacreon*, says *Scaliger*, are sweeter than the Produce of the *Indian* Cane: he passed among the *Greeks* for one of the greatest Masters, both in the Arts of Blandishment and in the Softness of Expression. His chief Excellence and Beauty, says *Miss Le Fevre*, lie in imitating Nature, and following Reason; he presented not to the Mind any Images but what were noble and natural, and is free from that antithetical Mode of Composition, which was introduced in subsequent Times, contrary to the Practice of the best ancient Poets. The Odes of *Anacreon*, says *Rapin*, are Flowers, Beauties, and perpetual Graces; it is familiar to him to write what is natural and conformable to Life, his Manner, being so delicate, so easy, and so graceful, that among all the Ancients, there is nothing comparable to the Method he took, nor to that kind of Writing he followed. He flows smooth and easy, every where diffusing the Joy and Indolence of his Mind through his Verse, and tuning his Harp to the sprightly and pleasant Concord of his Soul.

BUT no one has given a juster Character of his Writings, than *Mr. Cowley*.

All thy Verse is softer far  
Than the downy Feathers are

Of

## A N A C R E O N.      71.

Of my Wings or of my Arrows,  
Of my Mothers Doves or Sparrows.  
Graceful, Cleanly, Smooth, and Round,  
All with *Venus'* Girdle bound.

THE Manner of his Death was very extraordinary; for they tell us he was suffocated with a Grape-Stone, which had slipped into the Larynx, as he was regaling on some new Wine. This remarkable End, altogether as singular as his way of Life, has afforded an excellent Subject to his Successors in Poetry. Amongst the rest, the inimitable Mr. *Cowley*, as he is styled, who has so happily imitated the Style and Manner of *Anacreon*, has farther repaid his Obligations, by honouring him with an Elegy, conceived and executed in his own peculiar Mode of Thinking and Writing:

It grieves me when I see what Fate  
Does on the best of Mankind wait,  
Poets or Lovers let them be;  
'Tis neither Love nor Poésie  
Can arm against Death's smallest Dart  
The Poet's Head, or Lover's Heart.  
But when their Life in its Decline,  
Touches th' inevitable Line,  
All the World's mortal to them then,  
And Wine is Aconite to Men.  
Nay, in Death's Hand the *Grape-Stone* proves,  
As strong as Thunder is in *Jove's*.

Best

**Best EDITIONS of ANACREON.**

*Anacreon*, Gr. most beautifully printed 4to, apud *Hen. Stephanum*, 1554. 1*l.* 1*s.*

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**PINDAR.**

## P I N D A R.

**P**INDAR, the Prince of the *Lyric* Poets, was a Native of *Thebes* in *Bæotia*; he was Contemporary with *Æschylus*, and flourished about the seventy-sixth Olympiad. He was descended of an obscure Family, his Father being one *Scopelinus*, a Piper, though some say his Name was *Diaphantus*: His Mother was called *Myrtis* or *Myrto*, though it is more likely that this was the Name of a *Greek* Lady, who instructed him in the Art of Poetry, and who taught *Corinna*, who obtained from *Pindar* the Prize in a Contention for the Palm of Poetry before the Magistracy of *Thebes*. He happened to receive his Birth at the Solemnity of the *Pythian* Games, a Circumstance which seemed to predict the Honours they were afterwards to receive from his Compositions; for it seems that the Conquerors in the *Grecian* Games, the *Olympic*, the *Isthmian*, the *Pythian* and *Nemæan*, scarce valued their Wreaths of Victory, if they were not crowned with his unfading Laurels, and immortalized by his celestial Song. These Odes of Victory were composed to be chanted by a Chorus of Singers at public Festivals and Meetings, with the Accompaniments of instrumental Music.

MANY singular Events are said to have occurred at the time of his Birth ; the Nymphs danced, and *Pan* capered at his Nativity ; but when *Pindar* was grown up and applied himself to poetical Composition, that rural Deity relinquished his Gambols, and made it his Business to learn and rehearse the new Poems. We are told, as an Omen of his future Greatness, that as he slept one Day in the Fields, when he was a little Boy, a Swarm of Bees collected about him and fed him with Honey ; and that this Accident determined him to the Study of Poetry.

IT is supposed that the Meanness of his Father's Fortune deprived him of the Advantages of a learned Education ; so that his great Accomplishments were chiefly derived from the native Strength of his Abilities, though one *Lasus Hermiones* is mentioned as his Instructor in the Art of Poetry. *Vossius* therefore remarks, that *Pindar* used to glory, that Nature was the only Guide he followed in Poetry ; whereas his drudging Rivals were obliged to Art, to which he paid no regard. On this account he used to compare himself to the soaring Eagle, and the groveling Tribe of Poets to croaking Ravens.

THE States of *Greece* paid him Honours that were almost divine, they admitted him to share with the Gods in their Gifts and Oblations : The Oracle of *Delphos* commanded the People to present to *Pindar* a Proportion of their First Fruits. He used to sit in that Temple on an Iron Stool, and recite the Verses he had composed to the Honour of *Apollo* : This Stool was  
pre-

preserved there a long time after his Death. He happened to disoblige his Countrymen the *Thebans*, who imposed a severe Fine upon him, for favouring and applauding the *Athenians*, who were Enemies to the *Theban* State: But the City of *Athen*s made him a Present of a Sum of Money that was double the Value of his Fine, and erected a Statue to his Honour. To gratify their Revenge, and to mortify him with Contempt, the Magistrates of *Thebes* allotted the Prize of Poetry to *Corinna* in preference to him, though the Lady's Charms it is supposed had some Influence upon the Judges to his Disadvantage, for she is represented as the greatest Beauty of her Age. This Indignity did not discourage *Hiero*, the famous King of *Syracuse*, from employing *Pindar's* Muse in celebrating his Victories in the *Grecian* Games. This Prince obtained the Prize in the Horse-race in the *Olympic* Games; he also won the Palm in the *Pythic*, and was moreover Victor in the Chariot Course. These Successes were magnificently sung by the Poet, who, though Digressions occupy more than three Fourths of his Odes, yet bestowed the highest Eulogies upon his Patron, to whom he ascribes all the Virtues of a wise and excellent Prince.

He preferred this Petition to the Gods, that they would bestow upon him all the Happiness of which Man was capable; they crowned him therefore with an easy and sudden Death, for he had an instantaneous Dismission from Life as he leaned on the Knees of a favourite Boy in the public Theatre. But it seems his poetic Genius exerted itself after his Decease,



for *Pausanias* relates, that a few Nights before he expired, the Goddess *Proserpine* appeared to him with Looks of Anger, and complained that she was the only Deity he had not celebrated in his Verses. *Pindar* dying ten days after, appeared to an old Woman and recited a Copy of Verses, in honour of that Goddess, which she preserved, by writing them down. His Relations were highly respected after his Decease; the *Lacedemonians* at the taking of *Thebes* saved the House of *Pindar*, which upon a like Catastrophe was also preserved by *Alexander* the Great; and the Ruins of this House were to be seen at *Thebes* in *Pausanias's* Time, who lived in the Reign of *Antoninus* the Philosopher.

THE Works of *Pindar*, which Time has spared, consist of four Books of Odes or Triumphal Hymns; he is said to have written Tragedies, Pæans, Dithyrambics, Epics, Epigrams, and other Poems, in the whole seventeen distinct Works; the Dialect he used was the *Doric*, with a small Mixture of the *Ionic*. His Verses are termed *Eide*, perhaps, says *Vossius*, because these Poems are certain Images of Things: for though they do not imitate Actions, yet they imitate the Affections and Manners; his Odes are all Panegyrics upon the Victors in the *Olympic*, *Pythic*, *Nemean* and *Isthmian* Games. Unhappily for us and for *Pindar*, says Mr. *West*, in the Preface to his Translation of this Poet, those Parts of his Works, which procured him these extraordinary Testimonies from the Gods, (or from Mortals rather, who by the Invention of these Fables, meant only to express the high Opinion they entertained of this great Poet)

are

are all lost. I mean his Hymns to the several Deities of the Heathen World. And even of those Writings; to which his less extravagant, but more serious and more lasting Glory is owing, only the least, and according to some People, the worst Part is now remaining. These are his Odes, inscribed to the Conquerors in the four sacred Games of *Greece*. By these Odes therefore, are we now left to judge of the Merit of *Pindar*, as they are the only living Evidences of his Character. He was used to be hired upon these Occasions; to this Purpose there is a Story, that when *Pytheus* had conquered in the *Nemean* Games, his Friends applied themselves to *Pindar* for a Triumphal Poem; but he insisting upon too high a Price, they resented it, and told him they could buy a Statue of Brass for the same Money. However, upon second Thoughts they complied with his Demand, concluding, that the Verses of *Pindar* would convey the Memory of their Friend farther down to Posterity, than a Statue of the most durable Metal.

THE Spirit of *Pindar*'s Poetry is so sublime, and its Beauty so peculiar, that it is impossible to make an Abstract of his poems, because we cannot distinguish the Beauties without separating the Parts, and violating the Numbers. In separating the Parts, the Transitions must be lost, and in losing the Numbers the Poetry dies; and therefore his greatest Judges all harmonize in giving him the general Title of the Prince and Father of *Lyric* Poetry, without entering into a minute Detail of his particular Excellencies; for that prodigious Elevation of Spirit

Spirit, that amazing Beauty of Sentences, that boundless Scope of Thought, and that bold Liberty of Metaphor and Measure, are as likely to deter a Critic, as an Imitator: His *Pegasus*, says Mr. Cowley, *Flings Writer and Reader too, that sits not sure.* But notwithstanding the Difficulty of delineating and ascertaining the Character of his Poetry, some Men of Eminence have ventured to enter more particularly into it.

THE Harmony of this Poet's Numbers and the Grandeur of his Diction are inimitable, and *Pindar* can never be justly known, but from himself. Transported by his Numbers, we sometimes soar above the Clouds, sometimes descend, sometimes swim, in a direct Course, rise by little, sink as gradually, carried aloft with the Velocity of Lightning, by such Rapidity of Measures as agitate the Soul, and make the Passions keep time with the Numbers. *Pindar* and *Sophocles*, says *Longinus*, like a rapid Fire, carry every thing before them, though sometimes the Heat is almost extinguished. The Magnificence of his Enthusiasm, his Sentiments and Figures, his most happy Copiousness of Thoughts and Words, his peculiar Torrent of Eloquence, made *Quintilian* esteem him the Prince, and that by far, of all the *Lyric* Poets. This, says he, was the Reason that *Horace* justly thought he was never to be imitated.

BESIDES the Beauty of his Numbers, this Poet is no less eminent for his Moral and Divine Apophthegms. The Usefulness of his Poetry recommends him to the Votaries of Religion.

gion and Learning. His Hymns are regular Lessons of Morality, recommending to us one Virtue or another; for Example, Justice, Hospitality, Peace and Piety, Prudence and Contentedness, Fortitude, Veracity, Innocence, Affability, and a warm Passion for Beneficence and Goodness. His Erudition and the Sublimity of his Poetry made the Ancients give him the Title of the *Wiseſt*, the *Divine*, the *Great*, and the *moſt Sublime*. *Plato* ſtyles him the *Wifeſt* and the *Divine*; *Æſchylus* terms him the *Great*; and *Athenæus* the *moſt Sublime*. Of all the great Writers of Antiquity, ſays the ingenious Mr. *Weſt*, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as few have obtained a larger and fairer Portion of Fame after Death, than *Pindar*.

LORD BACON takes notice, that it is peculiar to *Pindar* to ſtrike the Minds of Men, as it were, with a Divine Sceptre. He is great, ſays *Rapin*, in his Deſigns, vaſt in his Thoughts, bold in his Imaginations, happy in his Expreſſions, and eloquent in his Diſcourſe; but he obſerves, his great Vivacity hurries him ſometimes beyond his Judgment; he gives himſelf too much Licence, his Panegyricks are perpetual Digreſſions, where, rambling from his Subject, he carries the Reader from Fable to Fable, from Alluſion to Alluſion, from one Chimæra to another, for he has the moſt unbridled and irregular Fancy in the World; but this Irregularity is one Character of the Ode, the Nature and Genius of it requiring irregular Transports. He is the only Perſon among the *Greeks*, who acquired any Reputation by this Species of

Writing, for little remains of the other nine Lyric Poets, mentioned by *Petronius*.

LE FEVRE tells us, that the Figures which *Pindar* uses are noble and great, but that they have sometimes the Air of the *Dithyrambic*; that is, they are bold and presumptuous, which is by no means agreeable to such as love a correct Style. He adds, that *Pindar* is a grave and serious Author, but that he is too great an Admirer of what they call *Sentences*; that he very often loses his Subject, by reason of his long Digressions, and that after he has been long upon the Excursion, he returns all on a sudden, when one least expects him; and at his re-entrance he never uses any Ceremony, that is, he takes no manner of care to make any Connection between his first Thoughts, and what is to follow. He took too much Delight in Metaphors and lofty Expressions; but for this Fault, says *Vossius*, he ought to be pardoned, since he thought it more glorious to incur now and then a Fall, than to be always abjectly groveling upon the Ground.

MR. WEST, after mentioning the frequent Digressions and frequent Transitions of this Poet, concludes with this just Remark: I am persuaded, that whoever will consider the Odes of *Pindar*, with regard to the Customs and Manners of the Age in which they were written, the Occasions that gave birth to them, and the Places in which they were intended to be recited, will find little reason to censure *Pindar* for want of Order and Regularity in the Plans of his Compositions. On the contrary, perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him

him for raising so many Beauties from such trivial Hints, and for kindling, as he sometimes does, so great a Flame from a single Spark, and with so little Fewel.

MR. COWLEY, says Dr. *Felton*, has succeeded admirably in his Paraphrase upon *Pindar*; but then he was of a Genius equal to his Author; he has no Sentiment but what naturally rises from the Original, and is every way worthy of the *Theban* Poet to have thought and sung. But it is a dangerous Enterprize, and too strong for weak Heads to try the Heights, and fathom the Depths of his Flights; the Rapidity of his Motion, the Torrent of his Verse, the sudden Turns and Sallics of his Thought, require a Genius like his own to pursue them, while shallow Brains grow giddy in a Moment, and the first Step carries them beyond their Depth, and hurries them down the Stream. *Horace* hath given us fair Warning; and if any Dabbler in Poetry dares venture upon the Experiment, he will only crack his Brain, and give a *New Name* to some Room in *Bedlam*. I would intimate the same Caution with respect to all the other celebrated Masters of Antiquity, adds Dr. *Felton*, though their Sense doth not lie so deep, and their Flights are not so bold and violent as *Pindar's*, that our ordinary Adventurers in *Pindaric* Paraphrase and Translation, may have some regard for their Reputation, if they have none for their Necks, and never bestride the *Muse's Horse*, till they are sure they can keep their Seat, till they can manage him with as much Strength and Dexterity as his old Masters; or, which

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is all one in plain *English*, till they can write up to the Dignity and Character of their Authors.

FROM *Horace* therefore, who, notwithstanding his Emulation, has allowed *Pindar* his just Praise, and from Mr. *Cowley*, who seems inspired with *Pindar's* Muse, we may in some measure catch the particular Spirit and Genius of this Poet.

*Pindarum quisquis studet, &c. Od. 2. lib. 4.*

I.

*Pindar* is imitable by none,  
The *Phoenix Pindar* is a vast Species alone.  
Whoe'er but *Dædalus* with waxen Wings would fly,  
And neither sink too low, nor soar too high?  
What could he who followed claim,  
But of vain Boldness the unhappy Fame;  
And by his Fall a Sea to Name?  
*Pindar's unnavigable Song*,  
Like a swollen Flood from some steep Mountain  
pours along,  
The Ocean meets with such a Voice,  
From his enlarged Mouth as drowns the Ocean's  
Noise.

II.

*Pindar* does new Words and Figures roul,  
Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tide*,  
Which in no Channel deigns t'abide,  
Which neither Banks nor Dikes controul,  
Whethen

Whether th' *immortal* Gods he sings,  
 In a no less *immortal* Strain,  
 Or the great Acts of *God-descended Kings*,  
 Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.  
 Each rich embroider'd *Line*,  
 Which the triumphant Brows around  
 By his sacred Hand is bound,  
 Does all their *starry Diadems* outshine.

## III.

Whether at *Pisa's* Race he please  
 To *carve* in polish'd *Verse* the *Conquerors*  
*Images*;  
 Whether the *swift*, the *skilful*, or the *strong*,  
 Be crowned in his *artful, nimble, vigorous Song* :  
 Whether some brave young Man's untimely  
 Fate  
 In Words worth *dying for* he celebrate  
 Such *mournful* and such pleasing Words,  
 As *Joy* t'his *Mother's*, and his *Mistress' Grief*  
 affords :  
 He bids him *live* and grow in *Fame*,  
 Among the *Stars* he sticks his *Name* ;  
 The *Grave* can but the *Dross* of him devour,  
 So *small* is *Death's*, so *great* the *Poet's* Power.

## IV.

Lo, how th' obsequious *Wind*, and swelling  
*Air*,  
 The *Theban* *Swan* does upward bear  
 Into the *Walks* of *Clouds*, where he does play,  
 And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid  
*Way*.



*Best EDITIONS of PINDAR.*

The *Oxford* Edition of *Pindar*, Gr. and Lat. fol. a very excellent and scarce Edition, with the Greek Scholia, *Oxon.* 1697. 5*l.* 5*s.*

*Pindar*, Gr. and Lat. Schmidii, *Witteberg*, 4to, 1616; a very good Edition. 10*s.* 6*d.*

*Pindar*, Gr. and Lat. Benedicti. 4to, *Salmur*, 1620. 15*s.*

*Pindar*, Gr. and Lat. *Glasg.* 12mo, 1744; I recommend this as one of the most beautiful and correct of the *Glasgow* Editions of the *Greek* Classics.

*Pindari Opera*, Gr. and Lat. cum *Lectio*num varietate, curâ *Heyne*, small 4to, *Gottingæ*, 1773. 12*s.* A very excellent Edition, and well published.

*Pindar*, Gr. and Lat. 24to, *Glasg.* 1751, commonly bound in three Volumes: The Type very beautiful, and the Size very commodious.

*Pindar*, Gr. and Ital. by *Gautier*, adorned with elegant Figures, 4 vols. 8vo. *Romæ*, 1762.

**ÆSCHYLUS.**

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## Æ S C H Y L - U S.

**ÆSCHYLUS**, the Tragic Poet, was a Native of *Eleusis*, and claimed the Honour of descending from the original Inhabitants of *Attica*. He was born in the sixty-ninth Olympiad, according to the Old Scholiast, but, as Mr. *Stanley* in his most accurate Edition of this Author, evinces by diligent Computation, and his Collection from *Seldon's Marmora Arundeliana*, in the sixty-third; which Account makes him Contemporary with *Pindar*. He was the Son of *Euphorion*, and the Brother of *Cynergirus* and *Aminias*, who distinguished themselves in the Battle of *Marathon*, and the Sea-Fight of *Salamis*: *Æschylus* was present in this Engagement.

In this Action, we are told by *Diodorus Siculus*, that *Aminias*, the younger of the three Brothers, commanded a Squadron of Ships, and behaved with such Conduct and Bravery, that he sunk the Admiral of the *Persian* Fleet, and killed the commanding Officer; for which his Countrymen distinguished him with a signal Reward, and after the Victory, presented him with the first Prize. To this younger Brother, our Poet was upon a particular Occasion indebted for saving his Life. *Ælian* relates that *Æschylus* being arraigned by the *Athenians* for  
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some blasphemous Expressions against the Gods, was accused of Impiety, and sentenced to be stoned to death. To prevent this Sentence from being executed upon his Brother, *Aminias*, with a happy Presence of Mind, drew his Arm from under his Cloak, and held it up to the Judges in open Court without a Hand, which he had lost at the Battle of *Salamis* in Defence of his Country: This Spectacle made such an Impression upon the Judges, that in grateful Memory of his good Services, our Poet was immediately ordered to be dismissed unpunished. But though he escaped the Penalty, he resented the Indignity of the Prosecution, and resolved to abdicate a Place where his Life had been in danger: He was the more fixed in this Resolution, by receiving soon after another Affront; for the Judges of Dramatic Compositions had preferred *Sophocles*, though a young Man, before him, and *Simonides* had won the Prize from him, by an Elegy he wrote upon the Battle of *Marathon*; though *Suidas* assigns another reason for his leaving his Country, that during the Representation of one of his Tragedies, the Seats and Galleries of the House fell down, to the great Astonishment and Prejudice of the Audience.

*ÆSCHYLUS* retired to *Sicily*, and applied to the Court of *Hiero*, Sovereign of this Island, the great Patron and Encourager of Learning in that Age. This Prince had at that time laid the Foundation of a new City called *Ætna*, which was celebrated by his new Guest, in a Tragedy of the same Name, in which he predicted the future Prosperity and Magnificence of

of the Inhabitants of this rising City. After he had lived in the Island at *Gela* for some Years, he died of a fractured Skull, caused by an Eagle's dropping a Tortoise out of his Claws upon his bald Head. The manner of his Death seems to be foretold by an Oracle, which being consulted for that purpose, made answer, that he should die by a Weapon from Heaven. This happened, according to Mr. *Stanley*, in the sixty-ninth Year of his Age. He had the Honour of a pompous Funeral from the *Sicilians*, who interred him near the River *Gela*, and the Tragedians of that Country performed Plays and Theatrical Exercises at his Tomb. Upon it was inscribed an Epitaph consisting of four Verses, which he composed himself a short time before his Death.

*Æschylus*, *Euphorion's* Son, whom *Aibens* bore,  
Lies here interr'd on *Gela's* fruitful Shore :  
The Plains of *Marathon* his Worth record,  
And Heaps of *Medes* who fell beneath his Sword.

**ÆSCHYLUS**, it is said, wrote sixty-six Pieces for the Stage (being Victor in thirteen) and five Satires; there remain no more than seven of his Tragedies; and notwithstanding the illiberal Censures of some Critics, he must be allowed to have been the Father of the Tragic Art, and to have introduced a Regularity upon the Stage, that was unknown to those who preceded him. In the Times of *Thespis*, his Predecessor, there existed no public Theatre, the Strollers drove about from Place to Place in a Cart. He furnished his Actors with Masques, so that they

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left off their vile Dawbings of Lie and Soot ;  
he dressed his Players conformably to the Characters they were to represent, and introduced the *Buskin*, to make them appear the more like Heroes. So that *Boileau*, in his Art of Poetry, observes justly,

Next *Æschylus* the different Persons plac'd,  
And with a better Masque his Players grac'd;  
Upon a Theatre his Verse exprefs'd,  
And shew'd his Hero, with a *Buskin* dress'd.

THIS Sentiment was borrowed from *Horace*, in his Art of Poetry,

*Post hunc Personæ, &c.*

To avoid shocking his Audience, he contrived all the sanguinary Deeds and bloody Incidents in his Plays to be transacted behind the Scenes. In this Infancy of the Drama, it was one of the principal Designs of Tragedy to infuse Terror into the Audience. This Art was so well understood by this Poet, that, we are informed by the Ancients, when his *Epimærides* appeared upon the Stage, and he had introduced a Chorus of Furies, the People were so intimidated, that Children fell into Fits, and pregnant Women miscarried.

*ÆSCHYLUS* was held in such Veneration by the *Athenians*, that his Tragedies, with those of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, were enrolled with the Laws, and constituted Part of their Statute Book. *Longinus* has passed this Judgment of him, that he had a generous Boldness of Expression,

pression, and that his Conceptions were lofty and heroic. It is certain, that he affected pompous Words, and that his Sense too often was obscured by Figures; that his Epithets were, for the most part, daring and extravagant, analogous to his former Profession, which was that of a Soldier: But notwithstanding these Imperfections, his Writings after his Decease acquired such a Value, that his Countrymen ordained an equal Reward to those Poets who could alter his Plays to be acted on the Theatre, as to those whose Productions were entirely new and their own Composition.

RAPIN remarks, that *Æschylus* had scarce any System for Manners and theatrical Decorum. His Fables are too simple, the Contrivance wretched, the Expression obscure and intricate: One can scarce understand any thing of his Tragedy of *Agamemnon*, for as he believed that the great Business of the Theatre is to speak pompously, he bestowed all his Art on the Words, without paying any regard to the Thoughts. He is sublime and lofty to an Extravagance; he never speaks coolly and calmly; he says the most indifferent Things in a tragic Tone; likewise in the Portraits he draws, the Colours are too glaring, and the Strokes too rude. The Author of the *Journal de Sçavans* observes, that he is a Poet so difficult to be understood, that even *Salmasius*, who was an excellent Critic, and whose sole Delight lay in clearing the difficult Places of the most abstruse Authors, was puzzled and perplexed at the Difficulties he met with in this Poet, which gave him occasion in one of his Books to say, that this *Greek* Writer was more obscure.

obscure even than St. *Paul*. He proceeds and asserts, that *Æschylus* in his Style, soars to very high, and uses such lofty Expressions, that this seems to be the only reason of his having the Character of being a Drunkard; as if his Discourse proceeded rather from the Fumes of Intoxication than from solid Reason. Mr. *Dryden* assures us, that *Æschylus* writ nothing in cold Blood, but was always in a Rapture and in a Fury with his Audience. Inspiration was ever upon him, he was perpetually ranting upon the *Tripas*, or (to make as swift Transitions as he does from one Simile to another) he was always in the high Flood of Passion, even at dead Ebb, and the lowest Water-mark of the Scene.

OUR Countryman *Lee*, of frantic Memory, may with Propriety be termed the *English Æschylus*. They were kindred Spirits, and I dare say are inseparable in the *Elysian Fields*. The *English* Reader, who has read of *Lee's* Gods meeting Gods, and jostling in the Dark, may form a true Idea of the extravagant Ideas and sonorous Diction of *Æschylus*.

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#### EDITIONS of ÆSCHYLUS.

Gr. & Lat. Scholiis Græcis, nova Versione & notis *Tho. Stanleii*. Lond. 1664. fol. 5l. 5s.

Græcè, Scholiis Græcis & notis *Henr. Stephani* apud ipsum *Stephanum*. Paris. 1557. 4to. 1l. 1s.

Gr. & Lat. notis *Stanleii*, *Canteri* & *Job. Corn. Barw* 2 vol *Amst.* 1744. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

*Æschylus*, *Turnebi*. 12mo, Gr. very beautifully printed, *Paris*, 1552. 7s. 6d.

Gr. & Lat. editio nitida, 2 vol. *Glasgæ*. 1746. 12mo, 8s.

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## S O P H O C L E S.

**A** TRAGIC Poet, born at *Athens* about the fourth Year of the seventieth Olympiad. He was denominated the *New Syren*, the *Flower of Poets*, and the *Bee*, from the Sweetness of his Diction. His Father's Name was *Sophilus*, a Mechanic, who yet spared from his narrow Circumstances sufficient to bestow the most polite and finished Education upon his Son: This Citizen enjoyed the Friendship and Esteem of *Pericles*, and of the Chief Magistrates, and by this means introduced his Son into the Company of Youths of the first Distinction, who were delighted with his Wit, and esteemed it a Happiness to be in the Number of his Acquaintance.

SOPHOCLES was but a Boy when *Xerxes* invaded *Greece*; but when that Expedition, which so terrified the Country, was crushed, and the proud *Persian* was obliged to fly ignominiously home, *Sophocles*, who was then at *Salamis*, contributed to celebrate that Victory; and putting himself at the Head of a Company of illustrious Youths, who had perfumed and anointed themselves with Oil, while they sung a Triumphant *Pæan*, he directed the Measures with his Harp.

He applied himself to write Tragedy when he was very young; This Art he learned  
under:



under the Instruction of *Æschylus*, and he made such successful Improvements in dramatic Composition, that he carried the Prize from his Master upon the public Theatre: *Plutarch* gives a particular Account of this Transaction in the Life of *Cimon*. This *Athenian* General understanding that *Theseus*, the Son of *Ægeus*, after he had fled from *Athens*, and taken Refuge in the Isle of *Scyros*, was there slain by *Lycomedes*, upon certain Suspensions, endeavoured to find out the Place where he had been interred; for the Oracle had commanded the *Athenians* to bring home his Ashes, and to honour him as an Hero. *Cimon* could not for a long time learn where he had been interred, for those of *Scyros* dissembled the Knowledge of it, and were not willing that he should search; but at length, after diligent Inquiry, he found out the Tomb, and putting the Reliques in his Galley, with great Pomp and Magnificence brought them into *Athens*, four hundred Years after *Theseus* had left that Country. This Act gained *Cimon* the Hearts of the People, who received the Discovery with great Joy and the warmest Acknowledgments. To signalize and perpetuate the Memory of this Deed, and their Sense of it, they appointed that memorable Decision of Victory between the two Tragedians *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*; for the latter having written his first Play, being yet very young, the Applause of the Theatre was divided, and the Spectators separated into Parties. To determine this, *Aphesion*, who was at that time *Archon*, would not cast Lots to determine who should be Judges, but when *Cimon* and the other Generals

rals came into the Theatre to see the Issue of the Contention, after they had performed the usual Rites to the God of the Festival, the *Archon* came to them, and made them swear (being ten in all) that they would deliver their Judgments in this Dispute according to Equity and Honour. Being thus sworn Judges, he made them all sit down to give a decisive Sentence. The Contention for Victory grew warm, and both Sides ambitiously strove who should obtain the Suffrages of such honourable Judges ; but the Victory was at last adjudged to *Sophocles*, which *Æschylus* brooked so heinously, that he left *Athens*. What a Stab must this be to *Æschylus*, to see himself vanquished by a first Essay : he, a Veteran, covered over with Glory, and decorated with several Poetical Triumphs !

UPON this Success of *Sophocles*, and many extraordinary Instances of Wisdom which the People observed in him, they thought he was the peculiar Care of some Deity, that inspired him with uncommon Knowledge, and attended upon him in all his Actions, so as to enable him to work Miracles, and bring about wonderful Events. *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Numa*, says, it was a current Tradition that *Æsculapius* sojourned with *Sophocles* in his Life-time, of which many Instances are told to this Day, and after he was dead, another Deity took care to perform his Funeral Rites. The following Story is told by *Cicero*, that a large Golden Goblet being stolen out of the Temple of *Hercules*, *Sophocles* in a Dream saw the God himself descend and tell him who had done it. He  
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disregarded the Vision once and twice, but it being repeated, he went to the Court of *Areopagus*, and gave Information of this Incident.

The *Areopagites* ordered the Person whom *Sophocles* had named to be arrested. Upon Examination by Torture, he confessed the Fact, and restored the Goblet; from which that Temple received the Name of *Hercules the Discoverer*. *Apollonius of Tyana*, in his Oration before *Domitian*, relates, that *Sophocles* had a Power to check the Fury of the Winds, when they threatened to waste and blast the Fields.

THE Conduct of *Sophocles* in the *Athenian* State, raised him to very high Honours and Emoluments; he had a martial Genius, and was joined in Commission with the great *Pericles*, to reduce the Island of *Samos*, which had rebelled. In the Execution of this Employment it was that *Cicero* gives an Account of the Propensity of this Poet to Pæderasty; for observing a beautiful Youth passing by, he began to commend his Charms, and praise the Gracefulness of his Person, which so offended *Pericles*, that he rebuked him, saying, a Man of his Character should have pure Eyes as well as clean Hands. He was certainly of an amorous Disposition, for in very advanced Life, when he was asked, whether he could still divert himself with the Fair Sex; *God forbid*, answered he; *I am delivered out of the Hands of a tyrannical Master, and I esteem it the greatest Happiness in the World.* Yet he seems to have but an indifferent Opinion of Women in general, for being asked one Day, why the Women he brought upon the Stage were Persons

Sons of Virtue and Honour, whereas *Euripides* introduced none but the lewd and infamous; he answered, *Euripides represents them as they really are, I shew them as they ought to be.*

WE are told by *Cicero*, in his *Cato Major*, that *Sophocles*, who lived to a very great Age, employed himself in writing Tragedies to the very last: This occasioned a pleasant Incident; for his Sons preferred a Complaint to the Judges against him, alledging, that the good old Man their Father did so totally apply himself to this sort of Study, that he disregarded the Concerns of his Family: they therefore petitioned, that they would please to assign to him, being *non compos*, a Guardian to look after the Estate. As soon as the old Gentleman heard this, he immediately produced his *Oedipus Coloneus* (which he had finished but a little before) reciting it to the Judges, and then asked them, whether they thought a Man who had lost his Senses could be the Author of that Work? The Judges instantly dismissed the Cause, acquitted the Father, and pronounced the Sons insane for accusing him.

HE lived to a great Age, and is said to have won the theatrical Palm four-and-twenty times. We are told by *Valerius Maximus*, that the last time he carried off the Prize, it was so surprising and unexpected, that he died with Joy; though *Lucian* asserts that he met with the same Death as *Anacreon*, and was choaked with a Grape-stone. He happened to die when the City of *Athens* was closely besieged by the *Lacedemonians*, which hindered the Solemnity of his Funeral; but *Lyfander*, the Spartan General,

ral, being commanded by a Vision of the God *Bacchus*, the Patron of Tragedians, to permit one of the principal of his Votaries to be interred, he suspended the Attack of the City, and suffered the last Obsequies to be performed in honour of this illustrious and divine Writer.

THE greatest Part of the Works of this Greek Poet are lost; of one hundred and twenty, or twenty-three Tragedies which he composed, seven only remain to the present Time.

TRAGEDY in the Original signifies a *Goat-Song*, so termed from the Goat sacrificed to *Bacchus*, to whose honour Tragedy was instituted. This Species of Poetry was first acted in the Vintage, which occasioned the *Grammarians* to derive the Name from Lees of Wine; in Greek, *Trux*, and the compound Word in *Aristophanes* is *Trugody*, or the *Lees Song*, because the Actors smeared their Faces with Lees of Wine. *Athenæus* informs us, that Tragedy and Comedy owed their Origin to Drunken Carousals practised in *Icarium*, a Village of *Attica*. *Thespis* was the first who taught Tragedy according to Art, and it consisting at first only of extemporaneous Songs, he augmented it with *Dithyrambics*. *Æschylus*, by adding a second Person, introduced the *Diverbium*, or Dialogue, and so lessened the Chorus, as *Aristotle* informs us. *Æschylus* was also the Inventor of the Stage, and of the proper Dresses and Gestures of the *Chorus* in the Dance. *Sophocles* added a third Person, devised the Ornaments of the Tragic Scene, and made the Chorus, consisting only of twelve, to consist of fifteen Persons; on this account he was deemed to have given

given the last Consummation to Tragedy. *Thespis*, says *Diogenes*, began Tragedy, *Æschylus* improved it, and *Sophocles* brought it to Perfection. Upon this account *Boileau*, in his Art of Poetry, thus represents his Character :

Then *Sophocles*, the Genius of his Age,  
 Increas'd the Pomp, and Beauty of the Stage;  
 Improv'd the *Choral* Song in every Part,  
 And polish'd rugged Verse, by Rules of Art;  
 He in the *Greek* did those Perfections gain,  
 Which the weak *Latin* never could attain.

THIS great Reformer of the Stage has met with his Share of Applause from the Learned of all Ages. *Tully* calls him a *Divine Poet*, and *Virgil* in a particular manner distinguishes him with Marks of Honour from all other Tragic Writers.

*Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna Cothurno.*

MR. BARNES, in his Life of *Euripides*, makes an odd Observation upon this Expression of *Virgil*: Though he bestows, says he, so remarkable an Eulogy upon *Sophocles*, and does not so much as mention *Euripides*, this is not so much owing to his own Opinion (for, as I have proved in the Annotations, he hath frequently imitated him) as to the Restriction of Metre, since *Euripides* is a Word very improper for Heroic Verse both in *Greek* and *Latin*. The God of Verse himself, the *Delphian Oracle*, says *Bayle*, upon this Occasion was forced to submit to the Laws of Quantity; he found

no other Expedient than to renounce *Hexameter* Verse, and answer in *Iambics*, when he was to name *Euripides*; for *Chærephon* the Tragic Poet consulting the *Pythian* God concerning his Friend *Socrates*, was answered in *Iambics*, *Sophocles* is Wise, *Euripides* is more Wise, but the Wisest of all Men is *Socrates*. *Euripides* and *Socrates* are Names altogether unfit for heroic Verse. Now, says he, who can say it is of no great Importance to have one Name rather than another? Here is *Euripides*, who had perhaps a greater Share in the Esteem of *Virgil*, and the rest of the Poets at the Court of *Augustus*, than *Sophocles*; he is, I say, deprived of this Advantage, because they could not bring his Name into their *Hexameters*, and on account of this Impossibility they were forced to immortalize to his Prejudice those who were judged inferior to him, but the Laws of Verse pleaded in their favour. It is certain, there was an ardent Emulation between the two great Tragic Poets, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, and it was next to an Impossibility, that two such excellent Poets, aspiring to the same Glory, should live in real Friendship: *Athenæus* relates some Particulars of their Quarrel, that do not much contribute to their Honour; but *Barnes* pretends, that though these two Poets were a long time at Variance, yet at last they became good Friends. *Sophocles* expressed a high Esteem for *Euripides* when he heard the News of his Death; he ordered a Tragedy to be acted, at which he appeared in Mourning, and made his Actors lay aside their Crowns; nor did he himself long survive, dying, according to the best Accounts, the very same Year.

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THE Difference between these two Poets seems to consist in this: *Sophocles* transcends his Rival in the Sublimity and Loftiness of his Expression, but *Euripides* excels him in Neatness and Conciseness of Style: *Sophocles* from his Style seems to be rather a Man of Business than a professed Writer: whereas the Diction of *Euripides* favours more of the Scholar and the Orator: *Sophocles* preserves the Dignity and the real Character of his Persons: *Euripides* did not religiously consult the Truth of his Manners, and their Conformity to common Life: *Sophocles* wisely chose to represent the most noble and generous Affections: *Euripides* sometimes employed himself in delineating the more dishonourable, the more effeminate and abject Passions.

SOPHOCLES, says Mr. *Franklin* in the Preface to his late Translation, may with great Truth be called the Prince of ancient dramatic Poets; his Fables, at least of all those Tragedies now extant, are interesting and well chosen, his Plots regular and well conducted, his Sentiments elegant, noble, and sublime, his Incidents natural, his Diction simple, his Manners and Characters striking, equal, and unexceptionable, his Chorusses well adapted to the Subject, his moral Reflections pertinent and useful, and his Numbers in every Part to the last Degree sweet and harmonious; the Warmth of his Imagination is so tempered by the Perfection of his Judgment, that his Spirit, however animated, never wanders into Licentiousness, whilst at the same time the Fire of his Genius seldom suffers the most uninteresting Parts of his Tragedy to sink into



Coldness and Insipidity : his peculiar Excellence seems to lie in the Descriptive ; and exclusive of his dramatic Powers, he is certainly a greater Poet than either of his illustrious Rivals : were I, continues Mr. *Franklin*, to draw a Similitude of him, as I did of *Æschylus*, I should say, that his Ordonnance was so just, his Figures so well grouped and contrasted, his Colours so glowing and natural, all his Pieces in short executed in so bold and masterly a Style, as to wrest the Palm from every other Hand, and point him out as the *Raphael* of the ancient Drama.

THIS *Greek* Poet is severely treated by the *French* Critic *Rapin* ; he complains that he is too elaborate in his Discourse, that his *Art* is not concealed enough in some of his Pieces, it lies too open, and too near the Light ; that he sometimes becomes obscure, by his too great Affectation to be sublime ; and the Loftiness of his Expression is injurious to the Perspicuity ; his Plots are not all so happily unravelled as that of his *Oedipus*. The Discovery in the *Ajax* answers not the Intrigue. The Author ought not to have concluded a Spectacle of such Terror and Pity with a dull and frivolous Contest about the Sepulture of *Ajax*, who had then slain himself. *Oedipus* ought not to have been ignorant of the Assassination of the King of *Thebes* ; his Ignorance in regard to the Murder, which constitutes all the Beauty of the Plot, is not probable. This Tragedy receives more critical Indulgence from Mr. *Dryden* ; he says, that *Oedipus* was the most celebrated Piece of all Antiquity, that *Sophocles*, not only the greatest Ge-  
nius.

nius, but one of the greatest Men in *Athens*, wrote it for the Stage at the public Expence, and that it had the Reputation of being his Master-piece, not only among those seven Tragedies that still remain, but of those which are perished. I am persuaded that whoever has Skill enough in the *Greek* Language to read it with Taste and Judgment, will pronounce it to be one of the greatest Productions of the human Mind.

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## E U R I P I D E S,

**A** *Greek* Poet, one of those who excelled in Tragedy, was born in the first Year of the seventy-fifth Olympiad, in the Island of *Salamis*, whither his Father and Mother had retired with many *Athenian* Families, a little before *Xerxes* invaded *Attica*. His Mother *Clito* was pregnant with him when she left her Country, together with her Husband, and was accidentally delivered the very Day that the *Greeks* defeated the Fleet of the *Persians* near the Island; and it is pretended, because that Victory was obtained near *Euripus*, that the Child *Clito* now brought into the World was called *Euripides*. *Mnesarchus*, the Father of this Poet, was an *Athenian* of the *Oenoide* Tribe, and of the People called *Phile*, and in all probability had suffered in his own Country the Punishment of Bankrupts. They used in some Parts of *Attica* to carry Persons who did not pay their Debts into an open Place, where they were commanded to sit down and throw a *Buspel*: This was a Mark of Infamy. As to *Clito*, it is said she was an Herb-woman; *Aristophanes* asserts she got her living by selling *Greens*; and *Valerius Maximus* observes, that the Mother of *Euripides*, and the Father of *Demosthenes*, were unknown even in their own Times; but the majority of Authors agree, that the former sold Herbs, and the latter Knives.

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HOWEVER, some will deduce his Extraction from a Family of Rank and Distinction. The Oracle of *Apollo* was consulted upon the Fate of *Euripides*, during *Clito's* Pregnancy, which seems to imply, that she was not in the meanest Condition; for the Husband of so ordinary a Person would scarce trouble *Apollo* about the Fortune of a Child unborn. The Oracle returned this Response :

Ἔρασι σοὶ Κῆρυ, &c.

*To thee Mnesarchus Fate a Son shall raise,  
Whom Greece shall honour, whom the World  
shall praise,  
And whose victorious Brow the sacred Crown  
shall grace.*

MNESARCHUS, says *Aulus Gellius*, concluding that the Oracle intimated that his Son, when he grew up, should win the Prize in the *Olympic* Games, took care to bring him up in the Exercise of that Strength and Activity which were requisite for those Solemnities; and when he had undergone the customary Regimen, he took him to *Olympia* to try his Fortune: He was at first rejected, because they questioned his Age; he was afterwards admitted a Combatant in the Games of *Theseus*, and in those of *Ceres*, and was crowned. Passing afterwards from the Discipline of his Body to the Improvement of his Genius, he studied under the most celebrated Masters; he frequented the Lectures of *Anaxagoras* for natural Philosophy, and of *Prodicus* for Rhetoric: some place him under *Socrates* for Moral Philosophy, but this probably is a Mis-

take, as *Socrates* was younger than *Euripides* by almost thirteen Years, and seems, says *Barnes*, to have borrowed many Things from him, of whom he often makes honourable Mention, in several of *Plato's* Dialogues. We are told by *Ælian*, that *Socrates* seldom appeared at the Theatre, unless when *Euripides* the tragic Poet contended with new Tragedians, on which Occasions he usually attended. When *Euripides* had a Contest in the *Pyræum*, he was also present, having a singular Esteem for this moral Poet, in regard both to his Wisdom and the Excellence of his Compositions. Nor should I wonder at this, though I were persuaded that the Philosopher had not in the least contributed to form the Poet, for the Tragedies of *Euripides* are replete with such charming Morality, that they were infinitely pleasing to *Socrates*; for *Euripides* was with great Propriety styled the *Dramatic Philosopher*.

It is observed, that in his Tragedies he took a particular Delight in vilifying the Fair Sex; he introduced the most vicious Women into his Plays: Sorceresses, Adulteresses, Murderers of Husbands, and incestuous Characters; for which Reason he obtained the Name of *The Woman-Hater*. He is said, according to *Aulus Gellius*, to have conceived a violent Aversion to most of the Female Sex, either from a natural Antipathy to their Society, or because he had two Wives at the same Time, (such Practices being allowed by a Decree of the *Athenians*) and was cordially tired of his Consorts. Some rather believe, that he had no more than one Wife at a time: the Name of his first Wife was *Chærina*,  
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by whom he had three Sons ; but her disorderly Life obliged him to repudiate her : The second he married was at least as libidinous at the first ; I know not which of these two it was whom he detected one Day in criminal Conversation with one of his own Actors, but probably it was the latter, since the Ignominy to which this exposed him, and the eternal Raillery of the Comic Poets on this Incident, made him leave *Athens*. If *Athenæus* were to be believed, we should entertain no extraordinary Opinion of *Euripides's* Chastity. He assures us, this Poet was a great Lover of Women, and that *Sophocles* hearing somebody say, that *Euripides* hated them mortally : In his Tragedies, replied he, I grant he does, but he loves them passionately in Bed. The Critics hesitate in giving Credit to what is related of his Adventures in *Macedonia*. He was about seventy-two Years of Age when he retired thither ; and it is said that at an Entertainment of *Archelaus*, the *Macedonian* King, *Euripides*, having drunk too freely, was observed to kiss the Poet *Agathon*, who sat by him, and was about forty Years old : the Prince asking him if he thought *Agathon* was still an agreeable Object, he answered, By *Jupiter*, I think he is very amiable, for the Autumn of beautiful Persons has something lovely in it. It is said that he was enamoured of *Agathon*, and to please him, composed the Tragedy of *Chrysippus*. He entertained likewise, they say, an illicit Commerce with the Minion of *Archelaus*, and as he was going to him by Night, he was met by the Women, and torn to pieces. But the Character of *Euripides* has not sunk under the

Weight of these Aspersions, for they are absolutely inconsistent, and find no Credit with learned and intelligent Persons.

THE *Macedonian* Court was at that Time the common Asylum of learned Men; hither *Euripides* repaired, and met with a very agreeable Reception. *Archelaus* was a passionate Admirer of Learning, and soon distinguishing the Abilities of his Guest, trusted him with the sole Administration of Affairs, and constituted him his Prime Minister. Among many Instances of Esteem, he did the Poet justice in regard to a young Courtier, one *Decamnichus*, who reproaching him for his stinking Breath, *Euripides* replied, It might well be so, since so many Secrets had lain so long in a putrid State in his Mouth. *Archelaus* not thinking him sufficiently revenged by this Answer, delivered up *Decamnichus* to him, to be severely scourged. It is pretended that *Euripides* made use of the King's Permission, and did it effectually. But the exceeding Respect now shewn him, could not, after the most earnest Solicitation, prevail upon him to celebrate the Actions of his royal Patron in a tragic Piece: He politely evaded the King's Importunity: I pray the God's that your Majesty's Reign may never afford a Subject for Tragedy.

*EURIPIDES* unfortunately came to a tragical End, about the seventy-fifth Year of his Age; for, some say, as he was walking in a Wood, according to Custom, the Intemperance of his Thoughts led him too far, till he was met alone by the Prince's Dogs, who was then out a hunting, and the Hounds tore him in Pieces. Others

fav-

say, it was not by Accident that he incurred the Fury of the Dogs, but that they were purposely let loose upon him, and this by the Artifice of two Poets, *Arideus*, a *Macedonian*, and *Cratevas*, a *Theſſalian*, who were jealous of his Glory, and bribed the Keeper of the King's Dogs with a Sum of Money to do it. *Valerius Maximus* only ſays, that *Euripides* having ſupped with the King, and returning home, was ſo torn by Dogs that he died of the Wounds. *Ovid*, without doubt, referred in his *Ibis* to the tragical End of this Poet :

*Utque Cothurnatum Vatem tutela Dianæ,  
Dilaniet vigilum te quoque turba Canum.*

*Thine be the Fate of that ſame buſkin'd Bard,  
Butcher'd by Dogs, Diana's ſurly Guard.*

His deplorable Exit was lamented with general Sorrow by the *Athenians*; his Body was removed from *Bormiſcus*, where he died, to *Pella*, the Metropolis of *Macedonia*; where King *Archelaus* not only celebrated his Obſequies in the moſt magnificent Manner, but, as *Solinus* ſays, cut off his Hair, and went into ſolemn Mourning, in Teſtimony of the profound Reſpect he bore him. He had a Monument erected to his Memory, with an Inſcription; and the *Macedonians* preſerved his Remains with ſuch Veneration, that when the *Athenian* Embaſſadors came to deſire Leave to transfer his Bones to *Athens*, they abſolutely reſuſed, and could not be induced to part with his Relics upon any account. We are told by *Plutarch*, that this Monument



at *Pella* was stricken with Lightning, which, according to the Superstition of those Times, was a Proof that he was a Favourite of the Gods. The *Athenians*, not being able to obtain the Bones of *Euripides*, erected a stately *Cenotaph* to his Memory, which, *Pausanias* says, was standing in his Time. *Philemon*, a Friend of his, was so affected by his Death, that he declared, if he thought, as some assured him, that the Dead preferred a Sense of Things, he would hang himself to enjoy the Sight and Converse of *Euripides*.

Εἰ ταῖς ἀνθρώποις, &c.

*If Shades have Sense, as some pretend,  
A friendly Cord my Life should end,  
That I once more might see my Friend.*

The Fate of *Anaxagoras* determined *Euripides*, when he was about eighteen Years of Age, to relinquish the Study of Natural Philosophy, and apply his Thoughts to *Dramatic Poetry*. The Master's Learning was the Occasion of his Banishment by the Citizens, as a Reviler of the public Gods; and our Poet the Scholar was in danger of the same Censure, for introducing a new and impious Distinction in the Doctrine of Oaths.

Ἡ γλῶσσ' ὀμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρενὶ ἀμύμοτος.

*My Tongue has sworn, but still my Mind is free.*

THERE was one *Hygieon*, who could not tolerate this Verse; he charged *Euripides* with Impiety, as a Teacher and Protector of Perjury.  
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The Poet demanded to be tried by his proper Judges; appealing to the Jurisdiction of the Judges appointed to preside over all theatrical Controversies, declaring that he was ready to give an Account of his Faith and Doctrine before that Tribunal; and that it was there, and not before the usual Courts that an Impeachment ought to be instituted. This Defence, it is supposed, brought him off for that Time. Upon another Occasion he dogmatized so gravely in Defence of covetous Men, that the Audience were enraged, and resolved to demolish him and the Actor; *Euripides* appearing upon the Stage, desired them to have Patience, and they should find that the old Miser would suffer the Punishment he deserved. Another Time some Persons were offended with him, for bringing so wicked a Wretch as *Ixion* upon the Stage: Take Notice, said he, that before I let him go off, I shall tie him to a Wheel. But he was obliged to alter the two first Verses of his *Menalippus*, which gave Offence.

——— Jupiter, if his Name be so,  
For 'tis by Hearsay only that I know.

HE was extremely fond of this Tragedy, as being excellently well written, but he was forced to alter the first Lines to what they are at present:

Jove, for we own he has receiv'd that Name  
From Truth alone, and not from common Fame.

HE would not always gratify his Audience in Things of this Nature; for one Day, the  
People

People of *Athens* desiring him to strike out a certain Passage in a Tragedy, he came upon the Stage and told them; I do not compose my Works to learn of you, but to teach you.

THERE remain to us but nineteen Tragedies of *Euripides*. These possess various Merit. The *Hecuba*, *Orestes*, *Phœnissæ*, *Medea*, *Hippolytus*, *Alceſtis*, *Andromache*, *Supplices*, the two *Iphigenias*, the *Troades*, *Heraclidæ*, *Bacchæ*, *Helena*, *Ion*, *Hercules furens*, *Electra*, are excellent Compositions: the *Cyclops* and *Rhesus* are paltry and puerile to the last Degree, insomuch that it is impossible to think that the *Cyclops* could ever have been written by *Euripides*. To inspire his Mind with solemn and horrific Ideas, he used to compose his Pieces in a gloomy dismal Cave, in the Island of *Salamis*. We are told by *Varro*, that of seventy-five Tragedies which he wrote, five only carried the Prize, he being often vanquished by the most miserable Poetasters: one *Xenocles*, a wretched Scribbler, was preferred before him, in a Contest of four Plays against four Plays, at the Celebration of the eightieth Olympiad. His Poems cost him a great deal of Labour; he complained once to the Poet *Alceſtis*, that for the last three Days he had not been able to make above three Verses, though he had studied with great Application; the other answered with an Air of Vanity, that he had made a Hundred with ease: But, replied *Euripides*, there is this Difference between yours and mine, mine will continue through the utmost Extent of Time, yours will perish in three Days.

IN the Opinion of many excellent Judges, *Euripides* was the most accomplished of all the  
tragic

tragic Poets; yet he had his Rivals in literary Fame, who disputed the Prize with him. His Poems are full of moral Aphorisms, and contain many excellent Maxims of Philosophy: As many Verses, says *Cicero*, as I read in *Euripides*, I find so many Maxims of Morality. Can it be thought strange after this Declaration, that this illustrious Orator should prepare himself for Death by reading this Poet? It is observed that the Assassins, who pursued and murdered him, found him reading in his Litter the *Medea* of *Euripides*. He was a severe and grave Writer, and indifferent to Pleasure. We are told by *Galen*, that the Original of his Works came into *Ptolemy's* Hands, when he was founding his famous Library at *Alexandria*. King *Ptolemy*, says he, sent to the *Athenians*, to borrow the original Manuscripts of *Sophocles*, *Æschylus*, and *Euripides*, in order to transcribe them for his Library, depositing in their Hands fifteen Talents of Silver by way of Security. Upon the Receipt of the Books, he took care to have them transcribed on the fairest Parchment, and decorated with the richest Ornaments; and then keeping the Originals, he sent the Copies to *Athens* with this Message, that the King desired the City to accept those Books, and the fifteen Talents he had left in their Hands. That they had no Reason to be displeased, since if he had neither sent them the Originals, nor the Copies, he had done them no Injury, as long as they themselves by taking the Security, supposed it a sufficient Reparation in case of a Loss.

HIS Rivals in Tragedy were *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*: There is a Contention among the Critics concerning the Pre-eminence of these Poets: Each of them has his Adherents, who give him the first Place, and there are also some good Judges, who will determine nothing concerning it. *Quintilian* seems to be of this Party, and yet it is easy to see, that all Things considered, he gives the preference to *Euripides*. *Sophocles*, says he, and *Euripides* have by far surpassed *Æschylus*, and carried the Art to a much greater degree of Perfection: It is a Question much agitated, to which of these two in their different Manners the Superiority in Poetry is due; and as it has no relation to my present Subject, I shall leave it undecided. But this must be acknowledged by all, that to Persons designed for the Bar, *Euripides* would be far more useful. For his Style (which those find fault with, who think the Majesty, the Air and the Diction of *Sophocles* more sublime) has a greater Affinity to that of an Orator. His moral Maxims are of frequent occurrence, nor does he fall far short of the Philosophers themselves, when he discusses their Topics. In his Method of arguing and replying, he is not inferior to the most eminent Speakers at the Bar. In raising the Passions he is universally admirable, but in exciting Compassion, inimitable. *Menander*, as he himself testifies, held him in the highest Esteem, and copied him, though in Compositions of a dissimilar Nature.

*EURIPIDES*, says *Borrichius*, for Eloquence and good Sense, was equal to, if not beyond *Sophocles*. He took more Care in the Arrangement

## EURIPIDES.

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ment of his Words, and disposition of his Sentences than ever *Sophocles* did; and yet *Aristotle* thought him not exact enough in the Contrivance of his Fables. *Sophocles*, from his Style, seems rather to be a Man for Business than for Words, whereas the Style of *Euripides* favours more of the Scholar and the Orator. The Smoothness of his Composition, his Excellency in *Dramatic* Poetry, the Soundness of his Morals, conveyed in the sweetest Numbers, the Purity of his *Attic* Style, and his Power in moving the Passions; especially the softer ones of Grief and Pity, were so universally admired, and his Glory so far spread, that the *Athenians* who were taken Prisoners in the fatal Overthrow under *Nicias*, were preserved from perpetual Exile and Ruin, by the singular Respect that the *Sicilians*, Enemies and Strangers, paid to the Genius and Fame of their illustrious Countryman. As many as could repeat any of *Euripides*'s Verses were rewarded with their Liberty, and generously sent home with Marks of Honour. The *Sicilians* gave another remarkable Proof of their Esteem for *Euripides*: A *Caunian* Vessel, chased by Pirates, endeavoured to make some Port of *Sicily*, but could not obtain Permission to enter, till it was known there were some Persons on board who could rehearse some Lines of this celebrated *Athenian*.

THIS Poet, however, is arraigned by the Learned, for not observing poetical Probability, a Rule so highly recommended to all Poets by *Aristotle*, and which is also agreeable to the Advice of *Horace*,

Aut

*Aut famam sequere, aut convenientia fingi.*

*Keep to old Tales, or if you must have new,  
Feign Things coherent, that may look like True.*

HE is not exact, say these Critics, in the Contrivance of his Fables, his Characters want Variety, he falls often into the same Thoughts upon the same Incidents; he does not religiously enough observe Decorum, and by a too great Affectation to be morally sententious, he is not so ardent and passionate as he ought to be; for this Reason he does not penetrate the Heart as much as *Sophocles*. There are Precipitations in the Preparation of his Incidents, as in the *Suppliants*, where *Theseus* levies an Army, marches from *Athens* to *Thebes*, and returns the same Day. The Discoveries of his Plots are not at all natural, these are perpetual Machinery. *Diana* makes the Discovery in *Hippolytus*; *Minerva*, in that of *Iphigenia*; *Thetis*, that of *Andromache*; *Castor* and *Pollux*, that of *Helena*, and of *Electra*, and of others. *Euripides* has been censured for making his Characters more wicked than they ought to be in Tragedy: It was the Observation of those Times, that Comedy (whose Province was Humour and low Subjects) was to represent Things worse than the Truth; History to describe the Truth; but Tragedy was to invent Things better than the Truth. Whether these Distinctions were exact, I shall not take upon me to determine.

*EURIPIDES*, says Mr *Franklin*, fortunately for his own Character, as well as for Posterity, is come down to us more perfect and intire than either of his Contemporaries: his Merit there-  
fore

fore is more easily ascertained; his Fables are generally interesting, his Plots frequently irregular and artificial, his Characters sometimes unequal, but for the most part striking and well contrasted, his Sentiments remarkably fine, just, and proper, his Diction soft, elegant, and persuasive; he abounds much more in moral Apophthegms and Reflections than *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*, which, as they are not always introduced with Propriety, give some of his Tragedies a stiff and scholastic Appearance, with which the severer Critics have not failed to reproach him: it is most probable, however, that in this he complied with the taste of his Age, and in obedience to the Dictates of his Friend and Master, *Socrates*, who, we may suppose, thought it no Disgrace to this favourite Poet, to deviate from the rigid Rules of the Drama, in order to render it more subservient to the noble Purposes of Piety and Virtue; there is besides in his Dialogue a didactic and argumentative Turn, which favours strongly of the Socratic Disputant, and which probably procured him the Name of the *Philosopher of the Theatre*.

## EDITIONS of EURIPIDES.

Gr. & Lat. cum Scholiis Græcis & Notis, *Josue Barnes*. Cantab. 1694. folio, 4l. 4s.

Gr. Lat. Scholiis Græcis & Notis *Gul. Canteri*, & aliorum. 2 vol. apud *Paul Steph.* Genev. 1602, 4to. 1l. 1s.

Tragediæ 4 selectæ, viz. *Hecuba*, *Orestes*, *Phænissæ* & *Alceſtis*. Gr. & Lat. Notis, *Joh. King & Tho. Morell*. 2 vol. Lond. 1748, 8vo.

Gr. Typis nitidiss. apud *Plant.* 1571, 24to. 10s. 6d.

Gr. & Lat. 2 vol. 12mo. *Heidelberg*, 1597. This is a common Edition, but it is tolerably correct.



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## S I M O N I D E S,

**O**NE of the principal of the *Grecian* Poets: He was a Native of *Ceos*, an Island of the *Ægean* Sea: He flourished in the time of *Xerxes's* Expedition, that is, about the seventy-fifth Olympiad. His Father's Name was *Leoprepes*; *Ælian* mentions him for the good Advice he gave two young Men who were intimate Companions. Two particular Friends asked him which was the best way to render their Friendship perpetual. You must never be angry, said he, one with another at the same Time, but one of you must pay a Deference to the Anger of the other. This Poet instituted a School at *Carthea* in this Island, where he introduced the Art of Dancing and Singing in Chorus; he fixed his School near the Temple of *Apollō* in that City.

BUT he soon abdicated his native Country, upon some Disappointment, it is supposed, and retired to *Sicily*, where he was entertained at the Court of *Hiero*, a wise Prince, and a munificent Patron of learned Men. *Pausanias*, the *Lacedæmonian* General, who defeated the *Persians* at the Battle of *Platæa*, manifested a great Respect for *Simonides* on account of his Wisdom and poetical Accomplishments. He therefore procured him to compose an Inscription in Verse,

to be engraven upon a Golden Tripod, which he found among the Spoils, and presented to the Temple of *Delphos*; the Epigram was to this Purport, That by the Conduct of *Pausanias*, the Barbarians were defeated at the Battle of *Plataea*, and in Acknowledgment of the Victory, that Present was by him dedicated to *Apollo*. But the *Lacedaemonians* caused the Verses to be erased, and in their stead engraved only the Names of those confederate Cities which had been instrumental in overthrowing the *Persians*. He wrote a Poem in Celebration of the Victory of *Salamis*, and contracted an Acquaintance with *Themistocles*, who gained that Battle: He obtained the Prize from *Aeschylus*, by an Elegy he wrote upon the Victory at *Marathon*; and the Elegies he composed upon the *Greeks* who were slain at the Battle of *Plataea* were in the Time of *Pausanias* to be seen upon their Tombs.

It is said, that the Gods preserved him twice from imminent Danger of Death, on account of his Virtue. He happened, it is said, to sup at the House of *Scopas*, who was a considerable Man for his illustrious Birth and great Riches; after he had recited the Poem he had composed, for a stipulated Price, in honour of this Gentleman, who was Victor in the Wrestling Games, wherein he had inserted an Eulogy upon *Castor* and *Pollux*, he was told he should receive one Half of the Price agreed upon, but that he might, if he thought fit, ask the other Half of the *Tyndaridae*, on whom he had bestowed as many Praises as he had upon *Scopas*. Soon after he was informed, that two Youths upon white Horses were at the Door, and desired to speak with him; he went  
I
out,

out, and saw Nobody; in the mean time the Room where he had left *Scopas* and the other Guests carousing, fell down, and they were all killed. Upon this Occasion it was, that he invented the Art of *Local Memory*; for when *Scopas* and his Guests were crushed to pieces by the fall of the Room, they were so bruised together and disfigured, that they could not be known one from another. Yet there was a Necessity to know them, for those who designed to bury them, desired to perform that Office, each to his Relation. *Simonides* removed the Difficulty; he remembered what Place each of the Guests had occupied at Table, and was by that means enabled to tell each of their Relations which of them was to be buried by him. Afterwards considering how necessary Method is to preserve the Ideas of Objects, he invented the Method of annexing them to certain Places, and so became the Inventor of *Local Memory*; though some Authors say, that he made use of some certain Medicines to acquire a good Memory, which produced the intended Effect.

THE other Miracle by which his Life was saved is related thus: His Deliverance was owing to the seasonable Advice he received in his Sleep; for when he was ready to embark, and had buried the dead Body of a Man which had been cast on the Shore, he was warned by the Shade of the same Man, not to go to Sea the next Day, but to stay on Shore. He took the Advice; they who had gone on board perished in his Sight by a Storm, and were swallowed up in the Waves: *Simonides* rejoiced because he had trusted his Life rather to a Dream than

to a Ship. Being mindful of the Favour, he immortalized that Man in a most elegant Poem, and erected a better and more durable Tomb to him, than that which he had before raised upon the desert Sands. He did not think that Humanity required any thing of him besides the interment of the dead Body; but being so well rewarded for that Favour, he inscribed a memorable Epitaph upon the Tomb, to this Effect. This is the Tomb of the Man that saved the Life of *Simonides* of *Ceos*, and who, after his Death, was grateful to the Living. This Story introduces another told of him by *Ælian*. *Pausanias*, the *Lacedæmonian* General, sitting at Table with *Simonides*, ordered him to deliver some remarkable Maxim. *Remember*, answered he, *that you are a Man*: This Saying seemed so insipid to *Pausanias*, that he did not regard it; but when he happened to be in a Place where he had taken Refuge, where he struggled with intolerable Hunger, and out of which he could not come without incurring the hazard of being put to Death, a Misfortune he brought upon himself by his Ambition, he remembered the Words of that Poet, and cry'd out three times, O *Simonides*, how important was the Meaning of the Exhortation you once gave me!

BUT the most remarkable Transaction of his Life was what happened between him and King *Hiero*, his Patron. The Story is told with most Advantage by *Cicero*, in the Person of *Cotta*, the Pontiff. Demand of me, says he, what kind of Being God is? I will answer in the Words of *Simonides*, who, when the Tyrant *Hiero* asked this Question, required a Day to consider of it; the.

the next Day he asked him the same Question, *Simonides* required two Days more; when he had often doubled the Time, he required more; and *Hiero* being surpris'd, asked him the Reason of it: It is, says he, because *the longer I consider it, the more obscure the Subject appears to me.* Of all the Sayings ascribed to him, this was remarkable; he said, that *Necessity* was a Thing which the Gods themselves could not oppose nor resist.

BUT these Instances of his Piety and Humanity will by no means excuse his insatiable Avarice and Passion for Wealth: When he was asked the Reason of his being so covetous in his old Age, he said, I had rather leave something to my Enemies after my Death, than want the Assistance of my Friends during my Life; and that being by his Years deprived of other Pleasures, he recreated his old Age with the only Delight he took, which was in accumulating Riches. We are told his Way of Life was narrow and mean, that he was frugal to Excess, and covetous even of dishonest Gain; that his great Age did not restrain him from applying to the Court of *Hiero*; for, says *Ælian*, the *Cean* was exceedingly covetous; and, it is said, the great Generosity of that Prince instigated him the more to it. He was never at a Loss for an Answer, when asked why he took such Pleasure in saving; but his Answers were paltry and trifling. While he was at *Syracuse*, the King supplied him from Day to Day with every thing that was necessary for his Maintenance; he sold the greatest Part of it, and alledged this Reason, that he had a mind to shew his Frugality and *Hiero's* Magnificence, which was a wretched Subterfuge.

HE has been blamed for being the first who prostituted the Muses for Hire, not as if the Poets that lived before him had refused Rewards, but they abhorred dishonourably to lavish their Praises upon Subjects infamous and unworthy. I do not, says *Callimachus*, cherish a mercenary Muse like *Simonides* the Grandson of *Hyllicus*: He is reproached by *Anacreon* for the same Fault. It is certain, he would not sing upon Trust, nor rely upon the Generosity of his Heroes. He dishonoured the Muses by his mercenary Spirit; hence arose a disgraceful Proverb, *Simonidis Cantilena*. He used to say, I have two Trunks, one for Salaries, and the other for Favours; I open them from time to time, and I always find the Trunk for Salaries full, and that for Favours empty: he needed not wonder at it, for since he did nothing *gratis*, he could not pretend to many Presents, he expected Payment according to the Agreement he made with his Patrons.

*PHÆDRUS* in his Fables relates, that *Simonides* strolled about the Towns of *Minor Asia*, to get Money by singing the Praises of the Conquerors in the public Games. This appears also from a Story recorded by *Aristotle*: A Man, says he, who had won the *Olympic* Prize in the Race of Mules, desired *Simonides* to make a Triumphant Song upon that Subject; the Poet not satisfied with the Reward that was offered, answered, that the Subject was so low that it would not admit of the lofty Ornaments of a Poem, for the Victory had been obtained in a paltry Race with Mules, and he pretended that a Mule did not afford Matter for a Panegyric; but having a better Price offered him, which pleased him, he

finished the Poem, beginning in an exalted Strain,

Χαίρειτ' αἰλλοπόδων θύγατρες ἵππων.

*Hail Daughters of the Wind-hoof'd Steeds.*

BUT the Money he had amassed together in the *Asian* Cities he lost in his Return; for embarking for the Isle of *Geos*, his native Country, the Ship was cast away, and every one strove to save himself with whatever he could carry. *Simonides*, says *Phædrus*, took nothing, and being asked the Reason of it, he answered, It is because all that I possess is with me: Several of his shipwrecked Companions were drowned, sinking under the Weight of what they had endeavoured to save; those who gained the Land were plundered by Robbers. Every one repaired to *Glazomenæ*, a Town not far from the Place where the Ship was cast away. A Citizen who loved Learning, and had read some Poems of *Simonides* with great Admiration, knowing him, received him hospitably, whilst the rest were forced to beg in the Streets. The Poet meeting them, told them that the Answer he had made them was just.

SIMONIDES lived to a great Age, about ninety; he died, it is supposed, in the Court of King *Hiero*, a Year before that Prince, who was his Patron. It was the Queen of this *Sicilian* Tyrant who asked *Simonides*, whether it was better to acquire Learning or Riches? who answered, that Riches were better than Learning; for I see, said he, every Day the Learned attending upon the Rich. He was buried with great Magnificence,

ficence, and had a Monument erected over him. We are told by *Suidas*, that *Phœnix*, General of the *Agrigentines*, being at War with the *Syracusans*, barbarously demolished *Simonides's* Tomb, and built a Tower with the Materials of it, but it happened that the Town was taken through that part of the Wall where that very Tower was built.

THESE are the principal Incidents that occur in the Ancients concerning the Life and Death of this *Greek* Poet: The Fragments of his Works that remain are scattered up and down in various Authors, but are collected together by *Ursinus*. His Wit was beyond the Censure of the Critics: His Poetry was composed in almost all Measures, but he succeeded chiefly in Elegies: He was a tender and pathetic Writer. The Style of *Simonides*, says *Quintilian*, was plain, but fitted to the Subject with a peculiar Sweetness. His principal Excellency lay in Commiseration, and he was by some preferred to all Authors upon that account. *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* confesses, that this Poet, among other Virtues, had the Talent of moving Pity, and places him in that respect much above *Pindar*; the *Lamentations* of *Simonides* was one of his most famous Poems, to this Piece *Horace* alludes,

*Sed ne relictis, &c.*

*Enough my Muse, Complaints forbear,  
With me to shady Grotts retire, &c.*

CATULLUS refers to the Art of *Simonides* in exciting Tears.

G. 2.

Maffius



*Mæstius Lacrymis Simonideis.**More sorrowful than Simonides's Tears.*

BUT though the chief Character of his Poetry was impassionate and plaintive Sweetness, yet he could upon Occasion dip his Pen in Gall, and write the most bitter and violent Invectives. One *Timoleon* it seems was his Enemy, and wrote a Comedy which reflected upon *Simonides*; but he did not escape with Impunity, for our Poet lashed him severely, and among other keen Strokes, he wrote his Epitaph in this Manner :

Πολλὰ φάγων, &amp;c.

*After I had eat and drank plentifully, and uttered a great deal of Abuse against Men, here I lie, Timoleon of Rhodes.*

THE poetical Genius of this Poet was so vigorous and permanent, that he disputed the Prize of Poetry at eighty Years of Age.

## EDITIONS of SIMONIDES.

Inter Poetas Græcos minores a *Rad. Winterteno* Editos, Gr. Lat. 8vo.

Inter Reliquias Poësis Philosophicæ, Gr. apud *Hen. Steph.* 1573, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

In the Remains of the Elegiac Greek Poets, printed at Oxford, 8vo. Gr. 1759. A beautiful and correct Edition. 3s.

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## ARISTOPHANES,

**A** FAMOUS Comic Poet, but of what Country is uncertain; some say he was an *Athenian*, others a *Rhodian*, and some an *Egyptian*; the most probable Conjecture is, that he was born in *Ægina*, or at least that he had an Estate in that Island. When he came to *Athens* he was summoned before the Magistracy, and accused of assuming the Rights and Privileges of an *Athenian* Citizen without a Freedom: He defended himself by saying one *Philip* an *Athenian* was his Father, and repeating two Verses of *Homer*,

Μήτηρ μὲν τ' ἐμὲ φησὶ, &c.

*I take my Mother's Word: My Mother vows  
'Twas He: I know not: Who can swear he knows:*

This Answer satisfied the Court, and he was admitted a Denizen without further Difficulty. The Time of his Birth is not liable to the same Uncertainty; he was Contemporary with *Sophocles* the Tragic Poet, and flourished between the eighty-fifth and ninety-first Olympiad.

BEING admitted to the Freedom of *Athens*, he professed himself an Enemy to Tyranny and Corruption, and reformed the Government more by his Comedies, than if he had sat at the Head

of the Council, and had held the Reins of Power in his own Hands. He represented the Vices of the principal Citizens upon the Stage, and had the Courage to exhibit the leading Men to the People in their proper Characters. He openly censured the People's Perversion of Justice, and was not afraid to attack the public Worship of the Gods and the national Superstition, without dreading the Resentment which *Æschylus* and *Euripides* had suffered before upon the same Occasion. Indeed, his Works, which Time has preserved to us, are a valuable System of pertinent Reflections upon the Government of the *Athenian* State through the whole Course of the *Peloponnesian* War; and they are a faithful and striking Picture of the State and Manners of the *Athenians* during that Period.

THIS fair Side of his Character does not conceal the Blemishes that lie upon his Good-nature, if not upon his Honesty, in respect to the professed Hatred with which he pursued *Socrates* and *Euripides*, two of the greatest Men in the Commonwealth of *Athens*: One *Anytus*, it seems, with other Citizens, engaged in a Design against the Life and Reputation of *Socrates*; but considering that his Credit was so great with the Magistrates and People, upon Account of his many excellent Qualities, that they feared to bring him to a fair Trial, they chose to attack him by slanderous and base Aspersions, to represent him as a ridiculous, idle Person, as a silly captious Caviller, that would dispute on both Sides the Question, and give a Plausibility to Error, but particularly, as one that despised the Gods and the established Worship, and would introduce  
strange

strange Doctrines and Innovations in Religion. For this Purpose they bribed *Aristophanes* with a Sum of Money, to dress up the great *Socrates* in a Fool's Coat in one of his Plays, which he did, and for that Purpose wrote his Comedy of *The Clouds*. But when it came to be performed upon the Stage, the People were astonished to see the Philosopher treated with such Indignity, and at the first Time of acting scorned the Representation; but upon the second exhibition, the People, naturally envious of Men of superior Learning and Worth, enjoyed the Wit, and bestowed the Prize upon the Writer with general Consent. This Story is told by *Ælian*; but his Authority is disputed; and there are Reasons to believe that the Comedy of *The Clouds* was acted but once upon the *Athenian* Stage. Besides, *Charpentier*, in the Life of *Socrates*, observes, that *Aristophanes* composed the Play of *The Clouds*, because *Archelaus*, King of *Macedon*, had a better Opinion of that Philosopher than of himself.

*EURIPIDES* was denominated the *Philosophical Poet*; and the Rules and Discipline of the old Philosophy were exceeding strict, and quite repugnant to the Licentiousness of the old Comedy, of which *Aristophanes* was the chief Writer, as *Menander* of the new; this seems to be a principal Reason of the Hatred of this Comic Writer to *Euripides*. Besides, *Socrates* never chose to be present in the *Athenian* Theatre, but during the Performance of the Pieces of this Tragedian, which without doubt increased the Enmity. *Aristophanes*, in the Comedy of the *Frogs*, supposes that *Bacchus* counterbal-

lancing a Verse of *Euripides* in the Scales against a Verse of *Æschylus*, always found that of *Æschylus* to weigh most.

THERE is no Account of the Time or Place of *Aristophanes's* Death, but he is supposed to have lived to a very great Age. *Plato*, his great Friend and Admirer, composed an honorary Distich to his Memory, which may serve for an Epitaph.

*Αἱ χάριτες, &c.*

*The Graces searching for a Shrine refin'd,  
Fix'd it in Aristophanes's Mind.*

OF fifty-four Comedies which he wrote, according to *Suidas*, we have now but eleven left.

THE Grecian Comedy was usually divided into the *Old*, the *Middle*, and the *New*: The first exposed the Vices of the greatest Persons by Name, and without Disguise; this licentious Mode of Writing is condemned by *Horace* in his Art of Poetry,

— *In vitium Libertas excidit, &c.*

The old Comedy was cultivated by *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*; *Cratinus* first introduced three Persons, and methodized this Species of the Drama; he chastised the Bad, and mixed together what was useful and agreeable. This Licentiousness and open Raillery of the Stage was inhibited by a Law that was enacted when the thirty Tyrants governed *Athens*. To this succeeded the *Middle* Comedy, which censured and lashed real Vices under fictitious Names. The *New* Comedy reformed the Stage into Civility and good Manners,

ners, and obliged the Poet to make use of fictitious Actions, and imaginary Names, without any particular Reflections; he was to exhibit only a probable Description of Human Life.

ARISTOPHANES succeeded *Cratinus* in the Old Comedy; for though *Cratinus* had much improved Comedy, by distinguishing the Parts, disposing the Acts, and increasing the Number of Actors, yet Comedy wanted the Perfection which it afterwards received from *Aristophanes*; for whereas *Eupolis* studied to delight, and *Cratinus* to be satirical, *Aristophanes* pursued a Medium; and though he was not so bitter as *Cratinus*, yet he was as vehement against Delinquents. *Cratinus* was vehement, and appeared brandishing a naked Sword; *Eupolis* was weighty and agreeable in his Acrimony, from the Novelty of his fictitious Personages, but *Aristophanes* was facetiously poignant; and as he was naturally choleric and bold, and a professed Enemy to Servitude, and to all who endeavoured the Oppression of their Country, the Times he lived in afforded ample Occasion for him to exert his Wit, and express his Affection for his Country. The *Athenians* were then governed by Persons who had no other object but to enslave the public Liberty; *Aristophanes* was soon sensible of this, and like a generous Patriot exposed these insidious Designs upon the public Stage. *Cleon*, the Idol of the People, a powerful Demagogue, of a turbulent Spirit, and injurious to the City, first felt his Satire: In his Comedy termed *Hippias*, the Poet himself acted the Person of *Cleon*, when every one of the common Players declined so dangerous a Part, and in a most artful Man-

ner exposed his Villainy and Abuse of the State. *Cleon* was condemned to pay a Mulct of five Talents to the Poet.

NOR did his poetical Principles only lead him to secure the State from the Magistrates at home, but he was as watchful against the Enemy abroad: The *Lacedæmonians*, and others who were jealous of the *Athenian* Grandeur, looked upon *Aristophanes* as a single Battalion to the *Athenians*, and thought it impossible to accomplish their Purpose, whilst his Counsels were pursued; for he had made the Stage a School of political and military Arts: He did not flatter his Auditory, but endeavoured to instruct them by his witty Sarcasms. His Comedies have been esteemed an exact History of *Athens*. This made *Plato* recommend them to *Dionysius*, King of *Syracuse*, who was desirous of understanding the Greek Tongue, and the Maxims of the *Athenian* State. This Poet has been justly condemned by the Learned, particularly by *Cicero*, for traducing the greatest Men of his Age, as *Pericles*, *Alcibiades*, *Socrates*, *Euripides*, and the most eminent Personages in the Commonwealth.

AFTER the immoderate Liberty of the Stage was suppressed, and the Poets had suffered for their licentious Abuse, particularly *Eupolis*, who was drowned by *Alcibiades* for his Play termed *Dipper*, the *Chorus* that was mostly concerned in these Railleries was silenced, and the *Parabasis* or Digressions introduced. The Digressions contained Reflections on the Diction or Composition of the Poets, or in a general manner glanced at the Vices of the Citizens, without mentioning Names; or if the Names were intended,

intended, it was under Disguise; and this was the Origin of *middle Comedy*. In the Reign of *Alexander the Great*, there was a Law made, that a Suspicion of Scandal was actionable, though no Names were mentioned. This intirely suppressed the Licentiousness of the Stage, and gave Birth to the *new Comedy*, where the Persons are fictitious, and the Prologue supplies the Place of the *Chorus*. *Philemon* and *Menander* excelled in this kind of Comedy. *Frischlinus*, in his Life of *Aristophanes*, is of Opinion, that the *Plutus* of this Poet was composed after the first Edict of the States. His *Cocalus*, where there is only a Prologue and no Chorus, is of the Species of the *new Comedy*, as *Vossius* and *Frischlinus* observe. Thus, says *Vossius*, Comedy, which at first was nothing but a Chorus without Actors, was made to consist of a Number of Actors without any Chorus.

THE new Comedy differed much from the *old*, particularly the *old Comedy* employed various kinds of Verse, the *new* used only *Iambics*, and *Trochaics*. The *new* was more elegant and equal in its Style, the Diction of the *old* more grand, and the Style less equal. This was the main circumstance along with other Things, says *Vossius*, that made *Plutarch* prefer *Menander's* Diction so much to *Aristophanes's*. *Plutarch* condemns *Aristophanes* for his unequal Style, Obscurity of Diction, for being impertinent, loquacious, trifling, arrogant, and haughty, for observing no Decorum, for making his Persons speak only what occurred to him, so that we cannot distinguish from the Style, whether the Father or the Son, a Rustic or a Deity be discoursing.



courfing. But, fays *Plutarch*, *Menander's* Diction was agreeable to the Condition, Age, and Nature of every Perfon, and incredibly perfuafive. The Theatre was always full of the Learned when his Plays were acted, and they were a Relaxation to the Philofophers from their intense and deep Meditations. *Menander's* Jests were elegant, *Aristophanes's* bitter and rude, and of a biting, fharp, and galling Virulence. He corrupted his Representations in conftituting a malicious, and not a polite Art, and in making his Ruffics ftupid, and not circumfpect, his Amours grofs and not decent, and his Jests fuch as fhould be laughed at, rather than excite Laughter.

IT muft be confefled, there are many Things fcurrilous, obfcene, and paltry in *Aristophanes*; but thofe who apologize for him, particularly *Erfchlinus*, fay, he has many things grave and good, and that the Faults laid to his Charge do not occur in all his Comedies, but only in fome, and that feldom; and therefore the whole of his Poetry is not to be condemned. His Characters, they plead, are conformable to the Perfons of the *Drama*, who are often difhoneft Servants, avaritious old Men, libidinous Women, and the like, fo that the Poet was obliged to reprefent his Perfons fuch as they really were; and the Reafon why he characterizes fuch Perfons, was to comply with the Humour of the Age, which relifhed nothing elfe. Thus the End excufes him, becaufe Mirth and Mervainment was the only Scope of *Greek Comedy*. Another Plea for thefe Characters, is the Correction of Vice, by ridiculing and expofing the Vicious, and therefore he did  
nothing

nothing unbecoming a Comedian in his Imitation of such Persons. The Odes of his *Chorus* have indeed something of Tragedy in them, because the Gods and Goddesses are here invoked; and indeed, he sometimes affects a Tragic instead of a Comic Style, which *Horace*, the most exact Reformer of the Stage, sometimes allows.

*Verfibus exponi Tragicis, &c.*

*A Comic Story hates a Tragic Style, &c.*

RAPIN, the *French* Critic, aggravates whatever has been advanced against the Character of this *Greek* Poet: He is peevish in his Censures of him, and resolves to allow him no critical Indulgence. *Aristophanes*, says he, is not exact in the Contrivance of his Fables, nor are his Fictions probable. He scurrilizes Persons too grossly and too openly. *Socrates*, whom he affects to ridicule in his Comedies, had a more delicate Air of Raillery than he, but was not so shameless. It is true, he proceeds, *Aristophanes* writ during the Disorder and Licentiousness of the old Comedy, and understood the Humour of the *Athenian* People, who were easily disgusted with the Merit of extraordinary Persons, whom he exerted his Wit to abuse, that he might please the Populace. After all, he delights us no otherwise than by his Buffoonry. That *Ragouft*, composed of seventy-six Syllables in the last Scene of his Comedy, the *Ecclesiastou-fai*, would be damned to everlasting Fame in our Age. His Language is often obscure, low, and trivial; and his affected play upon Words, his Contrapositions of opposite Terms to each other;

the

the heterogeneous Medley of his Style, of Tragic and Comic, of Serious and Buffoon, of Grave and Familiar, is barbarous, and his Witticisms, when scrutinized, often prove false.

THIS Reflection upon the Writings of *Aristophanes*, is a species of false Criticism, and highly injurious to the Character of this *Greek* Poet; but the Bitterness of it is corrected by the Opinion of better Judges, particularly by a Lady of the same Nation. Miss *Le Fevre*, in the Preface to her Translation of some Comedies of *Aristophanes*, remarks that many excellent Instructions are to be found in this Author, of great use to the Politician and the Soldier. He assembled the Spectators, says she, not to burn Incense under their Nostrils, or to divert them with Buffoonry and Folly, but to give them solid Advice, which he knew how to make them relish, by seasoning it with a thousand pleasant Inventions, which no body but himself was able to contrive. Never had any Man better Skill in discerning the ridiculous Part, nor a mental Versatility more ingenious to make it appear: His critical Remarks are natural and easy, and, which is a Circumstance of rare Occurrence, notwithstanding he is so copious, he still sustains the Delicacy of his Character. She adds, that the *Attic* Spirit, of which the Ancients so much boasted, appears more in *Aristophanes*, than in any other Author of Antiquity; but what is most to be admired in him, is, that he is always so absolute a Master of the Subject he treats, that with all the Ease imaginable, he finds a Way in which to make those very Things which at first might appear the most remote from his Subject,

fall in naturally; and that even his most lively and least expected Excursions seemed but as the natural Results of those Incidents he had prepared. Nothing, as she further tells us, can be more ingenious than the whole Contrivance of the Comedy called *The Clouds*; and what she most admires, is, that the Poet has so accurately imitated the Air and Humour of *Socrates* in the ridiculous Part, which is done so naturally, that a Man would really think he heard *Socrates* himself speak: She was so much charmed with this Piece, that after she had translated it, and had read it two hundred times over, she did not find herself in the least cloyed, which was more than she would say of any other Piece. The Style of *Aristophanes*, she concludes, is as agreeable as his Wit; for besides its Purity, Force, and Sweetness, it has a certain Harmony which sounds so pleasant to the Ear, that the very perusal of him is extremely delightful: When he has occasion to use the common ordinary Style, he does it without employing any Expression that is abject and vulgar, and when he has a mind to express himself loftily, in his highest Flight he is never obscure. He was reputed, says *Gyraldus*, the most eloquent of all the *Athenians*, who looked upon him as the most considerable of their *Beaux Esprits*; he abounds with fine Sentiments; there is in his Invention a Variety that is surprising, but yet agreeable; he understood how to give every thing its Turn, which gave him the Preference above all the other Comic Poets. Let no Man, says *Scaliger*, pretend to understand the *Attic Dialect*, who is not perfectly acquainted with the Style

of *Aristophanes*; in him are to be found all the *Attic* Ornaments, which made *St. Chrysostome* so much admire him, that he always laid him under his Pillow when he went to sleep.

It has been observed before, that *Aristophanes* professed himself upon all Occasions, a zealous Advocate for public Liberty, but *Mr. Rimer* has entered more particularly into that part of his Character. He was, says he, a Man of wonderful Zeal for Virtue, and the Good of his Country; he laid about him with an undaunted Resolution, like some Christian Martyr for his Faith and Religion. He tilted at all manner of Vice, wherever he saw it, were it in the greatest Philosophers, the greatest Poets, the Generals or Ministers of State. The *Persian* Ambassador was surpris'd to observe the *Athenian* Government turning out, disgracing, impeaching, banishing, outlawing, and attainting the Great Men, as the Poet hinted or held up his Finger; not understanding the *Athenian* Temper, he was astonish'd at the Man. And for all the *Democracy*, no less bold was he with his *Sovereign Legislative People*, representing them taking Bribes, selling their Votes, and bought off. He tells them, that the Government had no occasion for Men of *Wit* or *Honesty*; the most ignorant, the most impudent, and the greatest Rascal, stood fairest for a Place, and was the best qualified to be their Chief Minister. He tells them nothing shall fright him; Truth and *Honesty* are on his Side, he has the Heart of *Hercules*, will speak what is just and generous, though *Cerberus*, and all the Kennel of Hell-hounds were loo'd upon him:

*But*

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But then, says *Rimer*, his Address was admirable; he would make the Truth visible and palpable, and every way sensible to them. The Art and the Application, his strange Fetches, his lucky Stars, his odd Inventions, the wild Turns, Returns, and Counter-turns were never matched, nor are ever to be reached again.

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### Best EDITIONS of ARISTOPHANES.

Græcè Typis elegantiss. apud *Aldum*, Ven. 1498, Fol.  
Gr. Lat. Scholiis antiquis, Notis, Ed. *Biffeti & Emilii Porti*, Aurel. 1607, Fol.

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Gr. & Lat. Notis, *Tanaquili Fabri*, Amst. 1670, 12mo. 5s.

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*Aristophanis Comœdiæ undecim*, Gr. 12mo. Venet. 1542.

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*Aristophanes a Berglero*, Gr. & Lat. 2 vol. 4to. Amst. 1l. 1s. This is a vile Edition, and infinitely inferior to *Kuster's*.

## THEOCRITUS.

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## T H E O C R I T U S,

**A** SICILIAN Poet, a Native of *Syracuse*; he flourished about the hundred and twenty-third Olympiad. Of what Lineage, or of what Condition his Parents were, is uncertain, their Names only remain; his Father was *Praxagoras*, and his Mother *Philina*. We are informed of this by an Epigram usually prefixed to his Pastorals:

"ΑΛΛΟΙ δ' Χίος, &c.

*I'm not of Chios, but I do declare,  
I breathed first the Syracusan Air,  
Son of Praxagoras and fam'd Philina,  
And 'tis my own Muse dictates what I say.*

THERE are two of his *Idyllia* remaining, inscribed to *Hiero*, King of *Syracuse*, and to *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, King of *Egypt*, which fix the Time in which he flourished. The Exploits of this *Hiero* are celebrated by *Polybius*, in the first Book of his History; who though he was a Prince of signal Courage and Renown, and distinguished himself by extraordinary Atchievements in War, yet seems to have had no great Esteem for Learning or learned Men. *Theocritus* complains of this in his sixteenth *Idyllium*; and upon this Account it is supposed

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supposed that he left *Syracuse*, and applied to the *Egyptian* Court, where, as it appears by his seventeenth *Idyllium*, he met with honourable Encouragement and Protection.

NOTHING more is recorded of the Life of this Poet: If we believe *Ovid*, he was put to a violent Death by *Hiero*, King of *Sicily*, for reflecting upon him in his Writings.

*Utque Syracusio præstrictâ fauce Poeta,  
Sic animæ laqueo sit via clausa tuæ.*

THE Compositions of this Poet are distinguished by the Ancients by the Name of *Idyllia*, which Title was given them to express the Shortness and Variety of these Compositions; they would now be intitled, *Miscellanies*, or *Poems on several Occasions*. The Nine first and the Eleventh are confessed to be true Pastoral; several of the others are Poems addressed to particular Friends, and written on particular Occasions. He has composed in several sorts of Poetry, and succeeded in all. The native Simplicity and easy Freedom of his Pastorals are inimitable. *Virgil* himself sometimes invokes the Muse of *Syracuse*, when he imitates him in his *Bucolics*, and in several Passages translates him.

*Prima Syracusio dignata est ludere Versu,  
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.*

QUINTILIAN allows him to be admirable in his Kind, but when he adds, that his Muse is not only shy of appearing at the Bar, but in the City too, it is evident that this Remark  
must



must be restricted to his Pastorals. In several of his other Poems, he manifests a Strength of Reason and Politeness, that would qualify him to plead among the Orators, and render him acceptable in the Courts of Princes. In his smaller Poems of *Cupid stung*, *Adonis* killed by the Boar, and others, you have the Spirit and Delicacy of *Anacreon*; in his *Hylas* and Combat of *Pollux* and *Amycus*, he is much more pathetic, clear, and agreeable than *Apollonius* on the same, or any other Subject. In his Conversation of *Alcmena* and *Tiresias*, of *Hercules*, and the old Servant of *Augeas*, in *Cynisca* and *Thyonichus*, and the Women going to the Ceremonies of *Adonis*, there is all the Ease and engaging Familiarity of Humour and Dialogue which reign in the *Odyssey*; and in *Hercules* destroying the Lion of *Nemea*, you have the Spirit and Majesty of the *Iliad*. The Panegyric upon King *Ptolemy* is justly esteemed a Model of Perfection in this Species of writing. Both in that excellent Poem, and the admirable Hymn upon *Castor* and *Pollux*, he has celebrated his God and his Hero with that Delicacy and Address, with those sublime and graceful Expressions of Devotion and Respect, that in Politeness, Smoothness of Diction, and Refinement of praising without Disgust or Appearance of Adulation, he has equalled *Callimachus*, and in Loftiness and Flight of Thought scarce yields to *Pindar* or *Homer*.

THE Eclogue is the most considerable of these little Poems; it is an Image of the Life of Shepherds, therefore the Subject is low, and has nothing great in the Genius of it, its Business is to describe the Loves, the Sports, the Jealousies, the Disputes,

Disputes, the Quarrels, the Intrigues, the Passions, the Adventures, and all the little Affairs of Shepherds. So that the Character must be simple, the Wit easy, the Expression common; it must have nothing that is exquisite, neither in the Thoughts, nor in the Words, nor in any Forms of Speech. The true Character of the Eclogue is Simplicity and Modesty; its Figures are sweet; the Passions tender; the Conceptions easy; and though sometimes it may be passionate, and admit little Transports, and little Despairs, yet it never rises so high as to be fierce or violent; its Narrations are short, Descriptions concise, the Thoughts ingenious, the Manners innocent, the Language pure, the Verse flowing, the Expressions plain, and all the Discourse natural; for pastoral Eclogue is not loquacious and intrusive. The Models to be proposed in order to succeed in this sort of Poesy are *Theocritus* and *Virgil*. *Theocritus* is more sweet, more natural, more delicate by reason of the characteristic nature of the *Greek* Tongue. *Virgil* is more judicious, more exact, more regular, more modest by the characteristic Nature of his own elegant Mind, and by the Genius of the *Latin* Tongue. *Theocritus* hath more of all the Graces that constitute the ordinary Beauty of Poetry; *Virgil* has more good Sense, more Vigor, more Elevation, more Modesty. After all, *Theocritus* is the Original, *Virgil* is only the Copy, though some things he hath imitated so happily, that they equal the Original in many places. *Manilius* in his second Book gives us a just Character of this Poet:

The

*The sweet Theocritus with softest Strains,  
 Makes piping Pan delight Sicilian Swains;  
 Thro' his smooth Reed no rustic Numbers move,  
 But all is Tenderness, and all is Love.  
 As if the Muses sate in ev'ry Vale,  
 Inspir'd the Song, and told the melting Tale.*

THOUGH *Theocritus* was not the Inventor of the *Bucolic* Verse, yet he is allowed to be the first who brought it to Perfection: That which distinguishes him, says *Dryden*, from all other Poets both *Greek* and *Latin*, and which raises him even above *Virgil* in his Eclogues, is the inimitable Tenderness of his Passions, and the natural Expression of them in Words so becoming of a Pastoral. A Simplicity shines through all he writes; he shews his Art and Learning by disguising both. His Shepherds never rise above their Country Education in their Complaints of Love. There is the same Difference betwixt him and *Virgil*, as there is betwixt *Tasso's Aminta*, and the *Pastor Fido* of *Guarini*; *Virgil's* Shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of *Epicurus* and *Plato*; and *Guarini's* seem to have been bred in Courts. But *Theocritus* and *Tasso* have taken theirs from Cottages and Plains: It was said of *Tasso* in relation of his Similitudes, *Mai esce dal Bosco*; that he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his Comparisons were taken from the Country: The same may be said of *Theocritus*; he is softer than *Ovid*, he touches the Passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own Fund, without diving into the Arts and Sciences  
 for

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for a Supply. Even his *Doric* Dialect has an incomparable Sweetness in its Clownishness, like a fair Shepherdess in her Country Rustet, talking in a *Yorkshire* Tone. This was impossible for *Virgil* to imitate, because the Severity of the *Roman* Language denied him that Advantage. *Spenser* has endeavoured it in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, but it can never succeed in the *English* Language.

FONTENELLE would impress us with a different Idea of this Poet; sometimes these Shepherds are too exalted in their Strains, as when they speak thus;

*Gods, when she view'd how strong was the surprise!  
Her Soul took fire and sparkled through her Eyes;  
How did her Passions, how her Fury move!  
How soon she plung'd into th' Abyss of Love!*

THESE Sentiments are very natural to the Passions of Love. *Fontenelle* is very fastidious; *Theocritus* can neither please him with his Delicacy, nor with his Rusticity; for after this, he complains that *Theocritus* lets his Shepherds sink as much too low, as before they were raised too high above their native Genius. The Imitations of Nature in this Poet are very picturesque and just; for he that imitates rude and uncultivated Nature is no less a Poet, than he who imitates her in her most polished State, and in her greatest Perfection.

*B. A.*

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*Inter Poetas Principes heroici Carminis*, Græcè, apud  
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*Theocritus, Moschus, & Bion*, Gr. Lat. Scholiis Gr.  
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*Plantin*, 1604. 4to. 10s. 6d.

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Notis *Thom. Martini*, 8vo. *Lond.* 1760. 10s. 6d.  
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*Theocriti quæ extant*, Gr. 4to. *Glasg.* 1746. 10s. 6d.

*Theocritus*, Gr. & Lat. a *Reiske*, 2 vol. 4to. *Lipsiæ*,  
1760. 1l. 1s.

*Theocritus*, Gr. & Lat. a *Warton*, 2 vol. 4to. *Oxon.*  
1770. 1l. 11s. 6d. A very splendid and accurate  
Edition, that does Honour to the University of  
*Oxford.*

*LYCOPHRON.*

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## L Y C O P H R O N.

**T**HIS Writer flourished in the Reign of the great Patron of Learning, *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, King of *Egypt*, who retained him with *Theocritus*, *Gallimachus*, and the most eminent Poets of the Age, encouraged them by his Munificence and princely Favours, and esteemed them the principal Constellation of his Court. His Love of Poetry advanced him to a Star in this poetical *Pleias*, which shone with so much Lustre in that Reign. There is little left to Posterity, from which to collect any satisfactory Account of the Life and Writings of *Lycophron*: We are informed only, that he was born at the City of *Chalcis* in *Eubæa*; his Father was *Socelus*, by Profession a Grammarian, who took all possible Care of his Education, but dying, left his Son young, who by good Fortune fell into worthy Hands, and was adopted by *Lycus* the Historiographer. His Works that remain, give us no Reason to doubt of his Proficiency; his Industry, and Application to Learning, and his Accomplishments in the Arts and Sciences, could not be concealed; they were soon observed, and, undoubtedly, recommended him to the Favour of the *Egyptian* Court. There it is supposed he spent the greatest Number of his Days; the Time of his Death is uncertain, we have some

Account of the Manner in which he made his Exit, for we are told by *Ovid*, that he died by the Point of an Arrow.

*Utque cothurnatum periisse Lycophrona narrant.*

In *Ibin*.

LYCOPHRON was the Author of many Works; he wrote some Things in Prose, particularly Essays upon Criticism; but his Genius led him chiefly to Poetry, in all Kinds of which he is said to have excelled, from the Loftiness of Tragedy, (of which he wrote twelve, the Names of which are mentioned by *Suidas*) to the humble Spirit of Anagram, which claims the honour of his Invention. The voluminous Writings of this Poet have all perished by Time, except one Piece, his *Cassandra*, or his *Insane Prophetess*, which has reached the present Age.

THE Story of this unhappy Princess is well-known, and commonly narrated in the following manner. *Cassandra* was the Daughter of *Priam*, King of *Troy*, and was beloved by *Apollo*, who finding her not at all affected by his Courtship, but coy and inflexible, resolved at all Events to gratify his Desires; and in order to influence her Love, and engage her Compliance, promised her the Gift of Prophecy and Divination. She first got possession of the Reward, but then refused to answer the Terms upon which it was granted, and would by no means admit his Embraces. This so enraged his Divinity, that he resolved to revenge the Injury, and so ordered it, that though she foretold Truth, she was never to be believed. Accordingly she was so far from being credited, that

that her Predictions were despised and derided, when she foretold the Misfortunes that were to befall her Country; her Inspiration therefore proved a Torment and Affliction to her, instead of a divine Favour.

THIS Fable is the Foundation of *Lycophron's* Piece. *Cassandra*, or, as she was otherwise called, *Alexandra*, is supposed to be immured in a close Tower, as well to keep her from frightening the People, as to try whether solitary Confinement might not ultimately restore her to her right Mind. During this Restraint, her superstitious old Father commands the Keeper to bring him a punctual Account of all that the Princeis had uttered under her enthusiastic Paroxysm. The Recital made by the Keeper, is the *Form* of the Poem. He begins with a Promise of Faithfulness, and having hinted to the King how different a Mode of Diction she had now used from her common Strain, appearing a meer *Sphinx*, and affecting the darkest and most perplexed Thoughts and Expressions; he proceeds to repeat her whole intricate Speech to the King. In which, beginning at the Voyage of *Paris*, who had then sailed for *Sparta*, on his amorous Expedition, she throws out in a most miserable Rant a Prediction of all the Calamities which should be occasioned by this Adventure: The Miseries of the ten Years Siege of *Troy*, and the no less strange Disasters that should happen as well to the returning Victors, as to the dispersed Remains of the common People. At last she inquires into the original Cause of the Quarrel between *Europe* and *Asia*, and having described the Rape of *Europa*, the Voyage of the *Argonauts*, and the other famous



old Contentions, she looks forward to the Designs of *Xerxes* against *Greece*; and having reached the Times that were subsequent to *Alexander* the Great, she there breaks off, on a sudden Recollection, that no body will at present believe her. Then the Keeper, with a short Epilogue addressed to the King, concludes the Poem, which is a kind of tragic *Monody*, or Soliloquy of a single Person.

LYCOPHRON is condemned as a Writer unpleasant and almost unintelligible, and therefore is called, the *turbid* or *mysterious*; but it must be considered, that the Nature of his Subject led him into an obscure Style, and into a Darkneſs of Expreſſion that is ſtrange and frantic. But whoever blames this Writer for the Temerity of his Deſign, cannot fail to applaud him for the Greatneſs of his Succeſs. In portraying the Image of common Madneſs, it is enough to be decently abſurd. But when the Phrenzy is ſuppoſed to be divine, and the Fit to proceed from a miraculous Transport, then there muſt be a dark Conſiſtency of Speech, as well as an apparent Diſtraction. There muſt be the obſcure Certainty, as well as the open Fury of an Oracle. And what could better answer ſuch a Project, than to join in one wild Diſcourſe almoſt all the Terms, and almoſt all the Adventures, of the moſt copious Language, and of the moſt copious Hiſtory in the World.

IF we add to this, the Livelineſs of the tranſporting Paſſion, and the artificial Strangeneſs of the Digreſſions, it will not be honour enough to characterize this Piece, as the beſt Epitome of the *Grecian* Tongue, and of the *Grecian* Fables; but *Lycophron* will maintain his Seat in the Conſtellation

stellation of Poets, however some late Critics have attempted to degrade him, and drag him from his Sphere. And though we should suppose that he formerly made but a dark Figure in that Station, yet the cloudy Spots are now happily removed, the Riddles and Mysteries are explained, and *Cassandra* is at last come into Credit and Esteem, principally owing to the excellent Edition which the illustrious Dr. *Potter* published of this Poem, on which his singular Knowledge of the *Greek* Language, Customs, and History, hath poured such critical Light and Glory.

THIS *Greek* Writer, in his *Cassandra*, gives an Account of the Manner of *Hercules's* Death, which I think is to be found in no other Author. He says, that he was devoured by a Sea-Dog, named *Carcharias*, whom *Neptune* had sent against him. And the Scholiast of *Lycophron* tells us, that this great Fish being ready to swallow *Hesione*, the Daughter of *Laomedon*, *Hercules* advanced, and threw himself armed into the Mouth of the Monster; and having torn his Entrails, he got out of his Belly, having left nothing behind him but his Hair, and that from hence *Hercules* was called *Theophrastus*, because he was three Nights in the Belly of the Monster. *Theophrastus* mentions this Fable, and applies it to *Jonas*, who was swallowed by a Whale.

*Best EDITIONS of LYCOPHRON.*

Gr. & Lat. Scholiis Græcis, Notis *Meursii* & *Joh. Potteri*, nuper Archiepisc. Cantuar. Oxon. 1697, 1702. Folio. 6s.

Gr. & Lat. Notis *Joh. Meursii*. *L. Bat.* 1599. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

*Lycophronis Alexandra*, Gr. & Lat. 4to. apud *Paulum Stephanum*, 1601. 3s.

*Lycophronis Alexandra*, Gr. 8vo. à *Cantero*, apud *Commelin*, 1596. 3s.

*Lycophronis Alexandra*, Gr. & Lat. 8vo. a *Meursio*, *Lugd. Bat.* 1597. 3s.

*CALLIMACHUS;*

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## C A L L I M A C H U S,

**A** FAMOUS *Greek* Poet, a Native of *Cyrene*, a Town in *Africa*; he is frequently distinguished by the Title of *Battiades*, which gave Occasion to conclude, that he was the Son of one *Battus*; but the Name is with more Reason assumed from *Battus*, King and Founder of *Cyrene*, from whom *Strabo* says he declared himself descended. Though it is difficult to fix the Time of his Birth, yet it is certain he was one of the seven celebrated Poets, who were entertained in the Court of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, King of *Egypt*, with whom he was in high Esteem. His Father placed him under the Care of *Hermocrates*, the Grammarian; and whatever his Father's Name was, he acknowledged the Obligation he had received from him, by a well-written Epitaph, that occurs in the *Anthologia*, and which is a Confirmation of *Martial's* Judgment, who places *Callimachus* at the head of the *Greek* Epigrammatists. The Father is supposed thus to address himself to those who visit his Tomb:

"ὄφρις ἴμωι, &c.

*Stranger! I beg not to be known, but thus,  
Father and Son of a Callimachus,*

H 4

Chief

*Chief of a War, the first enlarg'd his Name,  
And the last sung, what Envy ne'er shall damn;  
For whom the Heavenly Muse admir'd a Child,  
On his grey Hairs the Goddess always smil'd.*

HE taught Grammar in *Egypt* with great Reputation, before he appeared at Court; among his other Disciples, *Apollonius Rhodius*, Author of the *Argonauticks*, was one, who having proved ungrateful, and behaving disrespectfully to his Master, *Callimachus* resented the Indignity, and wrote a bitter Invective against him, which he called *Ibis*, from the Name of a Bird in *Egypt*, which contaminated its Bill by cleansing its Anus, intimating that the Offence given him by his Scholar, was by foul Words and backbiting Speeches, and therefore he gave him this Name as a Token of Contempt and Infamy, and to mark him as a groveling foul-mouthed Fellow. *Ovid* taking the Hint from hence, wrote a sharp Satire against a Person who had used him with the same Treatment, and therefore in imitation of *Callimachus*, distinguished him by the same Name. Though this *Apollonius* was called *Rhodius*, because he had lived long at *Rhodes*, yet he was not born there, but was a Native of *Alexandria*, where he died; he was sent for from *Rhodes*, to undertake the Office of Librarian to *Ptolemy Euergetes* King of *Egypt*.

THE Favours *Callimachus* received in the Court of *Ptolemy Philadelphus* were continued to him by *Ptolemy Euergetes* his Successor, in honour of whose Queen he wrote his Poem called *Coma Berenices*. The Account of this Fiction is thus related: When *Ptolemy Euergetes* went on an Expedition

Expedition into Syria, *Berenice* his Queen, out of the tender Regard she had for him, and being painfully anxious in regard to the Danger his Person might be exposed to in this War, made a Vow of consecrating her Hair, (the Fineness of which, it seems, constituted her principal Beauty) if he returned safe and unhurt. On his coming back again with Safety and ample Success, she cut off her Hair to accomplish her Vow, and offered it up in the Temple, which *Ptolemy Philadelphus* had built to his beloved Wife *Arfinoe*, on the Promontory of *Zephyrium* in *Cyprus*, by the Name of the *Zephyrian Venus*. But the consecrated Hair being soon after lost, or perhaps contemptuously flung away by the Priests, which gave offence to *Ptolemy*, one *Conon*, a Native of *Samos*, an artful Mathematician then at *Alexandria*, to adorn this Subject, and to ingratiate himself with the King, gave out, that this Hair was caught up into Heaven, and he there shewed seven Stars near the Tail of the *Lion*, not then taken within any Constellation, which he solemnly averred to be the Queen's consecrated Hair. This Conceit was very agreeable to the *Egyptian* Court, and to the Flatterers it retained; and other Astronomers unanimously corroborating the Story, for fear of disobliging the King, from hence *Coma Berenices*, *Berenice's Hair*, became one of the Constellations, and continues under that Denomination to this Day. *Callimachus*, who lived in these Times, took occasion to compose a fine Elegy upon the *Queen's Hair*, the Original of which is lost, but a Translation of it by *Catullus* remains still among the Poetical Works of that elegant Writer. This Poem is commonly printed with

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the Works of *Tibullus* and *Propertius*, and may justly vie with the most exact of their Performances; which justifies the Remark of *Quintilian*, who observes that *Callimachus* passed among the first and best of their Elegiac Writers. *Propertius* makes choice of him as a Model, and thinks it the greatest Honour to have his Works esteemed in the same Class with the Verses of this Poet.

*Inter Callimachi sat erit placuisse libellos,  
Et cecinisse modis, pure Poeta, tuis.*

*O may the Elegiac Strains of mine,  
Poet correct, be ever sung with thine!*

**CALLIMACHUS** was a very voluminous Writer, his Excellency lay chiefly in short Compositions; but the Foundation of his Character among the Ancients depended upon the numerous Pieces in the Elegiac Strain. Of these we have only the Hymn on *Minerva's Bath*, and *Catullus's* Translation of his poetical Eulogy on Queen *Berenice's* Hair. He composed, if we believe *Suidas*, above eight hundred Poems; what remains of his Works, consisting of a few Hymns and Epigrams, was published some time ago by the ingenious *Mademoiselle le Fevre*, with Notes and Remarks replete with solid Learning. This Lady had a very high Opinion of her Author. She says in the Preface of her Edition, that in all the Writings of the ancient Greeks, there never was any thing more elegant, nor more polished than the Works of *Callimachus*: Her Father *Tanaquil*, in his *Lives of the Greek Poets*, is of the same Opinion; he tells us, that the

Modo

Mode that *Callimachus* adopted in composing his Verses, was both simple and nervous, that *Catullus* and *Propertius* often imitated him, and sometimes stole from him. He was generally esteemed a very good Grammarian, says *Scaliger*, yet he affected the most obscure, antique, and improper Words, in many of his Poems. He was a most excellent Critic, and all the best Judges agree, that we cannot sufficiently deplore the Loss of those many Pieces he wrote on this Species of Learning.

LE FEVRE expatiates on the Praises of this Poet; he was, says he, one of the most learned Men of his Age, and we cannot easily find an Author who has written a greater Number of Poems, though they were generally but short Pieces; for the Aversion he had to long and tedious Works, made him often say, *That a great Book was a great Evil*. But in this, he did by no means please the Critics of that Age, who commonly thought, but with little Reason, that Poets, like the Sea, should never be dry; and that voluminous Abundance was the greatest Excellency of a Writer.

THERE were Critics in the last Age who would by no means allow that *Callimachus* ever had any great Genius for Poetry, and among many others we find *Vossius*, in his *Arte Poetica*, adopting this Opinion: It is probable they might form their Judgment from these Lines of *Ovid*;

*Battiades toto semper cantabitur Orbe,  
Quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet.  
Callimachus's Praise shall never fail,  
Who not by Wit, but does by Art prevail.*



So that upon the Faith of *Ovid*, they have taken it for granted, that this Poet does rather excel by Art and Labour than by Genius and Spirit. But *Heinsius*, in his Preface to *Hesiod*, explaining this Place of *Ovid*, tells us, that when this Author seems to accuse *Callimachus* for not having possessed a Genius, his Meaning is, not that he wanted Invention, Subtilty, Address, or Wit, but only that he is not natural enough, that he is too elaborate, and has too much of Affectation, as if he thought it more Honour to be a good Grammarian, than to be a true Poet. Hence without doubt it was, that *Candidus Hesychius*, a late Author who assumes this fictitious Name, observes, that *Callimachus*, finding that the Wind did not favour him, never durst venture into the open Sea, but always kept near the Shore, that so he might the more easily get into Harbour; that is, he wanted a poetical Genius, which elevates a Poet, and therefore never ventured to undertake a Work of too great a Length.

THIS very Objection his envious Rivals instituted against him in his Life-time; they urged that his Muse made very short Flights, and would attempt nothing of Length or Consequence. He gave a very ingenious and sharp Reply to this Charge, at the End of the Hymn to *Apollo*, which seems to be composed and introduced with all that Art, which *Ovid* says constitutes the great Excellency of *Callimachus*.

Ὁ θείος Ἀπόλλων, &c.

*Sly Envy in his Ear Apollo told,  
He's poor that writes less than a Sea can hold:  
Apollo*

## CALLIMACHUS. 157

*Apollo spurn'd the Monster off, and said,  
See vast Euphrates how his Billows spread;  
But see the Loads of Mud that press his Side,  
And foul the Water while they raise the Tide.  
But not with Liquor drawn at every Stream  
Great Ceres' Maids regale their heav'nly Dame.  
But some untainted crystal Brook supplies  
Its spotless Drops to purge the Sacrifice.*

THE Scholiast on this Place observes, that to stop the Mouths of these Calumniators, the Poet composed his *Hecate*, a Work of a larger Extent, now lost, but frequently cited by Greek and Roman Authors.

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### Best EDITIONS of CALLIMACHUS.

- Apud Hen. Stephan. 4to. Paris, 1577. 10s. 6d.*  
*Callimachus, Gr. & Lat. 12mo. Antwerp, 1584. 5s.*  
*A beautifully printed and correct Edition.*  
*Gr. & Lat. 4to. Paris, apud Benenat, 1574. 5s.*  
*Fabri, Gr. & Lat. 4to. Paris, 1675. 5s.*  
*Thom. Bentley, Gr. & Lat. 8vo. Lond. 1741. A very*  
*good and correct Edition.*  
*Callimachus, Var. & Spanhemii, 2 vols. 8vo. Ultraj.*  
*1697. 1l. 1s.*  
*Gr. 4to. very beautiful Edition. Glasg. 1755. 10s. 6d.*  
*Ernesti, Gr. & Lat. 2 vols. 8vo. L. Bat. 1761. This*  
*Edition receives its principal Merit from the Notes*  
*and Emendations of Hemsterhuis.*

## APOLLONIUS

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## APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

**A**POLLONIUS, the Son of *Syllus*, was a Native of *Alexandria*, and born under the Reign of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, King of *Egypt*. He received his Education under *Callimachus*; but the Scholar proved so ungrateful, that the Master was obliged to give him a severe Flagellation in a Piece he called *Ibis*. This Poet made his first poetical Essay upon a Subject the most remarkable in all Antiquity, the Expedition of the *Golden Fleece*, which he called *Argonautica*, and wrote it in four Books. This Work he composed in his Youth, before his Judgment was matured and settled: He was sensibly convinced of his juvenile Mistake, by the Fate his Poem experienced from the Public; when it was recited it was condemned as a crude and futile Performance. He was so affected by the Shame of this Disappointment, that he could not endure to pursue his Studies at *Alexandria*, but retired to *Rhodes*. Here he resided for some Time, which he employed with great Diligence and Industry, and for his Support instituted a School of Rhetoric. Upon this Account he was distinguished by the Name of *Rhodius*. Here it was that he corrected, and put the finishing Hand to his *Argonautics*, and had the Pleasure,

upon

## APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 159

upon its being publicly recited, of seeing it received with universal Applause, and himself honoured with the Freedom of the City.

HE soon after returned to *Alexandria* (where he published his Poem) being sent for by *Ptolemy Evergetes* to succeed *Eratoſthenes* in the Care of the public Library. It is ſuppoſed he died in this Office; and what is ſomewhat remarkable, he was buried in the ſame Tomb with his Maſter *Callimachus*.

ARGONAUTÆ was the Name given to thoſe valiant *Grecians* who accompanied *Jaſon* to *Colchos*, in his Expedition for the *Golden Fleece*; they were ſo called from the Ship *Argo*, in which they ſailed, built by *Argus*, it is ſaid, with the help of *Minerva*, of the Pine-Trees that grew in the Foreſt of *Peleus* or *Dodona*. The number of theſe Adventurers were fifty-two or fifty-four, of whom *Hercules*, *Hylas*, *Theſeus*, *Pirithous*, *Orpheus*, *Peleus*, and *Telamon*, celebrated Names both in *Greek* and *Latin* Poefy, were the chief. Some ſay theſe *Argonauts* ſailed to *Scythia*, and that the *Golden Fleece* was nothing but the vaſt Riches of that Country, the Inhabitants getting great Quantity of Gold in the Rivers that ran from Mount *Caucasus*. And becauſe they made uſe of *Sheep-skins* with the Wool on, to take up this Metal in Powder, this Circumſtance gave occaſion to their being called *Golden Fleeces*. Several Authors give different Explications of this Fable, ſome ſaying that the *Golden Fleece* ſignifies Virtue; and when Poets ſpeak of *Jaſon's* conquering Bulls that breathed out Flames, they deſigned to repreſent by theſe furious Beaſts, our headſtrong and unruly Paſſions. Others ſay, that

that this Fable is a Lesson of Chemistry, denoting by the several Passages of a tedious Voyage, the long and various Alterations of Bodies, before they are brought to the Perfection meant by the *Golden Fleece*. *Suidas* thinks that famous Fleece was a Volume made of Sheepskins, containing the Secret of the Transmutation of Gold, or Philosophers Stone; and that *Medea* stole it from her Father *Æetes*, King of *Colchos*, and gave it to her Lover *Jason*. According to the Opinion of several others, the Golden Fleece signifies Honour and Glory, and this Fable teaches young Men not to live idle in their own Country, when there is no Opportunity of shewing their Courage, if they can signalize themselves elsewhere; and that such as aspire to any considerable Place, or are called by their Birth or Abilities to govern, should visit several Countries to learn their Customs and Usages, and to make themselves known by their good Qualities, that they may be the more esteemed by Strangers, with whom afterwards they may have occasion to be connected.

THE Critics differ in their Sentiments, concerning the poetical Abilities of *Apollonius*; *Quintilian* says, the *Argonautica* is no contemptible Work, that the Poet wrote *æquali quadam mediocritate*, the Elevation to which he rises in his Style being neither too lofty nor too low. *Longinus* is nearly of the same Opinion with *Quintilian*; he remarks, that the Poem of this Writer never rises too high, or sinks too low, but that he poises himself very exactly: yet notwithstanding this Excellency, he thinks he falls infinitely short of *Homer*, with all his Faults, inasmuch as the sublime lofty Stile, though subject to Inequalities,

lities, is to be preferred to any Composition that only hath attained a blameless Mediocrity. *Gyraldus* speaking of this Poem, commends it as a Work of great Labour and full of Variety; yet owns that in some places it is rough and rugged, but not where he describes the Amours of *Medea*, for there *Virgil* deemed his Poem to have such transcendent Merit, that he has copied many Things from it, interweaving them into his Narrative of the Loves of *Dido* and *Æneas*. It is somewhat remarkable that *Voltaire*, in one of his critical Essays, after affirming that Critics have generally been of Opinion that in the most splendid Part of the *Æneid*, the Intercourse between *Dido* and *Æneas*, the Roman Poet had largely borrowed from *Apollonius* of *Rhodes*; adds, it is greatly to be lamented that we have not the *Argonautica* now remaining, that by instituting a Collation we might see how much the Roman has been indebted to the Grecian Poet. *Le Fevre* agrees with *Gyraldus* in what he remarks of *Virgil*, but can by no means accede to the Opinion of *Longinus*, who thinks no Man could find fault with the Disposition of the Work. He laughs also at those Critics who judge the Style of *Apollonius* to be so very equal, soft, and easy; saying, that he could never be induced to adopt their Opinion, for as little as he understood *Greek*, he thought he could discern a remarkable Difference of Characters. *Apollonius* is very low in Credit with *Rapin*, the *French* Critic, who remarks that the Expedition of the *Argonauts* has just attained Mediocrity, and has nothing of that Grandeur of Expression we find in *Homer*; that the Fable is ill invented, and the Catalogue of the *Argonauts* in  
the

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the first Book dull. But whenever *Rapin* the French Critic is mentioned, let it ever be remembered that he only read the Greek Authors in the Latin Translation.

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EDITIONS of APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

*Apollonius Rhodius*, Gr. 4to. apud *Hen. Stephan.* 1574.  
15s.

A very splendid and valuable Edition, 1*l.* 1*s.*

*Hoelzlini*, Gr. & Lat. 8vo. *L. Bat.* 1641. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

They are preparing a new Edition of the *Argonautica* at *Oxford*, which long hath been greatly wanted.

*ARATUS*,

## A R A T U S,

**A**N eminent Poet, born at *Soli*, a Town of Note in *Cilicia*, founded by the wife *Solon*; it afterwards changed its Name, and was called *Pompeiopolis*, in honour of *Pompey* the Great. He flourished about the hundred and twenty-sixth Olympiad, under the Reign of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, King of *Egypt*. The Name of his Father was *Athenodorus*, his Mother was called *Letophile*. He discovered in his Youth a remarkable Fund of Wit, and Capacity for intellectual Improvement, and for the Benefits of Education was placed under the Care of *Dionysius* of *Heraclea*, a Stoic Philosopher; he espoused the Principles of that Sect, and his poetic Performances are fixed and established upon that Foundation.

It is said, that *Aratus* was Physician to *Antigonus Gonatus*, the Son of *Demetrius Poliorcetes*, King of *Macedon*. This Prince was a singular Encourager of learned Men, sent for this Writer to his Court, admitted him into the strictest Intimacy, and encouraged him in his Studies. He had entertained such Opinion of his Abilities, that he thought he could write well upon any Subject, which it is supposed gave Occasion to a common Story, that *Antigonus*, for the sake of a Jest, commanded this Poet to write upon the Image, Figure, Rising, and Setting of the celestial Sphere, though he was a professed Physician.



at the same Time, and knew little or nothing of the Nature and Revolutions of the heavenly Bodies; and ordered at the same time *Nicander*, a noted Astronomer, to write upon Physick: But this Story is inconsistent with Chronology, for these two Writers were so far from being Contemporaries, that they lived at the distance of many Olympiads. *Cicero* seems to give some Foundation to this Report, in his Book of Oration, where he says, that *Aratus* acquitted himself excellently upon the Subject of Astrology, though he knew nothing of the heavenly Bodies; and that *Nicander* wrote well upon Husbandry, though he was a Stranger to Ploughing and Sowing, and the Modes of Pasture and Tillage.

HIS *Phænomena*, which is properly an Astronomical Poem, and elegantly describes the Nature and the Motion of the Stars, consists of two Parts: his *Diosemia*, is Astrological, and shews the particular Influences of the heavenly Bodies, and their various Dispositions and Relations. His poetic Genius was in no small Estimation, since he was encouraged to correct the many Errors and Corruptions that had in time crept into *Homer's* *Odyssey*, and was sent for by *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, to deliver his Criticisms and Emendations upon the *Iliad*.

*ARATUS* received as much Honour by the Acquaintance and Familiarity he contracted with *Theocritus*, as he did by the princely Regard he met with from *Antigonus*: To him *Theocritus* addresseth his sixth *Idyllium*, his Loves he describes in the Seventh, and from him he borrows the pious Exord of the Seventeenth.

ARATUS

ABOVE forty Greek Scholiasts have employed their Labours in commenting upon the Works of *Aratus*. *Cicero* exalts his Character, by saying that he wrote *Ornatissimos atque optimos Versus*, most elaborate and most excellent Verses. *Claudius* and *Germanicus Cæsar* did each of them translate his *Phænomena* into *Latin*, as did *Cicero* likewise when he was very young; and besides these, *Festus Avienus* translated this Work into elegant *Latin Verse*. *Ovid*, speaking of this Writer, says, *Cum Sole & Luna semper Aratus erit*, the Fame of *Aratus* will continue as long as the Sun and Moon endure. He was formerly says *Koffius*, and is still of very great Authority among Astronomers. We are told by *Macrobius*, that *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*, borrowed several Things from him; but *Quintilian* speaks with more Coldness of his poetical Character. The Verses of *Aratus*, says he, are without Life or Spirit, and have not those Ornaments, or that poetical Variety which usually affect the Reader; and yet, he tells us, he was a Person proper enough for executing the Work he undertook.

*St. Paul* cites an Expression of this Writer, *Acts xviii. v. 28. We are also his Offspring.*

### EDITIONS of A R A T U S.

Inter Poetas Græcos Principes heroici Carminis, apud *H. Steph.* Folio.

Editio elegantissima cum *Theonis* Scholiis Græcè; *Paris*, apud *Gul. Morel*, 1559, 4to. 10s. 6d.

Gr. & Lat. Versione & Notis *Hugonis Grotii*, æneis figuris ornatus. *L. Bat.* 1600, 4to. 10s. 6d.

Gr. cum Scholiis antiquis, curâ *Chilmead.* *Oxon.* 1672, 8vo. 7s. 6d. An excellent Edition, very elegantly and correctly printed, now scarce.

*Aratus*, Gr. Lat. & Ital. 8vo. *Salvini*, *Florent.* 1765.

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## N I C A N D E R.

**N**ICANDER was a Native of *Colophon*, one of the seven Cities which contended for the Honour of giving Birth to *Homer*. He flourished in the Year before Christ 137, under the Reign of the famous *Attalus*, the last King of *Pergamus*, who bequeathed his Kingdom to the *Roman* People. He attained no inconsiderable Reputation as a Physician, Grammarian, and Poet. He was a very considerable Writer; and a great Variety of Compositions both in Verse and in Prose is ascribed to him, which *Vossius*, in his Book *De Historicis Græcis*, has attempted to enumerate. The only Pieces that have escaped the Wreck of Time are his *Theriaca* and *Alexipharmaca*, detailing in prosaic Poetry the various Modes of Cure which the medical Art hath employed against the venomous Bites and Stings of poisonous Animals. These are didactic Poems, evidently calculated for practical Use and Improvement, rather than mental Delight. The principal Thing they evince is the astonishing Copiousness of the *Greek* Language, which pours Precision, Perspicuity, and Dignity on every Subject.

• EDITION.

EDITIONS of NICANDER.

*Nicandri Theriaca & Alexipharmaca*, Gr. & Lat.  
Loniceri, 4to. *Colon.* 1531.

*Nicandri*, Gr. & Lat. 4to. *Gorræi*, an excellent Edition. *Paris*, 1557. 12s.

*Nicandri Theriaca & Alexipharmaca*, Gr. & Lat.  
8vo. 1549.

*Nicandri*, Gr. Lat. & Ital. *Salvini*, 8vo. *Florent.*  
1764. 6s.

DIONYSIUS

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## *DIONYSIUS the Geographer.*

**D**IONYSIUS the Geographer was a Native of the *Persian Alexandria*, and flourished under *Augustus*, by whom he was deputed to take a Survey of the eastern Part of the World, and to make Observations on the Situation and State of respective Countries. This Commission given to the Geographer, says *Pliny* the Naturalist, was intended for the Instruction and Use of the Emperor's eldest Son, who at that Time was preparing an Expedition into *Armenia*, *Parthia*, and *Arabia*. It is needless to observe how much this Deputation redounds to the Honour of this Greek Poet.

THOUGH *Dionysius* wrote a number of Pieces, enumerated by *Suidas*, yet his geographical Survey of the World is the only one that Time hath transmitted to us. This hath been in all Ages ever deemed a most accurate System of ancient Geography. A very high Honour is paid to it by *Pliny*, when he says that he proposes it for his Pattern in the geographical Part of his great Work. Dry as the Subject is, the Poet hath interspersed a considerable Number of Embellishments, and made his Numbers as harmonious as a Catalogue of Names and Places would admit. Wherever he travelled the Muses did not disdain to be his Companions and Friends, and

**DIONYSIUS the Geographer. 169**

to beguile the Ruggedness of the Road with their agreeable Converse. It is with Pleasure I conclude this Article by informing the Reader that the learned and ingenious Mr. *Bryant* has translated a considerable Part of *Dionysius* in the third Volume of his *Mythology*. This Version he executed for his Amusement during a State of Confinement by Sicknefs.

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**Best EDITIONS of DIONYSIUS  
the GEOGRAPHER.**

*Dionysius de situ orbis*, Gr. with the Scholia, *Rob. Stephan.* 4to. *A beautifully printed Book.* Paris, 1547. 10s. 6d.

*Dionysius*, Gr. & Lat. with the Scholia, apud *Hen. Stephan.* 4to. 1577. 10s. 6d. This is by far the best Edition of *Dionysius*.

*Dionysius*, Gr. & Lat. by *Hill*, Lond. 1688. 5s.

Gr. & Lat. a *Papio*, Oxon. 1697.

Gr. & Lat. Comment. *Eustathii*, 8vo. Oxon. 1710. 2s. 6d. *N. B.* This very Edition makes the 4th Volume of the *Oxford Geographers*, the Title being only altered.

## O P P I A N.

**T**HIS Greek Poet was a Native of *Anazarba*, a City of *Cilicia*, and was born in the former part of the Reign of the Emperor *Commodus*: He was the Son of *Agefilaus*, a Man of some Quality and Distinction in that City; who observing the promising Endowments of his Son, gave him all the Advantages of Education, and furnished him with such Means of Improvement as rendered him one of the greatest Geniuses of the Age in which he lived.

THE Son had an Opportunity of shewing Gratitude to his Father for the Care and Expence of his Education; for it happened that *Severus*, the *Roman* Emperor, making an Excursion into *Cilicia*, took an Opportunity of passing through the City *Anazarba*, where *Oppian* was born: He was received with all the Marks of Grandeur and Magnificence that the Place could shew, the Magistrates and Citizens attending upon him in all their Formalities. Upon this Occasion old *Agefilaus* declined paying his Compliments, and staid at Home. This Neglect was resented as the highest Indignity by the Emperor, who immediately banished *Agefilaus* into the Island *Malta*, where *Oppian* accompanied him from a principle of filial Duty, and assisted him in his Exile.

IN

IN this Retirement, and to beguile some melancholy Hours, he gave himself up to the Amusements of Poetry, in which he so far succeeded, that he conceived some Hopes of relieving his Father's Misfortunes, by the propitious Influence of his Muse. Here he employed himself therefore in writing a Poem upon Fishing, called *Halieutica*, which he dedicated to *Antoninus Caracalla*, the Son of that Emperor.

He wrote another Poem called *Cynegetica*, or Verses upon Hunting; both these Copies, and perhaps some other Pieces, he carried to *Rome*, and presented them to *Severus*, the Emperor: This Prince was so charmed with the Present, that he rewarded the Poet with a Piece of Gold for every Verse, (which gave them the Name of *Golden Verses*) and assured him, he would deny him no Favour he could reasonably expect: He instantly requested his Father's Deliverance. This was as instantly granted, and *Agésilas* returned from Exile, and had the Pleasure of seeing his Son with him at *Anazarba*, who soon left *Rome* to breathe his native Air. But the Happiness of his Father did not continue long; his ingenious and dutiful Son was seized with a Pestilential Disease that then raged at *Anazarba*, which carried him off in the thirtieth Year of his Age. His Funeral Rites were performed with great Magnificence at the Public Expence: His Fellow Citizens erected a Statue in Honour of him, with this Inscription:

Ὀππιανὸς κλέος ἔδωκεν, &c.





learned; that his Prefaces are so very elaborate, and so truly in the *Asiatic* Mode of Writing, that they may justly be esteemed so many Harangues and Panegyrical Orations. The particular Excellency of this Poet lies in his Thoughts and Similies; and he overcame a great Difficulty in observing an Uniformity in all Parts, and at the same Time preserving the Elegance of his Style. *Faber* calls him that admirable, and never to be enough commended Poet. *Brown*, in his *Vulgar Errors*, remarks, that *Oppian*, in his Poems of *Hunting* and *Fishing*, hath but sparingly inserted the vulgar Conceptions upon these Subjects. So that, says he, abating the annual Mutation of Sexes in the *Hiena*, the single Sex of the *Rhinoceros*, the Antipathy between two Drums of a Lamb and a Wolf's Skin, the Informity of Cubs, the Venation of *Centaurs*, the Copulation of the *Muræna* and *Viper*, with some few others, he may be read with great Profit and Delight, being one of the best *Epic* Poets.

DR. JORTIN, in his Ecclesiastical History, remarks it as something singular, that the Enumeration which *Oppian* has made of the several Species of Fishes, should exactly amount to the Number that *Peter* caught in his Net, which *John* the Evangelist says was one Hundred Sixty and three.

It is supposed, that in his Description of a Steed, he has taken several Things out of the thirty-ninth Chapter of the Book of *Job*.

EDITIONS *of* OPPIAN.

Inter Poetas Gr. heroici carminis Principes. *H. Steph.* Folio.

Gr. & Lat. elegantiff. Typis, apud *Adrianum Turnebum.* Paris, 1555. 4to. 10s. 6d.

Gr. Lat. Notis *Con. Ritterhusii.* Lugd. Bat. 1597. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

NONNUS.

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 N O N N U S.

**N**ONNUS was a Native of *Panopolis* in *Egypt*, and flourished in the Beginning of the fifth Century. He wrote the *Dionysiac*, or the Transactions of *Bacchus*, in forty-eight Books, the longest Poem in the *Greek Language*. It is a strange heterogeneous Miscellany, containing not much Poetry, but a rich Fund of heathen Mythology, and an Immensity of Erudition. *Egypt* was ever the Metropolis of Mythology, and the whole of his Poem evinces that he was born there, and initiated into all its Mysteries and Learning. The Text of the *Dionysiac* is in a very corrupt State; a single Manuscript of it was found in the Middle of the sixteenth Century, in the Library of the learned *Sambuc*, and published at *Antwerp*, by *Plantin*, in 1569.

NONNUS also was the Author of a poetical Translation of *St. John's Gospel*. The Version he hath given of the Evangelist is liberal and paraphrastical, and discovers no great Judgment. It is observable that in this metrical Version the Incident of the Woman taken in Adultery is omitted, as it is also in a considerable Number of Manuscripts.

*Best* EDITIONS of the DIONYSIACA.

Nonni Dionysiaca, Gr. *Antverpiæ*, apud Plant. 4to.  
1569. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Nonni Dionysiaca, Gr. & Lat. 8vo. *Edit. opt.*  
*Hanov.* 1610.

Nonni Paraphrasis in Joannem, Gr. & Lat. *Heinsii*,  
8vo. *L. Bat.* 1627.

END OF THE GREEK POETS.

PLAUTUS.

## P L A U T U S.

THE Dramatic Poetry of the *Romans* was taken from the new Comedy of the *Greeks*, and is termed *Palliata*, when the Subject is *Greek*; *Togata*, when *Latin*; *Motoria*, when the Measures of the Action were turbulent; *Statoria*, when peaceable; *Mixta*, when both. The first *Latin* Comedian was *Livius Andronicus*, who, as *Eusebius* informs us, was the Servant of *Livius Salinator*, whose Children he taught, and who had his Freedom given him by his Master for his literary Accomplishments. He was a *Greek* by Birth, and after translating some of the *Greek* Comedies, introduced them upon the *Roman* Stage. *Livius's* first Play was acted in the Year of *Rome* five hundred and fourteen, in the first Year of the hundred and thirty-fifth Olympiad. *Nævius* brought one of his Plays upon the Stage about five Years after; and about six Years afterwards *Plautus* was born; whom if we suppose to be twenty-two Years of Age when he wrote his first Play, it will fall in with the Year of *Rome* five hundred and fifty, for it is likely he began very young, his indigent Circumstances proving a Stimulus to his Wit and Industry.

MARCUS ACCIUS PLAUTUS was born at *Sarsina*, a small Town in *Umbria*, a Province of *Italy*, now called *Æmia*: He was named

*Plautus*, as *Festus* informs us, from his *broad or splay Feet*. His Parentage was mean, and it is said, he was the Son of a Slave. He appeared early upon the *Roman Stage* as an Actor, and ruined himself, as some say, by the extravagant Sums he expended upon his Theatric Drefs. At the same Time he was a Writer of Comedies, and flourished when *Cato the Censor* distinguished himself at *Rome* by his Eloquence. His Plays were so well received by the *Romans*, that the Poet having received a considerable Sum for them, (as *Varro* says) thought of doubling his Capital by Trade, in which he was so unfortunate, that he lost all he had acquired by the Muses, and for his Subsistence, was reduced, in the Time of a general Famine, to serve a Baker, and grind at an Hand-Mill. How long he continued in this Distress is no where said; but *Varro* adds, that the Poet's Genius was his principal Support, and that he composed three Plays during this daily Drudgery, the Profits of which one might think would have been enough to extricate him from this menial Service.

WE learn from *A. Gellius*, that a hundred and thirty Comedies went under his Name; but the most learned *Ælius Stilo* was of Opinion, that he was the Author of no more than twenty-five; *Varro* of twenty-one. The *Grammarians* have determined twenty to be genuine, which we now have, but they are not all entire. None of them was composed at the Mill, but before he was reduced. The Occasion of this Difference in the Number of his Plays, is thought to proceed from the mixing the Works of other Comic Poets with those of this Author, and particularly

particularly the Comedies of one *Plautius*, whose Name being so very like that of *Plautus*, might very well prove the Occasion of such a Mistake.

WE know nothing more of the Life of *Plautus*. When he died is likewise uncertain. *Gellius* has recorded an Epitaph which the Poet made for himself: The Lines, if they be genuine, are exceedingly vain:

*Postquam est Mortem aptus Plautus, Comœdia luget,  
Scena est deserta; hinc risus, ludusque jocusque.  
Et Numeri innumeri simul omnes collachrymarunt.*

*Wit, Laughter, Jests, and all the Train that use  
To adorn the Scene, and grace the comic Muse,  
Forsook the Stage at Plautus' Death to mourn,  
And Harmony undone sat weeping o'er his Urn.*

COMEDY, which made but a very indifferent Figure under *Andronicus* and *Nævius*, began in the Writings of *Plautus* to receive those Ornaments of Language and Art, which were altogether essential to Dramatic Poetry. Among the Comic Poets, says *Lipsius*, *Plautus* must be allowed the Preference; for in him we not only meet with Purity of Stile, and excellent Language, but he also affords us a great deal of Wit, Raillery, and pretty Conceits, besides that Attic Elegance, which one may anxiously look for in the rest of the *Roman* Authors, but never find. The Propriety of his Expression is made the Standard of the purest *Latinity*. If the Muses were to speak *Latin*, says *Varro*, they would certainly use his Diction: He is called the *Tenth Muse*, the perfect Model of the *Roman*



Language, and the Father of true Eloquence. Never, says *Crucius*, in the third Book of his Epistles, was any thing more pure, and more elegant, delivered to the World in the *Latin* Tongue than in *Plautus*, all the Grace and Quintessence of the *Roman* Language being comprized in him: He must be a Man of Genius who has a true Taste of the Excellencies of this Writer; but you must take Care when you read *Plautus*, or *Terence*, of proposing to yourself the Imitation of them in every thing, for they sometimes make use of old obsolete Words, which if you carry but one Foot from the Theatre, they immediately become putrid.

It is the general Character of this Comic Writer, that he was ingenious in his Design, happy in his Conception, fruitful in his Invention, but that his Raillery is insipid; his Wit, which makes the Vulgar laugh, causes the better Sort of his Audience to pity him: He certainly says the best Things in the World, and very often says the most wretched; this a Man is subject to, when he endeavours to be too witty; he will excite Laughter by extravagant Expressions and Hyperboles, when he cannot induce it by real or probable Things. He is not altogether regular in the Contrivance of his Plots, nor in the Distribution of the Acts, but he is more simple in his Subjects: For the Fables of *Terence* are ordinarily mixed and compounded; as is seen in the *Andria*, which contains two Plots. This was objected to *Terence*, that he made one *Latin* Comedy of two *Greek*, the more to animate his Theatre. But then the Plots are more  
naturally

naturally unravelled than those of *Plautus*, as those of *Plautus* are more natural than those of *Aristophanes*.

WE have many insipid Jest's in this Writer, for which *Horace* condemns him, and ridicules the Folly of those who admired him.

IT is certain, that his Raillery is jejune, he is often cold and languid, sometimes obscene and indecent ; but it must be allowed that his Design was to please an Audience who in his Time possessed no Refinement ; whereas *Terence* desired to recommend himself to the Approbation of a select Few, possessed of Wit and true Taste. *Plautus* ventured at any Thing, says *Scaliger*, if he could but move and affect his Audience, either by making them laugh, or by introducing some new Thing, or coining some new Word. He wrote for Bread, and regarded his present Interest more than his future Fame.

YET *Horace* allows him to be a lively and entertaining Writer, and rapidly conducting his Characters to the winding up of the Play.

*Plautus ad Exemplar Siculi properare* Epicharmi.  
Ep. 1. l. 2.

THIS *Epicharmus* was a Scholar of *Pythagoras*, and flourished in *Sicily* in the Time of *Servius Tullus*. *Plato* is said to have received great Improvement by reading his Comedies. This Poet was banished by *Hiero* King of *Sicily* for having spoken too freely of the Queen.

IF we consider the Fables and Characters of the two *Roman* Comedians, *Plautus* and *Terence*, it will appear that *Plautus* exceeds *Terence*, in  
the

the Variety of his Characters and Vivacity of Action. *Plautus* is vehement and fierce, *Terence* sedate and cool. *Terence* does not elevate his Drama to the Loftiness of Tragedy, nor depress it into low Ridicule; *Plautus* is often scurrilous in his Jest, and unequal in his Style. *Vossius* observes, that *Plautus* always seems to be new, and unlike himself, as well in the Matter as Diction; but *Terence's* Fables are similar, and his Diction, when he treats the same Subject, little varied. The Reason why *Terence* did not affect that Species of Wit with which *Plautus* abounds, was because he made it his Aim to please the Nobility of *Rome*, and not the Populace. *Plautus* had a different View; for, says *Scaliger*, the Populace flocked together, not to learn a Purity of Language, but to relax their Minds with Merriment and Jest, and this is the Reason *Terence's* fine Language was postponed to the facetious Wit of many other Comedians. *Terence*, says *Scaliger*, is more languid than *Plautus*, and the Reason, says he, why we prefer him to *Plautus*, is because the Moderns only make it their Study to express themselves in pure Diction. The Style of *Plautus* was more rich and splendid, of *Terence* more concise and even. *Plautus* had the most dazzling Exterior, and the most lively Colours, but *Terence* drew the finest Figures and Postures, and had the best Design. The former would usually throw his Spectators into a loud Laughter, but the latter beguile them into a sweet Smile, that should continue from the Beginning to the End of the Representation. Their Plots are both artful, but *Terence's* is more apt to languish,  
whilst

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whilst *Plautus's* Spirit maintains the Action with Vigour. *Plautus* appears the better Comedian of the two, *Terence* the finer Poet. The former has more Compass and Variety, the latter more Regularity and Truth in his Characters. *Plautus* shone most upon the Stage, *Terence* pleases best in the Closet. Men of a refined Taste would prefer *Terence*, *Plautus* diverted both *Patrician* and *Plebeian*. *Terence* and *Moliere* have a striking Similitude.

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### Best EDITIONS of P L A U T U S.

- Plautus* Commentariis Dionysii Lambini illustratus elegant. typis apud *Macæum*, *Paris*, 1576. Fol. 1*l.* 1*s.*
- Recognitus a *Jano Grutero*, qui MSS. Palatin. contulit, & Comment. *Frid. Taubmanni* illustratus, 1621, 4to. 5*s.*
- Interpretatione & Notis illustravit, *Jac. Operarius* ad Usum Sereniss. Delphini, 2 vol. *Paris*, 1679, 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.*
- Notis Variorum & *Frid. Gronovii*, 2 vol. *Amst.* 1684, 8vo. 14*s.*
- A *Joh. Sambuco* editus, nitidiss. Typis, apud *Plantin*, *Antwerp*, 1566. 12mo. 7*s.*
- Plautus*, 2 vol. 12mo. a very correct Edition, *Lond.* 1711.
- Plautus*, Typis *Barbou*, 3 vol. 12mo. *Par.* 1759. 15*s.*

T E R E N C E.

## T E R E N C E.

*PUBLIUS TERENTIUS* was an *African*, born at *Carthage*, as is supposed, in the Year of *Rome* five hundred fifty-nine, seven Years after the second *Punic War*; he was a Captive, perhaps taken in the Wars the *Carthaginians* continually waged with the *Numidians*, and sold when very young to *Terentius Lucanus*, a *Roman Senator*. It is impossible to give any Account of his Family; his Parentage it is likely was mean; but his master, into whose Hands he fell, made amends for the Loss of his Relations and Friends, and discovering an excellent disposition in his young Slave, and a promising and obliging Deportment, did not only give him the Advantage of a most tender and polite Education, but his Freedom too; and what is more, when he was very young, a Favour not very usual in those Days. As to his Person he was of a middle Stature, very slender, and somewhat of a tawny Complexion. We know nothing of his *African* Name, that of *Terentius* he took from *Terentius Lucanus*, the *Roman Senator*.

UNDER these Encouragements he applied himself to Learning, and his Observations on Men and Manners seem to be his chief Employment. His critical exact Remarks upon Men's natural Dispositions, and his Genius led

led him wholly to Dramatic Poetry, particularly Comedy, in which all the Humours and Passions of Men are so nicely observed and accurately expressed, that we can no where find a truer and more lively Representation of Human Nature. The Comeliness of his Person, and his extraordinary Merit, brought him into great Esteem, not only with the People in general, and with the greatest Geniuses in *Rome*; but he was more especially beloved and caressed by the famous *Scipio Africanus* and *Lælius*. With these two inseparable Friends and Companions, he had gained a more than ordinary Familiarity, passing many a happy Hour in the best Pleasures and Delights, at their Country House on Mount *Alba*. *Furius* was another of *Terence's* Patrons, but his Character is less known, though he is mentioned by his Enemies, as one of the greatest Men in *Rome*. Those who envied the Reputation of this Comic Writer, industriously gave out that his Plays were composed by these Noblemen, in order to depreciate his growing Credit.

HE made himself Master of the *Greek* Language, from which he borrowed most of his Plays, of which we have six remaining: When he had finished his first Play, and brought it to the *Ædiles*, they required him to read it before *Cæcilius*, who was an excellent Judge, and the most celebrated Comic Poet of the Age. *Cæcilius* was then at Supper. *Terence's* Habit, it seems, was none of the best, he was therefore seated in an ordinary By-place, and there ordered to begin; but a few of his elegant Verses so effectually removed every Idea of the Meanness

of his Dress, that he was immediately ordered to sit down at Table, being placed next to *Cæcilius* himself. After Supper he read over the rest of his Play, to the wonderful Delight of *Cæcilius*: The Name of it we find not, it could not be the *Andrian*, that was written two Years after *Cæcilius* was dead. This great Judge of Comedy was originally a Slave, and called *Statius*, but with his Freedom obtained the Surname of *Cæcilius*, and became a famous Writer of Comedy. He is thought to have been an *Insulian* Gaul by Birth, and a Native of *Milan*. He was an intimate Friend of *Ennius*; *Cicero* does not approve the Harshness of his Style; *Horace* gives him Precedence for the Gravity of his Characters:

*Vincere Cæcilius Gravitate, Terentius Arte.*

AND *Paterculus*, an excellent Judge of Polite Literature, places him among the best Comic Writers of *Rome*. *Dulcesque Latini Leporis Facetiæ per Cæcilium, Terentiumque & Afranium sub pari ætate nituerunt.*

IN the twenty-eighth Year of his Age he wrote the *Andrian*, a great Part of which he borrowed from *Menander* the Greek Poet. The Year following he composed the *Hecyra*, or *Mother-in-Law*, which he took chiefly from *Apollodorus* the Greek Poet. This Play was the first Time unsuccessful, and is the only one whose Plot is perfectly single. Two Years after he wrote the *Heautontimorumenos*, or *Self-Tormentor*, which he borrowed mostly from *Menander*: Two Years afterwards the *Phormio*, taken chiefly from *Apollodorus*'s

*Iodorus's Epidicazominos*. The same Year he wrote the *Eunuch*, of which he borrowed a great Part from *Menander*. This may be reckoned his best Play: It came off by far with the greatest Applause. The Year following, in the thirty-fourth Year of his Age, he wrote his last Comedy called *Adelphi*, or the *Brothers*, this too is mostly taken from *Menander*; which *Varro*, as to the beginning of it, prefers to the beginning of *Menander's* himself. It is supposed that *Caius Sulpitius Apollinaris*, a learned Grammarian, and a Native of *Carthage*, was the Author of the Verses prefixed to *Terence's* Comedies.

MENANDER, to whom *Terence* was so much indebted, was a Comic Poet of *Athens*, born in the hundred and ninth Olympiad. He is said to have written a hundred and eight Comedies, which are all lost except some Citations from ancient Authors. If a true Judgment can be formed from the Fragments that remain of him, one may say that he drew very agreeable Images of domestic, social, and private Life: His Style is pure, neat, splendid, and natural, he persuades like an Orator, and instructs like a Philosopher; he makes Men speak according to their Character: *Plutarch*, in the Comparison he has made between this Writer and *Aristophanes*, says, that the Muse of *Aristophanes* is like an abandoned Harlot, that of *Menander* resembles a virtuous Woman.

THE Comedies of *Terence* were in great Reputation among the *Romans*, and generally had good Success: though *Plautus* had sometimes better Fortune upon the Stage; but none of his met with such a Reception as the *Eunuch*, for  
which



which he received eight thousand Sesterces, a Reward (though not exceeding sixty Pounds of our Money) greater in those Days than ever Poet enjoyed. Besides, it was acted twice in one Day: which was a very singular Circumstance, as Plays then were never made but to be acted two or three times in all. All six were almost equally esteemed by his Countrymen, and most of them had their peculiar Beauties. It is observed, that the *Andrian* and the *Brothers* excel in their Characters and Manners; the *Eunuch* and the *Phormio* in the Vigour and Liveliness of their Intrigues; and the *Self-Tormentor* and *Mother-in-Law*, in Sentiment, Passion, and Purity of Style.

ON account of his intimate Acquaintance with *Scipio* and *Lælius*, it was and still is generally believed, that they had a great, if not a principal Share in the Composition of his Plays; and this Conjecture is grounded not only upon the extraordinary Familiarity between them, but also on the Accuracy, Propriety, Purity, and Politeness of the Style, which do indeed seem to exceed the Abilities of an *African*. But these are mere Conjectures, intermixed with no small Degree of Malice, though indeed redounding much to his Honour, as he himself intimates in his Prologue to the *Brothers*. The extraordinary Familiarity between them was undoubtedly owing to the Eminence of his literary Merit: The Accuracy and Delicacy of his Style proceeded perhaps from his Labour and Studies, as the Purity and Politeness of it might be the Effect of his *Roman* Education, and of his mixing with the best Company; and if he defended

defended himself but slightly when he was accused, this may be imputed to his great Complaisance to those noble Personages.

BUT notwithstanding these plausible Reasons adduced to vindicate *Terence* from the Charge of being assisted in his Writings, *Suetonius* relates a Story that gives some Foundation to the Report, especially with regard to *Lælius*: He says, that upon the First of *March*, which was the Feast of the *Roman Ladies*, *Lælius* being desired by his Wife, to sup a little sooner than ordinary, he begged her not to disturb him; and coming very late to Supper that Night, he said he had never composed any thing with more Pleasure and Success; being asked by the Company what it was, he repeated some Verses out of the third Scene of the fourth Act of the *Self-Tormentor*; which Commentators agree, are extremely fine. This Report prevailed after his Death, for *Valgius* a Poet, Contemporary with *Horace*, revived it by the most positive Assertions. These Noblemen, perhaps, might amuse themselves in composing sometimes a Scene or two for a Poet they conversed so familiarly with, and so highly respected, though I am apt to suppose that the chief Assistance he received was in the Department of his Characters, and that while the Comedian took care to preserve the Humour and Manners he had given them, his ingenious Friends might throw an Air of Elegance and Refinement over the Diction and Sentiments, by a few incidental Insertions.

TERENCE, to perfect himself in the Manners and Customs of the *Greeks*, left *Rome* to travel in that Country, and died soon after his Departure,

parture, in the thirty-fifth Year of his Age. Some say, he went thither to collect some of *Menander's* Plays, but died in his Return with above a Hundred of them translated, which all perished by Shipwreck, and that he pined himself to Death for the Loss. Others, that he died at *Stymphalus*, a Village in *Arcadia*, whither he had put back from Sea. It is said, that he died very poor, and left only one Daughter behind him, who after his Decease was married to a Roman Knight. *Terence* left her a House, and a Garden of six Acres, which was situated near the *Appian Way*, nigh a Place called *Villa Martis*.

THE Character of this Comedian transcends all the Powers of Description, his particular Excellencies are without Number; so that we must be satisfied with a general Account of his Perfections. He is certainly the most exact, the most elaborate, and the most natural of all the Dramatic Poets. The Pleasantness, says *Heinsius*, the Elegance, the Judgment, and Beauty which are to be found in this Author, are admirable, and impossible to be expressed. There is no Writer, says *Erasmus*, from whom we can better learn the pure Roman Diction. *Scaliger*, when he was an old Man, after he had traversed almost all the Arts and Sciences, was so great an Admirer of *Terence*, that he seldom had him out of his Hand. His Style is so neat and pure, his Characters so true and perfect, his Plots so regular and probable, and almost every Thing so absolutely just and agreeable, that he may well seem to merit that Praise which several have given him, that he is the

—most correct Author that ever wrote in any Language.

His great Art in the Economy and Constitution of his Fables, makes him infinitely preferable to *Plautus*, and his Ethical Characters are a Standard of Imitation to all Ages. See, says *Boileau*, in his Art of Poetry, with what an Air, the Father in *Terence* comes to inveigh against the Imprudence of his amorous Son, and with what an Air the Lover hears the Lessons, and then runs to his Mistress to forget them all. Is not this, says he, a true Representation of a Lover, a Son, and a real Father? *Varro* gives him the preference in this respect to all other Poets; and *Donatus* observes this of the Temperature of his Plays, particularly in the last Scene of the *Phormio*, that this pleasant Poet softens the Gravity of his serious Subjects with Comic Mirth. *Quintilian*, who thought the *Roman* Comedy defective, allowed *Terence* to be the most elegant of all the Comedians; and observes, that if his Comedies had been confined to Trimetre *Iambic*, they would have been more beautiful: But *Dr. Hare* is of Opinion, that the Poet's Design in the Variety of his Measures, was to gratify and relieve the Spectators by an agreeable Variety, and that the *Latins* imitated the *Greeks*, who followed Nature in this grateful Vicissitude. In short, his Faults are so few and inconsiderable, that *Scaliger* said, there were not three to be found throughout the six Plays. He seems to want nothing to make his Dramatic Character absolutely complete, but only that *Attic* Urbanity, that *Vis Comica*, which *Cæsar* wishes he had, and which *Plautus* attained in so high a Degree. Tu

*Tu quoque, tu in summis, O dimidiate Menander,  
Poneris, & merito, puri sermonis amator,  
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret Vis  
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore  
Cum Græcis, neque in hac despectus parte jaceres,  
Unum hoc maceror, & doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.*

*Thou Half Menander, thou art justly plac'd  
Among the Poets of the chiefest Name;  
Thy Language is correct, but I could wish  
The Sweetness of thy Stile had Comic Force  
Joined with it then equal with the Greeks  
Had been thy Spirit; and thou hadst gain'd Applause;  
Here, Terence, lies thy Want; for this I grieve.*

BUT, says *Rapin*, though *Cæsar* calls *Terence* an half *Menander*, because he only had his Sweetness and Smoothness, but had not his Force and Vigour, yet he has written in a Manner so natural, and so judicious, that from a Copy he is become an Original, for never Man had so clear an Insight into Human Nature.

THE Stile of *Terence* has been admired by the best Judges in all Ages, and truly it deserves it, for certainly never any one was more pure and more accurate in his Expressions than he: his Words are generally well chosen, extremely proper and significant, and many of them carry so much Life and Force, that they can hardly be expressed in any other Language without great Disadvantage to the Original. His Narrations are short and clear, his Turns are refined and delicate; and as to the Purity of his Language in general, we find it very much  
commended,

commended, even by *Tully* himself; and one of the Moderns judged very justly, when he tells us, that the *Latin* Tongue will never be lost, as long as *Terence* can be read.

BUT his Style, though so very extraordinary, in a great Measure may be learnt by Industry, long Custom, and continual Attention, and has been imitated to a wonderful Degree by several; and indeed, this is but as rich Attire and outward Ornaments, to set off a more beautiful Body. But in his Characters and Manners it is that he triumphs without a Rival, and not only Dramatic, but all other Poets, must yield to him in this Department; for these are drawn exactly to the Life, perfectly just, truly proportionable, and with Propriety supported to the last. The more a Man contemplates them, the more he must admire them. He will find there not only such Beauty in his Images, but also such excellent Precepts of Morality, such solid Sense in each Line, such a Chain of Reasoning in each Period, and such close Argumentation between the Interlocutors, that he must needs perceive him to be a Person of the most refined Sense, and the strongest Judgment. He had a peculiar Happiness in pleasing and amusing his Audience, always keeping them in an even, pleasant, agreeable Gratulation of Mind; and this Part of his Dramatic Character it is that so eminently distinguishes him from all other Comic Writers.

He well understood the Rules of the Stage, or rather those of Nature, was perfectly regular, wonderful exact and careful in ordering each *Protasis* or Entrance, *Epitasis* or Working up,  
 VOL. I. K Catastasis

*Catastasis* or Height, and *Catastrophe* or Unravelling the Plot; for which last he was famous, making it result necessarily from the Incidents, and neatly and dexterously untying the Knot, whilst others would either tear or cut it in Pieces.

THE Nature of his Plots is for the most Part grave and solid, they are all double except the *Hecyra*, or *Mother-in-law*; yet so contrived, that one is always an Underplot to the other, so that he still keeps perfectly to the first great Rule of the Stage, the Unity of Action. As to the second great Rule, the Unity of Time, (that is, the whole Action to be performed in one Day) he is as exact in this as possible; for the longest Action of any of his Plays, extends not above eleven Hours. He is no less careful of the third Rule, the Unity of Place; for he never shifts his Scene in any one of his Plays, but keeps constantly to the same Place, from Beginning to End. Moreover, as to the Continuance of Action, he never fails in any one Particular, but every Instrument is perpetually at work, in carrying on their several Designs, and in them the Design of the Whole; so that the Spirit of the Drama never grows cold till all is finished. His Plots are so clear and natural, that they might very well pass for a Representation of a Thing that had really happened, and not for the mere Invention of the Poet.

THE Censure of *St. Evremond* upon the Writings of *Terence* is of no great Authority. This Comic Writer, he says, is generally allowed to be the best of all the ancient Authors,

in

in characterising the Humours and Tempers of Men; but there is this Objection to him, That he has not Extent enough, and his whole Talent goes no further than to give a true and natural Representation of a Servant, an old Man, a covetous Father, a debauched Son, or a Slave: This is the utmost of what *Terence* can do. You are not to expect from him any thing of Gallantry or Passion, or of the Thoughts or Discourse of a Gentleman.

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*Best EDITIONS of TERENCE.*

- Elegantissimis Typis prodit e Typographiâ regiâ  
*Parisiis*, 1642, Folio. 1*l.* 1*s.*  
Charactere grandiori & nitidissimo, editio castigatissima, Typis *Acadëmicis*, curâ *J. Leng.* *Cantab.*  
1701, 4to. 15*s.*  
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1726, 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*  
Notis selectis Variorum & integris *Ælii Donati* editus  
est. *L. Bat.* 1686, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*  
Ex recensione *Dan. Heinsii*, Typis *Elzevir.* *L. Bat.*  
1635, 12mo. 5*s.*  
*Terentiæ Comœdiæ*, a *Ric. Bembey*, 4to. *Gant.* 1726.  
*Terentiæ Comœdiæ*, a *Sandby*, 2 vol. 8vo. *Lond.*  
1751. 10*s.* 6*d.*  
*Baskerville's Terence*, 12mo. *Birmingham*, 1772. 6*s.*



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## L U C R E T I U S.

**T**ITUS LUCRETIVS CARUS was a Roman, and born at Rome. His Name directs us to the noble and ancient Family of the *Lucretii*, which being divided into many Branches, comprehended in it, the *Tricipitini*, the *Cinnæ*, the *Vespillones*, the *Triones*, the *Offellæ*, and the *Galli*, and gave to Rome many Consuls, Tribunes, and Prætors, who were the great Supports and Ornaments of the Commonwealth.

HIS Name was *Titus Lucretius Carus*, and no other; for the Conjecture of *Lambinus*, that he might have been called either *T. Lucretius Vespilla Carus*, or *T. Lucretius Offella Carus*, is merely ideal, and grounded upon no Authority. *Carus* was a Roman Sirname, of which *Ovid* and many others make mention, but we nowhere find how it came to be attributed to *Lucretius*. It is not improbable that it was conferred upon him, either on Account of his excellent and sprightly Wit, his Affability and Sweetness of Temper and Manners, or for some other engaging Qualities, that rendered him agreeable to those with whom he conversed. It is uncertain from which of the *Lucretian* Branches this Poet claims his Descent, there being no hint of his Parentage any where recorded.

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recorded. There lived indeed in those Days one *Quintus Lucretius*, but whether he was the Brother of our Poet, or in what Degree of Relation they were to one another, cannot now be discovered.

THE Time of his Birth is almost as doubtful, some placing it in one Year, some in another; the most generally received Opinion is, that he was born twelve Years after *Cicero*, about the second Year of the hundred and seventy-first Olympiad, in the Consulship of *Lucius Licinius Crassus*, and *Quintus Mutius Scævola*, about the six hundred and fifty-eighth Year of *Rome*.

ABOUT this Time, the *Romans* began to apply themselves to the Study of Philosophy. Supposing therefore *Lucretius* to be nobly descended, and a Youth of a sprightly and forward Genius, it is an easy Inference that he received a suitable Education; and by his Parents or other Relations was sent to study at *Athens*, where at that Time the *Epicurean* Philosophy was in great Reputation. This is the more probable, as it was then the Custom of the *Romans* to send their Youths thither to be instructed in the Learning of the *Greeks*. Thus some Years after *Virgil* studied there, as we learn from himself, who writing to *Messala*, says,

*Et si me Vario, &c.*

And the learned *Propertius* desired earnestly

*Illic vel studiis, &c.*

*By Plato's Studies to correct his Mind,  
And in thy Garden, Epicurus, find  
Improvement.*

HE studied under *Zeno*, who had the Direction of the Gardens at that Time, and was the Ornament of the *Epicurean* Sect. *Phædrus* was another of his Masters, whom *Cicero* mentions as a Person eminent for polite Literature. These were the Preceptors of *Lucretius*, as they were likewise of *Pomponius Atticus*, *Memmius*, *Cassius*, and many others, who in that Age rendered themselves very illustrious in the Republic of *Rome*. How he spent his Time at *Athens*, how studiously he improved it, let his Poem witness. That he qualified himself for the best Company, is evident from what *Cornelius Nepos* tells us, of the great Intimacy between him, *Pomponius Atticus*, and *Memmius*; and no doubt but he was intimate likewise with *Tully*, and his Brother, who make such honourable Mention of him.

THE Accounts that remain of this Poet abruptly conclude here, and no more is to be found concerning him, till his Death; yet it is difficult to find in what Manner he died, nor is it much easier to determine in what Year of his Life his Death happened. Some make him die on the very Day *Virgil* was born, when *Pompey* the Great was the third time Consul, and *Cæcilius Metellus Pius* was his Colleague, in the Year of the City seven hundred and one, at which Time there were great Commotions in the Republic; for *Clodius* was then killed by *Milo*: *Memmius* and many others being convicted of Bribery, were banished from *Rome* into *Greece*; and *Cæsar*, who was then forty-four Years of Age, was ravaging the Provinces of *Gaul*. If this imaginary Circumstance were true, it would strongly dispose a *Pythagorean* to believe, that  
the

the Soul of *Lucretius* transmigrated into *Virgil's* Body. And thus far it is true, that *Lucretius's* Diction is so pure and elegant, and his Versification, where the Subject gives him the least Scope, so noble and sonorous, and his Sentiments so truly Poetical, that Poetry must needs have declined among the *Romans*, had any but *Virgil* succeeded him. But this Anecdote of the Death of this Poet is no more than an ingenious Fiction, founded upon this, that *Virgil* assumed the *Toga Virilis* upon the same Day that *Lucretius* died.

THE Chronicle of *Eusebius* observes, that he died by his own Hands in the forty-fourth Year of his Age, being thrown into a State of Distractedness by a Philtre, which either his Mistress or his Wife *Lucilia*, (for so some call her, though without Authority) in a Fit of Jealousy had given him, not with a Design to deprive him of his Senses, or to take away his Life, but only to stimulate the Passion of his Love. *Donatus*, or whoever was the Author of that Life of *Virgil*, which is ascribed to him, writes that he died three Years before; when *Pompey* the Great, and *M. Licinius Crassus* were both of them the second time Consuls. Others, who allow that having lost his Senses, he laid violent Hands on himself, yet place his Death in the twenty-sixth Year of his Age, and believe that his Madness proceeded from the Cares and Melancholy that oppressed him, on Account of the Banishment of his beloved *Memmius*; to which others again add likewise another Cause, the fatal Calamities under which his Country then laboured. And indeed it is certain, that a few

after occasioned its total Subversion. Of Commotions, he himself complains in the beginning of his first Book, where, addressing himself to *Venus*, he implores her to intercede with the God of War, to restore Peace and Tranquillity to his native Country.

*Hunc tu Diva, &c. Lib. I.*

*Peace is thy Gift alone ; for furious Mars  
The only Governor and God of Wars,  
When tir'd with Heat and Toil does oft retire  
To taste the Pleasures of the Paphian Court  
Where on thy Bosom he supinely lies,  
And greedily drinks Love at both his Eyes  
Till quite o'ercome, snatching an eager Kiss  
He hastily goes on to greater Bliss :  
Then midst his strict Embraces, clasp thy Neck  
About his Neck, and call forth all thy Charms  
Careless with all thy subtle Arts, become  
A Flatterer, and beg a Peace for Rome.*

THERE are some other Accounts given

*Epicurean* Philosophy; they were read and admired by the Ancients, and if *Ovid* could preface,

*Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,  
Exitio terras cum dabit una Dies.*

*Sublime* Lucretius wrote with so much Fire,  
That his bright Work shall with the World expire.

THE Learned are in some Doubt concerning the Number of Books written by *Lucretius*, some believing that he wrote more than six; but this must be a Mistake, for in these six is contained the whole Doctrine, and all the Philosophy of *Epicurus*, as far as relates to the Explication of Nature, or natural Causes and Effects, and there is nothing left to be said farther upon this Subject. Add to this the manifest and pertinent Connexion of one Book with another, the judicious Method he has observed, in handling the several Subjects of which he treats, and his singular Art in the Disposition of them: They seem naturally to follow one another. In the first Book he treats of the Principles of Things, in the last of Meteors and of the Heavens: Has not this Method been constantly practised by all who have treated of the Knowledge of Nature? Even *Epicurus* himself observed the very same Arrangement, as appears from the few surviving Remains of that Philosopher, his three Epistles to *Herodotus*, *Menæceus*, and *Pythocles*.

BUT as the Work of this Poet contained no more than six Books, so there is Reason to believe that some of his Verses are perhaps want-

ing; for, as in regard to almost all the ancient Authors, so more especially with this Writer, some have assumed to themselves too great a Liberty, and altered, added, or excluded many Things. *Servius* cites this Fragment from *Lucretius*:

— *Superi spoliatus luminis Aër,*

Which perhaps may have been his, though it be no where found in any of his Books, nor can it easily be discovered where it has been left out. *Eusebius* informs us, that this Poem was corrected by *Cicero*, after the Death of the Author; Father *Briet* seems to believe it, since he uses these Words, — *In suis Versibus, duris quidem, sed valide Latinis, & Tullii limâ dignissimis.* His Verses are difficult indeed, but his *Latin* is pure, and worthy the Revival of *Cicero*. Some think he only meant that *Lucretius's* Poem had need of *Cicero's* File, but others believe he intended to intimate that they do Honour to *Cicero*, by whom they were corrected, or that it plainly appears, they received their last Corrections from that great Man. *Lambinus* contradicts this, but the Arguments he brings against the Assertion of *Eusebius* are but weak and of little Validity.

*Lucretius* inscribed his Poem to his intimate Friend *Memmius*, a Person of extraordinary Merit, whom he celebrates with the highest Eulogies in many Places of it. This *Memmius* was descended from one of the most ancient Families in *Rome*, being one of those whom *Virgil* has immortalized in his *Æneid*, deriving them from *Mnestheus*, one of the principal *Trojans* who accompanied *Æneas* into *Italy*:

— *Mox*

—*Mox Italus Mnestheus, genus a quo nomine Memmi.*

HE had been Prætor of *Bithynia*, and upon his Return was accused of nine Misdemeanors by *Cæsar* to the People, but acquitted, and afterwards enjoyed a very great Intimacy with him. He was also Tribune of the People, when among others he accused *Rabirius*, in whose Defence *Cicero* made the Oration we have under that Name. *Cicero* gives him the Character of a great Scholar, who had signal Skill in *Greek* Learning, an ingenious and good Orator, and Master of a polite easy Style: He was accused of Corruption and Bribery in cavassing for the Consulship, and condemned to Banishment. *Cicero*, in one of his Epistles to *Sulpitius*, tells us he was innocent, and had retired after his Exile to *Athens*, from thence to *Mytilene*, and at last settled at *Patrus*, where he died soon after.

It is wonderful that this admirable Poem of *Lucretius* should be composed in the Time of his Insanity: His six Books of his *Epicurean* Philosophy, says *Eusebius*, were written in his lucid Intervals, when the Strength of Nature had thrown off all the peccant Particles, and his Mind, as is observed of Madmen, was sprightly and vigorous. Then in a poetical Rapture he could fly with his *Epicurus* beyond the flaming Limits of this World, frame and dissolve Seas and Heavens in an Instant, and by some unusual Sallies, be the strongest Argument of his own Opinion; for it seems impossible that some Things which he delivers should proceed from



Reason and Judgment, or from any other Cause but Chance and fortuitous Accident.

THE Character of this Poem is surprisingly extolled by the best Judges. *Lucretius*, says *A. Gellius*, excelled in Wit and Eloquence; there is not, says *Scaliger*, a better Author in the *Latin* Tongue, *Virgil* copied many Things from him. Never any Man, says *Scioppius*, spoke *Latin* to a greater Perfection, neither *Tully* nor *Cæsar* wrote a purer Style. There appears, says *Bayle*, so much Eloquence in the Verses of *Lucretius*, that had he lived in the Time of *Augustus*, he might very well have disputed the Palm with *Virgil*; but thirty or forty Years make a mighty Difference between two Authors. *Evelyn*, in his Translation of the first Book of *Lucretius*, observes, that in this Work Nature herself sits triumphant, wanting none of her just Equipage and Attendance, whilst our *Carus* hath erected this everlasting Arch to her Memory, so full of Ornament and exquisite Workmanship, as nothing of this Kind has either approached or exceeded it. Where the Matter he takes in Hand is capable of Form and Lustre, he makes it even to outshine the Sun itself in Splendour; and as he spares no Cost to deck and set it forth, so never had a Man a more rich and luxuriant Fancy, more keen and sagacious Instruments to square the most stubborn and rude Materials into that spiring Softness you will every where find them disposed in this his stupendous and well-built Theatre of Nature.

THERE are two or three Writers who with great Judgment enter more particularly into the Character

Character and Excellencies of this Poem; *Quintilian*, says *Crinitus*, is of Opinion that *Lucretius* excels in Elegance of Style, but he is difficult and obscure. This was occasioned not only by the Subject itself, but by the Poverty of the Tongue, and the Novelty of the Doctrine he taught, as he himself testifies: He wrote six Books of the Nature of Things, in which he has followed the Doctrine of *Epicurus*, and the Example of the Poet *Empedocles*, whose Wit and Poetry he praises with Admiration. It ought not to be wondered at, that some of his Verses seem rough and prosaic. This was peculiar to the Age in which he writ, as *Furius Albinus* fully witnesses in *Macrobius*, whose Words are as follows: No Man ought to have a worse Esteem for the ancient Poets upon this Account, because their Verses seem to be scabrous, for that Style was then in very great Vogue; and the following Age could not easily bring themselves to relish smother Diction. Therefore even in the Days of the two *Vespasians*, there were not wanting some who chose to read *Lucretius* rather than *Virgil*, and *Lucilius* rather than *Horace*.

LAMBINUS, in his Preface addressed to *Charles IX*, the most Christian King, applauds *Lucretius* as the most polite, most ancient, and most elegant of all the *Latin* Writers, from whom *Virgil* and *Horace* have in many Places borrowed, not half but whole Verses. This Poet, when he disputes of the indivisible Corpuscles, or first Principles of Things, of their Motion and their various Configuration; of the Void; of the Images, or tenuious Membranes that fly off from the Surface

face of all Bodies; of the Nature of the Mind and Soul; of the rising and setting of the Planets; of the Eclipse of the Sun and Moon; of the Nature of Lightning; of the Rainbow; of the Causes of Diseases, and many other Things, is learned, witty, judicious and elegant. In the Introductions to his Books, in his Comparisons, in his Examples, in his Disputations against the Fear of Death, concerning the Inconveniences and Harms of Love, of Sleep and of Dreams, he is copious, discreet, eloquent, intelligent, and sublime. We not only read *Homer*, but even commit him to Memory, because under the Veil of Fables, partly obscene, and partly absurd, he is deemed to have included the Knowledge of all natural and human Things. Shall we not then hear *Lucretius*, who without the Disguise of Fable and Fiction, plainly and openly, and as an *Epicurean*, ingeniously, wittily, and learnedly, and in the most terse and correct Style, disputes of the Principles and Causes of Things, of the Universe, of the Parts of the World, of a happy Life, and of Things celestial and terrestrial. And though in many Places he dissents from *Plato*, though he advances many Assertions that are repugnant to our Religion, we ought not therefore to despise and vilify these his Opinions, in which not only the ancient Philosophers, but we who profess Christianity agree with him. How admirably does he dispute of restraining Pleasures, of bridling the Passions, and of attaining Tranquillity of Mind! How wittily does he rebuke and confute those who affirm that nothing can be perceived, nor nothing known; and who say

y that the Senses are fallacious ! How beautiful are his Descriptions ! How graceful, as the *Greeks* call them, his *Episodes* ! How fine are his Disquisitions concerning Colours, Mirrors, the Loadstone, and *Avernus* ! How serious and awful are his Exhortations to live contentedly, justly, temperately, and innocently ! What shall we say of his Diction, than which nothing can be said or imagined to be more correct, more perspicuous, or more elegant ?

BUT the strongest Advocate in Defence of this Poem of *Lucretius*, is *Gifanius*, who has awn up his Life with exquisite Skill, and represents his Excellencies in the best Light. The Subject of this Poem, says he, had many ages before been treated by *Empedocles*, whom *Lucretius* held in great Veneration, as appears by the following Eulogy, which he gives him in his first Book, where, speaking of *Sicily*, he says that this Island,

*bo' rich with Men and Fruit, has rarely shown  
! Thing more glorious than this single One ;  
his Verse, compos'd of Nature's Work, declare  
his Wit was strong, and his Invention rare ;  
his Judgment deep and sound ; whence some began,  
And justly too, to think him more than Man.*

him therefore our Poet carefully imitated ; for that *Aristotle* says of *Empedocles*, that he wrote in the same Style as *Homer*, and was a great Master of his own Language, as abounding with Metaphors, and making use of all other Advantages that might conduce to the Beauty of his Poetry ; all these Perfections, though they

are

are scarce to be found in any other of the *Latin Poets*, manifestly discover themselves in *Lucretius*: For he excels all the rest in Purity of Diction, and, if I may use the Expression, in Sublimity of Eloquence; besides, he has adorned his whole Poem with an infinite Number of excellent Metaphors, as so many Badges of Distinction and Pre-eminence. *Tully*, who was an able Judge, denominates him a very skilful Poet; and had I Leisure to shew not only what he has borrowed from *Homer*, and others, but chiefly from *Ennius*, whom of all the *Latin Poets* he most admired, and studied to imitate, and what *Virgil* has likewise taken from *Lucretius*; this would evince what has been often said, that *Ennius* is the Grandfather, *Lucretius* the Father, and *Virgil* the Son, they being the most illustrious Triumvirate of the *Latin Epic Poets*.

HE then thus proceeds: There are many excellent Things contained in the Poem of *Lucretius*, nor is there in all his Works any Token or Footstep of Intemperance. How discreetly and strongly does he argue for the Restraint of Ambition, and for avoiding the Miseries of intestine Divisions and Civil Wars, the Calamities that in his Days afflicted the Republic of *Rome*? He extols Philosophy, and the Studies of the Wise in a Style incredibly sublime. How beautiful is his Poetry, when he treats of Serenity of Mind, and Contempt of Death? In how many Places, and in how excellent and almost divine a Diction does he confute the Superstition of the Vulgar, and their fabulous Belief of the Torments of Hell?

Hell? How elegantly does he detect the Frauds, and deride the Vanity of Astrologers? Not to mention with how great Severity he dissuades from Avarice, and shews many Ills that arise from the Lust of Gold, and how wholesome his Instructions are concerning Temperance, Frugality of Living, and Modesty of Apparel. As to what relates to the Restraint of the other Passions of the Soul, and sordid Gratifications of the Flesh, so excellent indeed are the Instructions he gives us, that what *Diogenes* writes of *Epicurus*, seems to be true, that he was falsely accused by some for indulging himself too much in Pleasure and Voluptuousness, and that it was a downright Calumny in them to wrest his Meaning, and interpret what he intended of the Tranquillity of the Mind, as if it had been spoken of the Pleasures of the Body. Concerning some of the Phænomena of the Heavens, he advances indeed several Opinions that are false, or rather ridiculous, yet consonant to the *Epicurean* Doctrine; but, on the contrary, how true are many of his Notions concerning Thunder, the Nature, Force, and Swiftmess of Lightning, the Magnitude of the Sea, the Winds, and many other Things of the like Nature? With how wonderful a Sweetness does he sing the first Rise of the World, of the Earth, of the Heavens, and of all the several Kinds of Animals? As likewise the Origin of Speech, of Government, of Laws, and of all the Arts? How full and satisfactory are his Disputations concerning the Flames of Mount *Ætna*, and of the Causes of Diseases? How excellently has he described

described and exhibited, as it were, in an elaborate Painting, that memorable and dreadful Plague which desolated *Athens*, and the whole Country of *Attica* !

NOTWITHSTANDING these laboured Apologies for the Works of *Lucretius*, some Parts of his Poem must be condemned as obscene, impious, and atheistical, and should be read with Caution and Circumspection. No Writer ever attacked Divine Providence with more Audacity; he sets out with this profane Exordium,

*For whatso'er's Divine, must live in Peace,  
In undisturb'd and everlasting Ease,  
Not care for us, from Fears and Dangers free,  
Sufficient to its own Felicity.  
Nought here below, nought in our Power it needs,  
Ne'er smiles at good, ne'er frowns at wicked Deeds.*

He goes on with giving infinite Praise to *Epicurus*, who insolently attacked Religion, and triumphed over it.

*Long Time Men lay oppress'd with slavish Fear,  
Religious Tyranny did domineer;  
Which being plac'd in Heaven, look'd proudly down,  
And fright'd all evil Spirits with her Frown.  
At last, a Mighty One of Greece began  
To assert the nat'ral Liberty of Man:  
By senseless Terrors and vain Fancies led  
To Slavery; strait the conquer'd Fantom fled;  
Not the fam'd Stories of the Deity,  
Not all the Thunder of the threat'ning Sky,*

*Could*

*could stop his rising Soul; thro' all he past  
 the strongest Bounds that pow'rful Nature cast;  
 His vigorous and active Mind was hurl'd,  
 beyond the flaming Limits of this World,  
 into the mighty Space, and there did see,  
 how Things begin, what can, what cannot be.  
 Thus by his Conquest we our Right regain,  
 Religion he subdu'd, and we now reign.*

I SHALL end this Character with the Opinion of Dr. Burnet, in his second Book *Of the Theory of the Earth*: Lucretius, he says, was an *Epicurean* more from his Inclination and the Bent of his Spirit, than from Reason or any Force of Argument. For though his Suppositions be very precarious, and his Reasonings all along very slight, he will many Times strut and triumph, as if he had wrested the Thunder out of Jove's Right-hand; and a Mathematician is not more confident of his Demonstration, than he seems to be of the Truth of his shallow Philosophy. He was certainly in earnest in his Disbelief of the Immortality of the Soul, and a future State; for he is said to have laid violent Hands upon himself. *And so most unhappily did poor CREECH, his ingenious Translator.*



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Cum Interpret. & Notis *Ths. Creech. Oxon.* 1695,  
8vo. 5s.  
*Lucretius*, the *Latin* Text correctly printed, with a  
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2 vol. *Lond.* 1743, 8vo. 8s.  
*Lucretius*, *Bakerville*, 12mo. *Birmingham*, 1773. 5s.

**CATULLUS.**

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## C A T U L L U S.

**CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS**, a Roman Poet, was born at *Verona*, about eighty Years before the Christian *Æra*, and the six hundred and sixty-sixth Year of *Rome*: *Giraldus* believes rather, he was born in the Peninsula *Sirmio*, formed by the Lake *Benacus* near *Verona*. His Descent was not inconsiderable, for his Father was a Man of Fortune, and was admitted into the Friendship of *Julius Cæsar*, who usually lodged at his House. He was invited to *Rome* when very young by *Manlius*, a Nobleman, whom he celebrates in many of his Poems, and to whom he confessed he owed the greatest Obligations. The Elegance of his Style, and the Delicacy of his Compositions, introduced him into the best Company, and the Beauty of his Verses procured him the Friendship and Esteem of the Learned, and of the Wits in *Rome*, who at that Time formed no inconsiderable Constellation.

His Writings inform us, that he had once contracted the closest Friendship with *Furius* and *Aurelius*, Men of some Quality and Distinction, who had spent their Fortunes by Extravagance. He represents them in his eleventh Epigram as ready to go to the ultimate Boundaries of the World, and into the wildest Places with him ;  
but

but he says so many disobliging Things of them in other Places, that it cannot be thought their Friendship was of any Continuance; he represents them as rapacious Wolves, which having nothing to live upon, were devoured with Hunger.

*Aureli, Pater Esuritionum, &c. Ep. 21.*

Aurelius !

*Father of Famine present and to come !*

HE represents them having as great an Avidity for Sodomy as for Bread, and menaces them with a horrible Treatment, if they continue to slander him, and to debauch the Object of his Flame. He had afterwards, says *Muretus*, a violent Quarrel with these two Persons, and satirized them in the bitterest Verses, because they had branded him with Effeminacy, and he adds, that *Aurelius* had indeed attempted a Youth whom *Catullus* loved, and *Furius* had actually debauched him. So that this Poet was polluted with that unnatural Vice, and complied with the fashionable Impurity.

CATULLUS was of a gay amorous Disposition, and speaks with great Passion of two of his Mistresses, *Isipithilla* of *Verona*, and *Clodia*, to whom he gave the Name of *Lesbia*, in Honour of *Sappho*, who was a Native of the Island of *Lesbos*, and whose Verses pleased him wonderfully; he translated or imitated some of them: He speaks of his *Lesbia*, as of a very lascivious Lady, and introduces her asking him how many Kisses would satisfy him;

*Quæris quot mihi Bastationes, &c.*

*Lesbia, my fairest, you require  
How many Kisses I desire, &c.*

HE desired, he says, as many as there are Grains of Sand in the Desarts of *Lybia*, and Stars in the Heavens; but his *Lesbia*, it seems, became at last a common Prostitute:

*Cæli, Lesbia illa, &c.*

*Lesbia, my Friend, the beauteous She,  
Who more than Life was dear to me,  
Now plies in Alleys, and in Streets,  
And lies with every Man she meets.*

It is said, that this lewd Woman was the Sister of the infamous *Clodius*, the Enemy of *Cicero*.

HE suffered the common Fate of the Poetical Tribe, for he was poor all his Life; which, without Doubt, was in some Measure owing to the profligate Company he kept, and his exorbitant Expences. He neither made his Fortune by his Verses, nor by his Travels into *Bithynia* with *Memmius*, who had obtained the Government of it after his Prætorship. He composed a very pathetic Epigram upon the Death of his Brother, for whose Loss he was inconsolable,

*Tu mea, Tu moriens, &c.* Epig. 46.

*Thy Death, my Brother, has undone my State;  
Our Family lies buried in thy Fate.*

HE

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HE died in the Flower of his Age, and in the Height of his Reputation, at the Age of about Thirty. *Scaliger's* Opinion cannot be supported, who says, he lived above Seventy-one Years; about the Time that *Virgil* was pursuing his Studies at *Cremona*. The Poem upon *Lesbia's* Sparrow, some pretend he dedicated to *Virgil*; this Conjecture is founded upon two Verses of *Martial* that are certainly misunderstood,

*Sic forsan tener ausus est Catullus,  
Magno mittere passerem Maroni.*

As if *Catullus* had presumed to send his Sparrow to Great *Maro* as his Friend. *Martial* there addresses himself to *Silius Italicus*, a celebrated Poet, and one of his Patrons; he compliments him as if he had said, I presume to inscribe this little Piece to you, as *Catullus* might have presented his Poem on *Lesbia's* Sparrow to the Great *Virgil*, had they flourished at the same Time. It is evident, that *Martial* professed the greatest Veneration for the Excellencies of *Catullus*;

*Tantum magna suo debet Verona Catullo,  
Quantum parva suo Mantua Virgilio.*

THIS Poet contracted a Friendship with *Cicero*, who is said upon some Occasion to plead as a public Advocate for him; and notwithstanding the Friendship between *Julius Cæsar* and his Father, he severely lampooned that Emperor, in the Person of *Mamurra*, one of his Favourites, and a Surveyor of his Work-

men in Gaul. The Verses were very satirical, they lashed the severe Robberies of *Mamurra*, and the criminal Intercourse, supposed to have subsisted between him and *Cæsar*:

*Quis hoc potest videre, &c.* Ep. 30.

*Who but a Wretch as vile can bear to see  
Mamurra riot thus in Luxury?  
Rich with the Spoils, and plunder'd Wealth he bore,  
From long-bair'd Gaul, and distant Britain's Shore,  
The Pathic Roman, who unmov'd can see  
Such wanton Riot, is as base as He.*

THE fifty-eighth Epigram is yet more severe;

*Pulchrè convenit improbis Cinædis,  
Mamurrhæ Pathicoque Cæsarique.*

*This suits with impious Pathics well,  
Cæsar and vile Mamurra——*

CÆSAR, upon this Occasion, behaved with his usual Generosity and Moderation; he did not stifle indeed the Injury he received, but obliging the Poet to make a slight Satisfaction, which he accepted; he invited him (says *Suetonius*) the same Day to Supper, and continued to lodge at his Father's House, as he had done before.

THE Works of *Catullus* are inscribed to *Cornelius Nepos*, whom he compliments on his Writing a general History in three Books. *Omne ævum tribus explicare Chartis.* We have not all his Pieces: *Crinitus* speaks of an *Ithy-*  
VOL. I. L phallic

*phallic* Poem, or Verses upon the Impure Divinity of *Priapus*, and *Pliny* ascribes to him a Poem upon Inchantments employed to excite and kindle Love: This Subject had been treated before him by *Theocritus*, and after him by *Virgil*. The Poem on the *Vigil* of *Venus* is falsely attributed to him. His early Death must be lamented by all true Lovers of Wit and Learning, since it has robbed us of many Improvements, which he would probably have made in this Species of Poetry; I mean his *Hendecasyllables*, in which he seems to excel: There are some finished Pieces of his that are inimitable in their Kind: Such is the Poem upon *Lesbia's* Sparrow, and that on *Acme* and *Septimius*; the Translation of *Callimachus's* Elegy on Queen *Berenice's* Hair is also an excellent Composition. His Lyric Poems are many of them well written, particularly the *Carmen Seculare*. *Scaliger* thinks he was too critical and exact, and too strict an Observer of the *Roman* Elegancies. He is generally esteemed the best Writer in the Epigrammatic Department.

AN Epigram, of all the Works in Verse that Antiquity has produced, is the least considerable; it has no Worth at all, unless it be admirable; and it is so rare to see such a Production, that it is sufficient to have made one in a Man's whole Life; yet this Mode of Writing has its Beauty. This Beauty consists either in the delicate Turn, or in a lucky Word. The *Greeks* understood this Sort of Poetry otherwise than the *Latins*: The *Greek* Epigram runs upon the Turn of a Thought that is natural, but delicate and subtle: the *Latin* Epigram, by a false  
Taste

Taste that prevailed in the Beginning of the Decay of pure Latinity, endeavours to surprise the Reader by some biting Word, which is called a *Point*. *Catullus* writ after the former Mode, which is of a finer Character, for he endeavours to comprise a natural Thought within a delicate Turn of Words, and within the Simplicity of a very soft Expression. *Martial* was in some Manner the Author of the other Species, which was to terminate an ordinary Thought by some Word that is surprising. Judges of good Taste have always preferred the Mode which *Catullus* employed before that of *Martial*, there being more of true Delicacy in that than in this. And in these latter Ages we have seen a noble *Venetian*, named *Andreas Naugerius*, who had an exquisite Discernment, and who by a natural Antipathy against what is called *Point*, which he judged to be bad Taste, sacrificed every Year with great Ceremony a Volume of *Martial's* Epigrams to the *Manes* of *Catullus*, in Honour to his Character.

THIS Poet has been censured for the Lewdness of some of his Pieces; the Salacity of his Thoughts, and his indelicate Expressions have given great Offence, and obliged his Judges to conclude that he must have been a profligate Debauchee. But *Bayle* makes an Apology for him; he says, that the ancient *Romans* had not laid down those Rules of Politeness, which at present make those who compose obscene Verses to fall into public Contempt. *Catullus* therefore did his Character no great Harm by the gross Obscenities and infamous Impurities with which he poisoned many of his Poems.



*Pliny* the Younger is of the same Opinion: It seems Obscenity, according to the Ancients, was not only allowable in these Sort of Compositions, but when artfully decorated was esteemed one of its greatest Beauties. *Catullus* wrote by this Rule,

*Nam castum esse decet, &c.*

Lyric 17.

*The Poet, I confess, should chaste appear,  
Then may his luscious Lines affect the Ear,  
Divert with wanton Pleasantry the Mind;  
Not over-modest, but to Love inclin'd.*

WE are told by *Crinitus*, that *Catullus* had so great a Reputation for Learning, that by the Consent of the best Judges, the Epithet of *Doctus* was affixed to his Name. *Ovid* thought that for Majesty and Loftiness of Verse, he was no Way inferior to *Virgil* himself; and though both the *Plinys* have condemned *Catullus's* Verse as harsh and unpleasant, yet he has generally been accounted a most elegant Poet, and several have copied him. The sweetest and most polite of all the Poets, if he appear at any Time rude and rough, especially in his *Epic* Verses, yet he has made sufficient Amends by his wonderful pleasant Wit, and by his pure Elegancy in the *Roman* Language. His Contemporaries styled him *the Learned*, because he knew how to translate into *Latin* Verse the most beautiful and delicate Compositions of the *Greek* Poets, which before him was thought impossible.

THE Reputation of *Catullus* sinks very low in the Estimation of *Julius Scaliger*; he can on no Account

Account imagine the Reason why this Poet was signalized by the Ancients with the Title of *the Learned*; he does not discern any Thing in his Pieces but what is common and ordinary. His Style, he says, is generally harsh and unpolished, though indeed sometimes it flows limpid like Water, but has no Strength. He is often very immodest, and puts him out of Countenance; sometimes he is so very languid and faint, that he cannot but pity him; and he is often under such Difficulties and Embarrassments, that he is exceedingly distressed and concerned for him.

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### *Best EDITIONS of CATULLUS.*

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gantly printed, 1754.

## V I R G I L.

**PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO**, the first of all the ancient *Roman* Poets, flourished in the Time of *Augustus*; he was born on the fifteenth of *October*, in the Year of *Rome* Six hundred and eighty-three, in a Village called *Andes*, about three Miles from *Mantua*. His Father was a Man of obscure Condition, whose Name is unknown, but it is said he was by Trade a Basket-maker; his Mother's Name was *Maja*. A Poet of his extraordinary Character could not be born without some extraordinary Circumstances attending his Nativity. His Mother therefore dreamed that she was delivered of an Olive-branch, which was no sooner planted in the Ground, but took Root, and sprung up into a Tree, abounding with Fruit and Blossoms; and going out next Day to a neighbouring Village with her Husband, she was obliged to stop by the Way, and was delivered of him. The Child is said not to have cried upon his first coming into the World, like other Infants, but shewed such a smiling Countenance, as promised something extraordinary. A Branch of *Peplar* (according to the Custom of the Country) was planted where his Mother was delivered of him, which sprung up and grew so fast, that it soon attained the Size of the

the other Trees planted there long before it. This Tree was called after his Name, and consecrated to him, which gave Occasion to a great deal of Superstition in the neighbouring Country, especially among the *Tuscans*.

AT seven Years of Age he was sent by some Friends he found to study at *Cremona*, a Roman Colony; after which he made some Stay at *Milan*, and then went to *Naples*, where he studied with the greatest Diligence the *Latin* and *Greek* Literature, as he did afterwards the *Mathematics* and *Natural Philosophy*. He learned *Greek* under *Parthenius* of *Nicæa*, and his Master for *Philosophy* was *Syro*; one of the greatest Men of the *Epicurean* Sect, though *Virgil*, upon maturer Judgment, became a Follower of the *Platonic* System.

AFTER some Time spent in these Studies, his Curiosity and Desire of Knowledge led him to travel through *Italy*, when it is supposed he went to *Rome*. Then we are told he published his sixth Eclogue, which *Roscius* rehearsing upon the *Roman* Theatre, *Cicero* in Admiration called him,

——— *Magæ spes altera Romæ.*

His Pastorals, says *Donatus*, were so well received by the Public, that they were frequently sung on the Stage. When *Cicero* had heard some of the Verses, presently discovering by his acute Penetration that the Author was no ordinary Genius, he ordered the whole Eclogue to be rehearsed from the Beginning, which having strictly attended to, he said at the Conclusion,

*The other Hope of mighty Rome*; as if he himself were the *first Hope* of the *Latin Tongue*, and *Virgil* would be the second. These Words were afterwards inserted in the *Æneis*. The Truth of this Account is justly disputed. Mr. *Bayle* observes, that here is an Error in Chronology; for it is certain, that *Virgil* did not write his Eclogues till after the Triumvirate of *Octavius*, *Mark Anthony*, and *Lepidus* during which, it is well known, *Cicero* was barbarously murdered.

THE small Patrimony that *Virgil* had in *Italy*, he lost by a Decree of *Augustus*, who divided that Part of the Country among his Soldiers: and our young Poet was here involved in the common Calamity. He applied himself upon this Occasion to *Varus*, with whom he had studied and contracted a close Friendship. He recommended him to *Pollio*, then Governor of the Province, whose Favour introduced him into the Court of *Augustus*. From this Prince and Protector of Learning, he obtained a Grant, by which his Lands were exempted from the general Division, as he declares in the first Eclogue.

*Hic illum vidi, &c.*

*There first the Youth of heavenly Birth I view'd,  
To whom our Monthly Victims are renew'd.  
He heard my Vows, had graciously decreed  
My Grounds to be restored, my Flocks to feed.*

When he came to take Possession of his little Estate, one *Arius* a Centurion, to whose Lot his Lands were fallen, not only refused to comply

ply with the Emperor's Mandate, but likewise gave him such a brutal Reception, that he was forced to save his Life by swimming over the *Mincius*, and hasten back to Court, where he soon obtained full Redress and Satisfaction.

SOME Authors lay an Imputation upon this Poet, and say he was far from being chaste in his Youth; when others assure us that he was so modest, so reserved and regular in his Words and Deportment, that the Inhabitants of *Naples* gave him a Surname derived from *Virginity*, on Account of the Purity of his Language and Manners. We are told he was so modest, that he preferred living a retired Life in the Country to residing at *Rome*, where he was admired. He seldom went thither, and so little affected appearing there, that when he observed he was followed and made an Object of Admiration, he ran into the first House he found open. It is certain that in his Youth he wrote some lascivious Verses; for *Pliny*, who had done so likewise, justifies himself by many great Examples, particularly by that of *Virgil*. The Writer of his Life makes him the Author of the *Priapeia*, and some learned Men will have the Piece, which is still extant under this Name, to be really *Virgil's*; but it seems rather to be a Collection of Poems, the Works of various Authors. The Gravity and Modesty which reign throughout the *Aeneid*, are indeed admirable. His *Bucolics* are not so modest, he there relates very criminal Passions, but this is no Proof he was infected with them. A Passion for Boys was not less common in the heathen World, than for Girls, so that a Writer of Eclogues may

make his Shepherds talk according to this predominant Custom, without relating his own Adventures, or approving the Passions he mentions. It is certain there are many Stories that reflect upon the Reputation of this Poet; he is charged with this unnatural Commerce, with loving *Alexis*, a Favourite of *Mecænas*, but they are represented only as Reports, founded upon Envy and Ill-nature. It is said particularly, that *Varus* the Tragic Poet married a very learned Lady who lay with *Virgil*, and to whom he gave a Tragedy he had composed, which she made her Husband believe was her own, and that *Varus* recited it as her own Performance. It is farther added, that the Poet obscurely alludes to this Adventure in three Verses of his third Eclogue;

*An mibi cantando, &c.*

*An honest Man may freely take his own,  
The Goat was mine, by singing fairly won;  
A solemn Match was made, he lost the Prize;  
Ask Damon, ask, if he the Debt denies.*

But *Servius* rejects this as an Allegory which no Author had mentioned, and which was directly repugnant to the Nature of Pastoral Poetry.

*VIRGIL* was received into the strictest Intimacy by the first Wits of the Court of *Augustus*; for by Means of *Pollio* he was admitted into the Favour and Friendship of *Mecænas* and *Augustus*, who not only placed him above Want, but enabled him to pursue his Studies, and to retire to *Naples* for the Sake of his Health, as the Air of  
*Rome*

*Rome* was prejudicial to his Constitution. Here he wrote his *Georgics*, the Subject of which was very pleasing to *Augustus*, who encouraged the People to cultivate and improve their Lands, which had suffered so much during the Civil Wars in *Italy* that had lasted for many Years. He expended three Years on his *Eclogues*, but his *Georgics* occupied seven; in compiling this Work, he dictated several of the Verses in a Morning, and employed the rest of the Day in correcting, and reducing them to a smaller Number; upon which Account he usually compared himself to a She-Bear, who is at first delivered of a shapeless Mass, which she afterwards licks into Form. He finished this Piece when *Augustus* was upon his Return from the Conquest of *Egypt*, which he reduced into a Province, and made *Gallus*, another of *Virgil's* Patrons, Governor of it. This *Gallus* was perhaps the best Elegiac Writer among the *Romans*, but his Works are now lost; those that are extant under his Name being rejected by the best Critics as modern Compositions. *Donatus* in the Life of *Virgil* says, that *Virgil* was four Days employed in reading the *Georgicks* to *Augustus*, after his Return from the Battle of *Actium*, while he remained at *Atella* for the Recovery of his Health. *Mecænas* relieved him in the Task of Reading, as often as his Voice failed him. There was a wonderful Charm, and a certain magic Sweetness in his Pronunciation. *Seneca* relates that *Julius Montanus* the Poet used to say, that if he could violently seize upon any Thing belonging to *Virgil*, it should be his Voice, his Countenance, and his Action; for the same



Verſes which ſounded well by his Pronunciation, did without that Aid ſeem dry and inſipid.

VIRGIL began the *Æneid* in the forty-ſecond Year of his Age; this Poem was compoſed to convince the *Romans* of the Prerogative of *Augustus*. The Hero of the Work is taken from the *Iliad*, where we have the Character of *Æneas* in the ſame Light of Actions and moral Behaviour as we find him repreſented in the *Æneid*, free from all violent Paſſions, pious and good; and in this was exactly delineated the Character of *Augustus*. The *Æneid* is a Copy, as *Macrobius* obſerves, of the *Iliad* and *Odſſey*; the Voyage is taken from the *Odſſey*, the Battles from the *Iliad*. The firſt ſix Books of this Poem occupied his Study ſeven Years. We are told that when *Augustus* was abroad in the Expedition againſt the *Cantabri*, he frequently ſolicited *Virgil* by Letters, to ſend him, as his Expreſſion was, the firſt Sketches of his Poem, which he reſuſed at firſt, but at length complied to recite three whole Books to him, the ſecond, the fourth, and ſixth. The Eulogy upon *Marcus Claudius Marcellus*, the Son of *Octavia*, the Emperor's Siſter, who died in the Flower of his Age, is inſerted in the ſixth Book with ſo much Skill, and ſo pathetically written, that *Octavia* when ſhe heard it fainted away at the Words *Tu Marcellus eris*, and was brought to herſelf with great Difficulty. When ſhe recovered ſhe ordered the Poet ten thouſand *Sesterces* for every Line, which, as it is compriſed in about thirty Verſes, amounted to two thouſand one hundred Pounds and upwards of our Money.

HE employed the rest of his Life in perfecting his Poem of the *Æneid*, which he finished in about four Years; but it never received his last Corrections, being prevented by Death. He proposed to bestow a Retirement of three Years in polishing it; after which he intended to apply the Remainder of his Life to the Study of Philosophy. He set out for *Greece*, and in his Journey met *Augustus* at *Athens*, who was then returning from the East. This determined him to return into *Italy* with the Emperor; but his Curiosity carrying him to *Megara*, he was there seized with a lingering Distemper, which increasing upon him in his Passage, he arrived at *Brundisium* in such an ill State of Health, that he died on the twenty-second of *September*, about the fifty-fourth Year of his Age.

WHEN he found his Disorder increased, he earnestly asked for his Manuscripts, in order to commit his *Æneid* to the Flames, and because no body was so complaisant as to bring them, he ordered by his last Will that they should be burnt as imperfect Works. *Tucca* and *Varius* represented to him that *Augustus* would never suffer it. Upon this he bequeathed his Writings to them, on Condition they would add nothing to them, and should, if they found any unfinished Verses, leave them in the same Condition: So that *Augustus* was no farther the Cause of the Preservation of this Poem, than that the Author desisted from his Resolution, being told that this Prince would not suffer the Execution of it. It redounded greatly, says *Bayle*, to the Glory of this Monarch, that he manifested himself to be seriously interested in it, and that he obliged  
*Varius*

*Varius* to that punctual Performance of the Condition under which the Manuscript was left to him. There is an Epigram extant, composed by *Apollinaris*, a Grammarian, upon the Order given by *Virgil* to burn his *Æneid*. It is a single Distich.

*Infelix alio cecidit prope Pergamon igne ;  
Et pæne est alio Troja cremata rogo.*

*Troy almost perish'd in a second Flame.*

His Corpse, according to his Request, was transported to *Naples*, and there interred.

*VIRGIL* was tall, of a swarthy Complexion, of a clownish ungraceful Air, awkward and ungenteel in his Deportment; this was partly owing to the Obscurity of his Birth, and in some Measure to his ill State of Health, which allowing him the Use of little or no Exercise, robbed him of those Graces of Body that are owing to it. His Constitution was weak, which obliged him to eat little, and to drink no Wine. He was peevish in his Humour, subject to violent Head-aches, and so asthmatic, that he was forced to fly the Smoke of *Rome*, and retire to the soft Air of *Naples*, where he spent most of the latter Part of his Life. He was a Man of great Humanity, Gratitude, and Good-nature. He was bountiful to his Parents, and generous to his Relations; and yet died very rich, leaving behind him near Seventy-five thousand Pounds, half of which by his Will was distributed among his Relations, and the other bequeathed to *Mecænas*,  
*Tucca*,

*Tucca*, and *Varius*, besides a considerable Legacy to *Augustus*, that politic Prince having introduced a Custom of being in every body's Will. He was not insensible to the Passion of Love, as appears by the Episode of *Dido* and *Æneas*, where he treats that Passion with more Delicacy than *Anacreon*, and with as much Softness as *Ovid*. He was so fond of Retirement, that he became not only the greatest Poet, but the greatest Philosopher, Historian, Antiquary, and Scholar of his Age. He had naturally an Hesitation in his Speech, which was the Reason he left the Bar, where he never pleaded but once. He is said to have written his own Epitaph :

*Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuère, tenet nunc  
Parthenope; cecini Pascua, Rura, Duces.*

THE genuine and undisputed Works of this Poet are ten *Eclogues*, or *Bucolics*, four Books of *Georgics*, and the *Æneid*, consisting of twelve Books; this Poem is unfinished, for *Scaliger* asserts, that he intended to have added twelve more Books, in Imitation of *Homer*.

NEVER any Man possessed all the Graces of Poesy in so eminent a Degree as *Virgil*; he had an exquisite Taste for what is natural, an exquisite Judgment for the Contrivance, an incomparable Delicacy in regard to the Numbers and Harmony of Versification. He not only, says *Scaliger*, excelled all human Genius, but raised himself to a Kind of Equality with Nature itself. He constantly follows Nature, and *Homer* her faithful Interpreter; so that he is admirable upon every Subject, and Master of every

every Species of Composition. He preserves the Characters and Humours of the Shepherds of those Ages in his Pastorals, with such Plainness and Propriety, such Pleasantness and suitable Easiness of Expression, that one would think he had lived among those happy People, and been long acquainted with the Care of their Flocks, their innocent Amours and harmless Differences. In his *Georgics* he raises his Style, and describes the Art of Tillage, the Government of the Bees, and all the Affairs of the Husbandman, with such chastified Judgment, suitable Language, and proper Heightenings of Fancy, that every skilful Professor of Agriculture must admire him for the first of his Excellencies, and every learned Critic for the two next. In his Heroic Poem he has approached so near to *Homer*, that he has raised himself far above all other Poets. Not to mention the Propriety and Sublimity of his Thoughts, the manly Elegance and majestic Conciseness of his Expressions, he is very admirable in the judicious and most agreeable Variety of his Numbers. In that Excellency he does not in the least yield to the glorious *Grecian*, though he had the Disadvantage in his Language; *Latin* being a Tongue more close and severe than *Greek*; having no different Dialects, as that has, nor allowing that Latitude and Liberty of Variation which that does. The Plan of his Epic Poem is so noble and regular, its Conduct so prudent, its Characters so just and accurate, and its Ornaments and Machinery so apposite, that both *Mecænas* and *Augustus*, two of the completest Statesmen and Scholars in the World, allowed the *Æneid* to be a Master-piece.

piece. All the World acknowledgeth the *Æneid* to be most perfect in its Kind, and considering the Disadvantage of the Language, and the Severity of the *Roman* Muse, the Poem is still more wonderful, since without the Liberty of the *Grecian* Poets the Diction is so great and noble, so clear, so forcible and expressive, so chaste and pure, that even all the Strength and Compass of the *Greek* Tongue joined to *Homer's* Fire, cannot give us stronger and clearer Ideas, than *Virgil* has exhibited before us, some few Instances excepted, in which *Homer* through the Force of Genius hath excelled.

*VIRGIL* has been often compared with *Homer*, and the Merits of these Poets frequently canvassed. No Author, or Man, ever excelled all the World in more than one Faculty, and as *Homer* has done this in Invention, *Virgil* has in Judgment. Not that we are to think *Homer* wanted Judgment, because *Virgil* had it in a more eminent Degree; or that *Virgil* wanted Invention, because *Homer* possessed a larger Share of it. Each of these great Authors had more of both perhaps than any Poet besides, and are only said to have less in Comparison with one another. *Homer* was a greater Genius, *Virgil* a more skilful Artist. In one we must admire the Man, in the other the Work. *Homer* hurries and transports us with a commanding Impetuosity, *Virgil* leads us with an attractive Majesty. *Homer* scatters with a generous Profusion, *Virgil* bestows with a careful Magnificence. *Homer*, like the *Nile*, pours out his Riches with a sudden Overflow; *Virgil*, like a River full to its Banks, with a gentle and constant Stream. When

we behold their Battles, methinks the two Poets resemble the Heroes they celebrate. *Homer*, boundless and irresistible as *Achilles*, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the Tumult increases; *Virgil*, calmly daring, like *Æneas*, appears undisturbed in the midst of the Action, disposes all about him, and conquers with Tranquillity. And when we advert to their Machinery, *Homer* seems like his own *Jupiter* in his Rage, shaking *Olympus*, scattering the Lightnings, and firing the Heavens; *Virgil*, like the same Power in his Benevolence, deliberating with the Gods, laying Plans for Empires, and regularly ordering his whole Creation.

DRYDEN speaks of *Virgil* as a grave, succinct, and majestic Writer, one who weighed not only every Thought, but every Word and Syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his Sense into as narrow a Compass as possible he could; for which Reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (as it were) a Grammar apart to construe him. His Verse is every where sounding the very Thing in your Ears, whose Sense it bears; yet the Numbers are perpetually varied to increase the Delight of the Reader, so that the same Sounds are never repeated twice together. But though he is smooth where Smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; for he frequently makes use of *Synalæphas*, and concludes his Sense in the Middle of his Verse. He is every where above the Conceits of Epigrammatic Wit, and gross Hyperboles. He maintains Majesty in the Midst of Plainness; he shines, but glares not, and is stately without Ambition.

Ambition, which is the Vice of *Lucan*. *Martial* says of him, that he could have excelled *Varius* in Tragedy, and *Horace* in Lyric Poetry; but out of Deference to his Friends he attempted neither.

*SIR William Temple* says, he does not wonder that the famous *Dr. Harvey*, when he was reading *Virgil*, should sometimes throw him down upon the Table, and say, *He had a Devil*. Among the Follies of *Caligula*, we may undoubtedly reckon his Contempt and Hatred of this Poet, whose Writings and Effigies he endeavoured to remove out of all Libraries; he had the Confidence to say, that *Virgil* had neither Genius nor Learning. The Emperor *Alexander Severus* judged quite otherwise, he called him the *Plato* of the Poets, and placed his Picture with that of *Cicero*, in the Temple in which he had placed *Achilles*, and other great Men. He was so highly venerated by the Senate and People of *Rome*, that when they heard any of his Verses in the Theatre, every body immediately stood up; and if by Chance *Virgil* was present, *Tacitus* says, they paid him the same Respect as they did to *Cæsar* himself.



## BEST EDITIONS of VIRGIL.

Magnificently printed, à Typographia regia *Parisiis*, 1641. Folio.

Charactere eleg. & grand. edidit *Joh. Ogilvius*. Centum æneis figuris a *Wenceslao Hollar* incisiss. ornata est hæc editio. *Lond.* 1658. Folio.

Commentario illustratus a *Lud. de la Cerda*, 3 vol. *Col. Agrip.* 1642. Folio.

Commentario *Frid. Taubmanni. Francof.* 1618. 4to.

Typis elegantiss. impressus est *Virgilius. Cantab.* 1701. 4to. 1l. 1s.

In usum sereniss. Delphini Interpretatione & Notis illustravit *Car. Ruæus. Paris.* 1675. 4to. & 1723. 15s.

Notis integris veterum & selectis recentiorum ac æneis figuris illustratus, curâ *Pancratii Masvicii*, 2 vol. *Leovard.* 1717. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Notis Varior. & Indice Erythræi, a *Jac. Emeneffio*, 3 vol. *L. Bat.* 1680. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Typis nitidissimis prodiit, ex Officina *Elzeviriana. L. Bat.* 1636. 12mo.

*Heinßi*, 12mo. very correct. *Amst.* 1676. 5s.

*Burman's Virgil*, 4 vol. 4to. *Amstel.* 1746. 2l. 15s.

*Sandby's Virgil*, 2 vol. 8vo. *Lond.* 1750. 1l. 1s.

A very beautiful Edition, with very elegant Figures.

**HORACE.**

## H O R A C E.

**Q**UINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS, was born at *Venusium*, a City of *Italy*, in the Beginning of *December*, about the Year of *Rome* Six hundred eighty-eight, three Years after the Conspiracy of *Catiline*. His Father is said to be a Salter, the Son of a Freedman, and a Tax-gatherer: He was in good Circumstances, and observing an early Forwardness in his Son, he resolved to furnish him with a suitable Education, for which Purpose he sent him to *Rome*, when he was about ten Years old. He educated him in the best School, and in the Company of Noblemen of the first Quality. The Father possessed a good Share of natural Sense, and, fond of the Prospect of his Son's future Character, took a Pleasure in forming the Morals of the Youth himself; and all the Virtue, Generosity, and good Conduct that were so remarkable in the Life of this excellent Poet, were principally owing to the Care and Cultivation of the best of Fathers, as the Son in many Places of his Works very gratefully confesses.

*Si neque Avaritiam, &c.*      Sat. vi. Lib. i.

*If none on me can truly fix Disgrace,  
If I am neither covetous nor base;*

*If innocent my Life; if, to commend  
Myself, I live belov'd by every Friend,  
I thank my Father for't.*

WHEN he was about eighteen he was sent to *Athens*, where he completed what his Father had so well begun, and acquired all those Accomplishments that polite Learning, added to an ingenuous Education, could afford him. *Brutus* about this time going into *Macedonia*, and being under great Difficulties to furnish his Army with Officers, took *Horace* into his Service, and made him a Tribune; but he shamefully fled at the Battle of *Philippi*, and, which was the most disgraceful Action in a Soldier, he threw away his Shield. This he confesses in an Ode to his Friend *Pompeius Varus*, who was with him in that Battle, and was his Companion in Flight.

*Tecum Philippos, &c.*

*The bloody Wars, Philippi's Field,  
Ignobly having lost my Shield,  
With thee I saw secure from Wound,  
I saw the Fight, when Pompey proud,  
To Cæsar's stronger Virtue bow'd,  
And basely bit the bloody Ground.*

It is supposed that *Horace* would scarce have been so ingenuous as to confess this infamous Adventure, if he had not had the Examples of two great Poets, *Archilochus* and *Alcæus*, before him, who both owned themselves guilty of the same Pusillanimity.

THE

THE general Rout at *Philippi* reduced this fugitive Tribune to the greatest Distress, for his Estate was forfeited, and became a Prey to the Conquerors. He was naturally indolent, and loved Retirement, but Necessity obliged him to write, and his Muse so successfully assisted him, that she soon introduced him into the most polite Company. He soon became acquainted with *Virgil*, who recommended him to *Mecænas*, the general Patron of Learning in that Age. This great Courtier spoke favourably of him to *Augustus*, who was so captivated with his Merit and Address, that he made him his principal Confident in his private Pleasures and Diversions, offered him Honours and Advantages, which he in a great measure refused, and restored him to the Possession of his Estate. Growing still more in intimacy with *Mecænas*, he had an Opportunity to discover all the amiable Parts of his Character, which wonderfully endeared his Patron to him, and made him conceive a very tender Friendship for him. The continued Favour of the Emperor furnished our Poet with such a Competency, as left him at full liberty to retire, and enjoy the Fruits of the Imperial Bounty. He feelingly, in many Places, describes the Pleasures of a Country Life, and the Delights of his little Villa at *Tibur*, and of one he had in the Country of the *Tarentines*. His Love of Retirement increasing with his Age, he formed the Resolution at length of leaving the City, and spent the Remainder of his Days in the Ease and Privacy of a rural Life. He died about fifty-seven, on the twenty-seventh of *November*; his Friend *Mecænas* died the Beginning

I

ginning of the same Month. *Horace* did not survive him long enough to write his *Elegy*; he was so deeply affected with his Loss, that it contributed to shorten his Life. He was buried near *Mecænas's* Tomb, and by his last Words declared *Augustus* his Heir, the Violence of his Distemper being such, that he was not able to sign his Will. He was wholly indifferent as to any magnificent Funeral Rites, or fruitless Sorrows for his Death; he was confident of Immortality from his Works.

— *Absint inani funere naniæ*, &c. Lib. ii. Od. 20.

*Say not I died, or shed a Tear,  
Nor round my Ashes mourn;  
Nor of my needless Obsequies take care;  
All Pomp and State is left upon an empty Urn.*

*HORACE* was of a cheerful Temper, fond of Ease and Liberty, prompt to serve his Friend, and grateful to his Benefactors; of a tender and amorous Disposition; warm and passionate, but soon pacified. He was gay, and gave far into the Gallantries of the Age, till Time stole upon his Amours; but even Fifty could not save him. Love even then resumed his wonted Empire, and after he had for some Time bid him farewell, made him feel his Omnipotence. After this Attack he seems to have mastered his Passions, and from this Time lived in an undisturbed and philosophical Tranquillity. He loved good Company and a cheerful Glass, but being a Person of an elegant Taste in Conversation, he affected an intire Freedom, and ordained

dain'd that the Glasſhould circulate, or ſtand ſtill at the Diſcretion of his Gueſts. He was ſhort and corpulent, as *Augustus* in a Letter to him informs us, comparing him to the Book he ſent him, which was a little thick Volume. He was grey-headed about forty, of a weak Conſtitution, and ſubject to ſore Eyes, which made him uſe little Exercise, and he was better able to bear Heat than Cold. This made him ſpend the Winter Seaſon at *Tarentum*, which lies in the warmeſt Climate of all *Italy*.

*Corporis exigui, præcanum, ſolibus aptum.*

*Grown Grey before the time, I hate the Cold,  
And court the Warmth.*

The Works of *Horace* conſiſt of five Books of *Odes*, his *Carmen Seculare*, two Books of *Satires*, two of *Epistles*, and his Letter to the two *Piſos* upon the *Art of Poetry*. The *Ode*, ſays *Rapin*, ought to have as much Statelineſs, Elevation, and Transport, as the *Eclogue* has of Simplicity and Modesty. It is not only the Wit that heightens it, but likewiſe the Matter, for its Uſe is to chant the Praises of the Gods, and to celebrate the illuſtrious Actions of Great Men, ſo it requires in order to ſuſtain all the Majeſty of its Character, an exalted Nature, a daring Fancy, an Expreſſion noble and elevated, yet pure and correct. All the Sprightlineſs and Life which Art poſſeſſeth by its Figures, is not ſufficient to heighten the *Ode* ſo far as its Character requires. But the reading alone of *Pindar* is more capable of inspiring

this Taste and Genius, than all the Reflections in the World. *Horace* found the Art to join all the Force and exalted Flights of *Pindar* with all the Sweetness and Delicacy of *Anacreon*, to make himself a new Character, by uniting the Perfections of these two. For besides that he had a Wit naturally agreeable, he had Dignity in his Conceptions, and Delicacy in his Thoughts and Sentiments. The Parts of his Odes that he was willing to finish are always Master-pieces, but it requires a very clear Apprehension to discern all his Wit; there are many secret Graces and hidden Beauties in his Verse, that few can discover. He is the only *Latin* Author that writ well in this Species of Composition among the Ancients.

HORACE, says *Scaliger*, is the most exact and elaborate of all the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets; his *Lyrics* have an harmonious and majestic Sound; his *Odes* are so full of Fancy and Beauty, so much Purity in the Style, so great a Variety, and such new Turns in the Figures, that they are not only Proof against the Censure of Critics, but also above the highest Encomiums. These Compositions of his are of several Sorts, they are either Moral, Panegyric, or Bacchanalian; in his Lyric Poems upon divine Matters he is grave and majestic; in those which contain the Praise of his Heroes, pompous and sublime; in those that relate to Pleasure and free Enjoyment, gay and lively. In his *Iambics* he is severe and cutting. That which will distinguish his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and Numerousness of his Verse; there is nothing so delicately turned

in all the *Roman* Language. There appears in his whole Diction, a kind of noble and exalted Purity. His Words are chosen with as much Exactness as *Virgil's*, but there seems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a secret Happiness attends his Choice, which in *Petranius* is called *Cyriosa Felicitas*, which I suppose he borrowed from the *felicitate audere* of *Horace* himself. But the most distinguishing Part of all his Character seems to be his Sprightliness, his Jollity, and his Good-humour. His *Carmen Seculare* he composed at the express Command of *Augustus*.

HORACE, from his natural Temper, was inclinable to Satire, but rather to genteel Railery than sharp Reproaches; he seems capable by his Genius of any Thing, but chiefly applied himself to Satire, by the Tendency of his natural Gaiety, which made him rally so pleasantly upon all Occasions. He had discovered in his Nature the Seeds of this Character, which he afterwards cultivated with so much Success: And being a Courtier himself, and a little loose in his Morals, it was Prudence in him to indulge his Vein rather in exposing the Fopperies and Absurdities of the Age, than scourging its Vices, which were certainly great and numerous enough, though Men had not yet triumphed in such open and monstrous Enormities, as must dishonour any other Reign but that of *Nero* and *Domitian*. He was not a proper Person to arraign the scandalous Vices, at least if the Stories which are told of him are true, that he practised some of them, which out of Honour to him, I forbear to mention. It was not for a



*Clodius* to accuse Adulterers, especially when *Augustus* was of that Number; so that, though his Age was not exempt from the most scandalous Enormities, yet our Poet was not a fit Person to expose them, because he was guilty of some of these shameful Immoralities.

THIS Poet has peculiarly adapted the Style of his Verse to the Design of his Work, it is nearly allied to Prose in his Satires and Epistles. By this Means he pursues his Subject more closely, and reasons without declaiming. He ransacked the Schools of the Philosophers, and extracted from them a System of admirable Principles for the Direction of Human Life. There is not, says *Blondel*, any Thing among the Ancients, which is more proper to imprint upon the Mind true Sentiments of moral Honesty, than the Works of *Horace*. His Advice is applicable to all Occasions, he includes in his Discourses not only all the Rules of Morality, but also of polite Conversation. He is teaching us in every Line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the Skill of *Virgil* to hide his Sentiments, to give you the Virtue of them without shewing them in their full Extent. Folly was the proper Quarry of *Horace*, and not Vice; and as there are but few notoriously wicked Men, in comparison with Shoals of Fools and Fops, so it is a harder Thing to make a Man wise than to make him honest. His penetrating Wit left nothing untouched, he entered into the inmost Recesses of Nature, found out the Imperfections even of the most Wise and Grave, as well as of the Common People. He laughs in order to shame Folly,  
and

and insinuates Virtue rather by familiar Examples than by Severity of didactic Precepts. His Satires and Epistles, besides their Salt and Spirit, have the Air of a genteel Negligence, and unaffected Ease, which no Study or Diligence of Imitation can reach. There is that Purity of Style, and Pleasantry of Humour, that are no less admirable and entertaining in their Kind, than the Grandeur and Magnificence of *Virgil*. He every where evinces himself to be a Scholar and a Critic, a Gentleman and a Courtier. His Sprightliness of Imagination is tempered with Judgment, and he is both a pleasant Wit, and a Man of singular good Sense. If he had undertaken an *Epic* Poem, no doubt but he would have succeeded. That Passage is wonderfully commended, wherein he pleads his Incapacity for *Heroic* Poetry in lofty and Heroic Lines;

———*Cupidum, Pater optime, Vires  
Deficiunt, nec enim quivis horrentia pilis  
Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspidè Gallos,  
Aut labentis equo describit vulnera Parthi.*

*I have the Will, but when I strive to fly,  
My Wing's too weak, nor can I soar so high,  
For 'tis not every one can paint a War,  
How Iron Armies dreadful gay appear,  
The Galli falling by a braver Force,  
Or wounded Parthians tumbling from their Horse.*

His Treatise *de Arte Poeticâ*, which is really no more than an Epistle to the two *Pisos*, is an excellent Piece of Criticism on Dramatic Composition,

position, as well as his other Epistles and Satires, yet it is supposed to be a Work not so accurately finished as might reasonably have been expected from the Hand of so great a Master. The Oeconomy, says *Vossius*, which *Horace* has observed in his *Art of Poetry*, is not very regular or exact, all that he considered was, to accumulate a great many Rules and Precepts, without regarding Method or Order. This Piece is no more than an Interpretation of *Aristotle's* Treatise of Poesy, and this Poet was the first who proposed this great Model to the *Romans*; he observed as little Method as *Aristotle* did, because, perhaps, it was written in an Epistolary Form, whose Character ought to be free, and without Constraint.

BUT after all, says *Dryden*, the Delight which *Horace* gives me, is but languishing; he may ravish other Men, but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. When he barely grins himself, and, as *Scaliger* says, only shews his white Teeth, he cannot provoke to any Laughter. His Urbanity, that is, his Good Manners, are to be commended, but his Wit is faint; and his Subject, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. His low Style is according to his Subject, that is, generally groveling. He was a Rival to *Lucilius* his Predecessor, and was resolved to surpass him in his own Manner. *Lucilius*, as we see by his remaining Fragments, minded neither his Style nor his Numbers, nor his Purity of Words, nor his Run of Verse. *Horace* therefore copes with him in that humble Way of Satire, writes under his own Force, and carries a dead Weight that he may match his Competitor

Competitor in the Race. This I imagine was the chief Reason why he minded only the Clearness of his Satire, and the Cleanness of Expression. Without ascending to those Heights, to which his own Vigour might have carried him; but limiting his Desires only to the Conquest of *Lucilius*, he had his Ends of his Rival who lived before him, but made Way for a new Conquest over himself by *Juvenal*, his Successor.

HORACE, for aught I know, might have tickled the People of his Age; but among the Moderns, continues *Dryden*, he is not so successful. They who, say he, entertain so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the Quickness of their own Understandings, that they can see Jest farther off than other Men. They may find Occasion of Laughter in the *Wit-Battle* of the two *Buffoons*, *Sarmentus* and *Cicetrus*, and hold their Sides for fear of bursting, when *Rupilius* and *Persius* are scolding. For my own Part, I can only like the Character of all four, which are judiciously given; but for my Heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid Raillery. I see not why *Persius* should call upon *Brutus* to revenge him on his Adversary, and that because he had killed *Julius Cæsar* for endeavouring to be a King, therefore he should be desired to murder *Rupilius*, only because his Name was *King*. A miserable Clench, in my Opinion, for *Horace* to record. Were all his Satires of this Strain, the Poet would certainly have forfeited, by writing them, all the Reputation he had gained by his Odes. But this seems to have been a Juvenile Work, and therefore the more excusable.

## BEST EDITIONS of HORACE.

- Typis elegantiss. prodiit è Typographiâ regiâ *Parisiis*, 1642. Folio. 10s. 6d.
- Cum Commentariis & Emendat. *Dion. Lambini & A. Turnebi*, accedunt *Theod. Marculii* Lectiones. *Parisi*, 1604. Folio. 10s. 6d.
- Commentario *Lævini Torrentii*. *Antv.* 1608. 4to. 5s.
- Paraphrasi explicatus a *Lubino*. *Franc.* 1612. 4to. 3s.
- Typis grandioribus & elegantiss. prodiit editio accuratissima. *Cantab.* 1699. 4to. 1l. 1s.
- Ex Emendatione celeberr. *Ric. Bentleyi*. *Cantab.* 1711. 4to. 10s. 6d.
- Interpretatione ac Notis illustravit *Ludov. Desprez*, in usum sereniss. *Delpb.* *Parisi*. 1691. 4to. 10s. 6d.
- Notis Integris *Joh. Bond* & selectis Variorum a *Schrevelio*. *L. Bat.* 1670. 10s. 6d.
- Animadvers. *Dan. Heinsii*. Typis *Elzevir.* *L. Bat.* 1629. 10s. 6d.
- Baxter's Horace*, 8vo. *Lond.* 1725. An excellent Edition. *Baxter* is a very elegant and judicious Critic.
- Baxter's Horace*, reprinted with additional Notes by *Gesner*, 8vo. *Leipsic*, 1752. 5s.
- Horatii Opera*, 12mo. *Glasg.* 1745. One of the correctest Books ever printed.
- Sandby's Horace*, 2 vols. 8vo. *Lond.* 1749. 15s.

## M. TIBULLUS.

## A. TIBULLUS.

**A**LBIUS TIBULLUS, the Prince of the Elegiac Writers, was born at *Rome* about Six hundred and ninety Years after the Foundation of the City. That he was born on the same Day with *Ovid* is an Error that was perpetuated a long time, but is now fully discovered and given up. He had the Name of *Albius*, some suppose, from the Fairness of his Complexion. *Horace* seems to give another Turn to it, when, whether designedly or accidentally, he plays upon his Name.

*Albi, nostrorum sermonum Candide Judex.*

His Family was of principal Note, his Parents being of the Equestrian Order, illustrious both in Peace and War; with the Advantages of a Noble Birth, he received the additional Privilege of a large Estate, and the Graces of a beautiful and comely Person.

He scarce began to be known to the World, before he found the Favour and Friendship of *Messala Corvinus*, one of the bravest and politest Men among the *Romans*, a Patron worthy our Poet, famous as to martial Affairs, an admirable Judge of Learning, and an excellent Orator; in which Line he was so remarkable, that *Cicero* had

had an extraordinary Value for him, when but young. To this Great Man *Virgil* dedicated his *Ciris*; *Horace* mentions him with great Respect, and *Quintilian* ranks him among the great Masters of Oratory.

THESE Advantages of Wealth and Beauty, added to a gay Temper, led our Poet very early into a Pursuit of those Pleasures and Extravagances to which Youth are usually inclined; among which a Passion for Women, and the Pursuits of Love were the chief. The first Mistress that engaged his Mind, was that Lady whom he addresses under the Name of *Delia*; but *Apuleius* has obliged us with her real Name, which was *Plania*: Whether she was married during the time of his Amours with her or before, is doubtful; he in some Places writing to her and inviting her into the Country, as if disengaged from any Confinement; and in others railing at the strict Watch kept over her, and advising her to deceive them: Arts which she presently learned, and to that Perfection, as to deceive even her Instructor; and notwithstanding his Fondness for her, had more Favours than were consistent with the Quiet and Tranquillity of *Tibullus*.

HIS second Mistress was she who is called *Neera*, though placed the third in his Works; but since *Ovid* has told us that *Nemesis* is the last, it is to be supposed this Lady was between *Delia* and her. The Name is by *Fabricius* said to be generally applied to a Woman of the Town, but I think without the least Reason, since we find it frequently applied to Persons not bearing that Character. Thus *Homer* uses it, and *Flac-*

as reckons it among the Names of the chief Women of *Lemnos*; to which we may add the faithful Attendant upon *Cleopatra* at her Death. Nor can it be imagined that she was a Woman of a loose Character, since he addresses her, impressed with greater Awe and with less Familiarity than the rest, seems to expostulate with her upon her Unkindness in disliking him, rather than her Baseness in deceiving him, and by calling her Chaste, has removed all Cause for such Suspicion; he seems to have a Desire of marrying her, but upon being disappointed we hear no more mention of her. And *Ovid* is silent upon this Account when he reckons up his other Mistresses, I suppose having a Regard to her as a Woman of Quality and Character. It is not unlikely that this is the *Glycera* whom *Horace* mentions in his Epistle to *Tibullus*, when he bids him not to be overtroubled at her esteeming another more than him, though some think this is spoken of *Nemesis*.

His third and last Mistress was *Nemesis*, a Person for whom he seems to express the greatest Passion, a Woman of a covetous and mercenary Temper, of which he frequently complains. *Ovid* makes mention of this Lady as much celebrated by him, as does *Martial* also, and gives her a Character not very commendable. As for *Sulpicia*, whom he has likewise complimented, she seems to be no otherwise a Favourite of his, than as she was esteemed by *Messala* and *Cerintus*, tho' some deny that Elegy in Praise of *Sulpicia* to be written by him, but take it to be composed by some Person in the time of *Domitian*; and that she was the same whom *Martial*



likewise celebrates, Wife of *Calenus*. But tho' there is such a Person mentioned by *Martial*, it is by no means to be inferred from hence, that there was no other fine Woman of that Name but she; nor was it worth any other Poet's while to invent all those little Pieces in the fourth Book, and fix the Names of *Messala* and *Cerintus* to them; they rather seem to be the gay Effect of some little Incidents in their Acquaintance. She is here in one Place called the Daughter of *Servius Sulpicius*, who was Consul, and killed at *Mutina*, being sent thither by the Senate against *Anthony*. Whoever she was, she is supposed to be a singular Favourite of *Messala*, and celebrated by him in his Poems; which *Virgil* intimates in writing to *Messala*.

THUS *Tibullus* gaily trifled away the early Part of his Life, and made Use of the Advice he gives others to employ their Time, and seize every Pleasure as it flies. But however he might value the Ladies, there lies a heavy Charge against him of a detestable Crime, too common in that Age, as it is in this. Some Part of his Writings give too much Cause of Suspicion; but this perhaps may rather proceed from the injudicious Conjectures of his Readers, than from any Inclination he had. The Notions of Platonic Love were too common at that Time, and it was no uncommon thing to write in a Style teeming with Terms too amorous for our Ears.

THE Persons he is said to esteem, were *Maratus* and *Titius*; the first was a *Phœnician*, and so called from a City in that Country called *Marathon*, mentioned by *Mela*, his true Name being *Cyrus*, as it was common to call Captives

or

or Slaves by the Name of Kings and Persons of former Note.

Lib. I. Eleg. 4.

*Alas ! how Marathus a thousand Ways  
Distracts my Soul, and kills me with Delays !  
No Rules or Precepts serve to gain his Love,  
Nor Arts avail, nor any Means can move ;  
Indulge my Love, lest I in Time shall grow  
A common Town-Talk, and a pointed Show,  
Scorn'd and derided by the youthful Train,  
For teaching Rules myself must own are vain.*

This is that Cyrus whom Horace speaks of as a Suitor of Pholoë.

*Albi, ne doleas, &c.*

Od. l. i. Od. 33.

*Albius desist, desist to mourn,  
Too mindful of fair Glycera's Scorn :  
Nor farther urge the mournful Strain,  
Nor chaunt soft Elegies in vain :  
Since she for one more young than you,  
Forgets her Faith, and breaks her Vow.  
Consider, fair Lycoris' Pain  
For Cyrus, meets a cold Disdain ;  
While Cyrus with a diff'rent View,  
Does proud Pholoë's Love pursue.  
But Wolves with Goats shall join, ere she  
Consent to one so vile as he.*

He was one of Horace's Rivals, and a dangerous one too ; for Horace represents him as a proud haughty Person, and a rash Punisher of a perfidious Mistress.

—Nec

—*Nec metues protervum, &c.* Od. l. i. Od. i7.

*Nor petulant Cyrus fear, he's far aworthy,  
He shall not see, nor seize, nor tear  
Thy Chaplet from thy Hair, &c.*

I suppose he was no great Favourite of *Horace* upon this Account, and therefore to this Character he in another Place adds that of a base, inconstant Man.

*TITIUS* is supposed to be that *Septimius*, or *Septimius Titius*, a Lyric Poet, who was familiar with *Horace*; he wrote likewise Tragedies and Comedies, but his Works are lost. He has, says the old Scholiast upon *Horace*, a famous Monument by the *Via Appia* at *Aricia*, a Town in *Latium*.

*Quid Titius, Romana brevi, &c.*

Epist. Lib. 2. Ep. 3.

*And what doth Titius, he of growing Fame,  
Who doth not fear to drink of Pindar's Stream,  
Who scorns known Springs and Lakes, that glorious be,  
And is he well, and doth he think of me?*

BUT the Life of *Tibullus* was not intirely devoted to Ease and Indolence; for about the twenty-eighth Year of his Age the *Pannonians* began to rebel, against whom *Messala* went, and with him our Poet, in which Expedition, he says, he saw a Man at *Arupinum* above a hundred Years old, and even then a vigorous active  
Soldier.

Soldier. His second Expedition was with *Messala* into *Syria*, of which he grievously complains in his last Elegy of the first Book. *Messala* was sent with an extraordinary Power into *Syria*, in which Expedition *Tibullus* attended him; but touching at *Corfu*, he fell dangerously ill, and was forced to stay behind upon that Island; but afterwards recovering, he followed him into *Cilicia*, *Syria*, and *Egypt*. If he had died of that Illness, he desired this Epitaph might be inscribed over him:

*Hic jacet inimiti consumptus morte Tibullus,  
Messalam terrâ dum sequiturque mari.*

His last Appearance in public Affairs was his attending *Messala* in the Expedition to *Aquitain*, whither *Messala* went Proconsul. In this War he behaved with Dignity, and was rewarded with military Honours. After which, returning to *Rome*, and being weary of a Course of Life spent partly in Folly, and partly in public Distractions, he began to think of devoting the rest of his Days to Ease and Quiet; and though his Estate was much impaired, yet having enough still left for all the Purposes of Life, he retired with Dignity; he withdrew to his ancient and pleasant Seat in *Pedana*, not far from *Rome*, where he applied himself chiefly to Philosophy, intermingling those Studies with the softer Amusements of Poetry.

*Albi, nostrorum sermonum, &c. Ep. l. i. Ep. 4.*

Albius !

Albius ! the finest Judge of all I write,  
 In what Amusement do you take delight ?  
 Do you at Pedan the soft Minutes use,  
 In writing what exceeds *Parmensis' Muse* ?  
 Or do you walk the silent healthy Wood,  
 Studying what's worthy of the Wise and Good ?  
 For thou'rt not all a Body void of Mind,  
 The Gods to thee a beauteous Form assign'd.  
 They gave thee Riches with a Hand profuse,  
 And gave thee gen'rous Power and Art to use.  
 What fonder Wishes could a Nurse employ,  
 For Heav'n's Indulgence on her fav'rite Boy ?  
 Than for a bounteous Share of Wit and Sense,  
 And Pow'r of Words and ready Eloquence,  
 Favour and Fame, and a continu'd Health,  
 And cleanly Diet, and sufficient Wealth ?

By the Muse of *Parmensis* he means *Cassius* of *Parma*, a celebrated Elegiac Poet, who, siding with *Brutus* and *Cassius*, was put to Death, after their Defeat, by Order of *Augustus*.

THIS Course of Life brought with it the additional Felicity of his contracting an intimate Friendship with the greatest Men of that Age, as *Virgil*, whom he copies exactly in his Prodigies, and therefore without Doubt had been familiar with his Works. He formed a strict Intimacy with *Horace*, the fittest Person to engage as a Friend ; being, as Sir *William Temple* has observed, the greatest Master of Life, and of true Sense in the Conduct of it. From him *Tibullus* has received a Compliment, greater perhaps than he has paid to any other Person,

when he calls him a polite and accurate Judge of his Works, and attributes to him an elegant and true Relish of his Writings. We find in his Works the Name of *Macer*, with whom he was doubtless familiar, whom some will have to be *Pompeius Macer*, Librarian to *Augustus*; but the Person here meant was the famous *Æmilius Macer*, who was likewise intimate with *Virgil*, and by him mentioned under the Name of *Mopsus*, as *Servius* has observed.

It has caused an Enquiry, what could be the Reason that *Tibullus* and *Propertius* make no Mention of each other, they being two Men at that Time very famous for the same Studies. Some have imagined it was Emulation in them: add to this, that *Propertius* is not a little full of himself, vainly ostentatious of his Learning, and boasts that he was the first who was successful in Elegy among the *Romans*. The Vanity of which, *Tibullus*, who was superior (as some conceive) both in Quality and Learning, saw with a silent Scorn, as doubtless did *Horace*, who never mentions him, though he was a Retainer to *Mecænas* his Patron.

HAPPY in such a Circle of Acquaintance, he lived respected, without troubling himself with State Affairs. He did not approve of the Conduct of Administration at that Time; he was a professed Enemy to Pomp and Grandeur, and so frequently dwells upon the Praises of the old Commonwealth and primitive *Roman* Simplicity, that we may reasonably suppose he was no great Friend to a Court exhibiting nothing but a Spectacle of Ostentation and Luxury. We do not in all his Works find him either praise  
the

the Government of *Augustus*, or the generous Administration of *Mecenas*, though all his Contemporaries have, and he could sometimes hardly avoid it; but as he had the rigid Pride not to flatter them, so he had the discreet Caution not to shew his Dislike, but chose rather to be silent. When he has recited all the Prodigies preceding the Death of *Cæsar*, he never mentions the Occasion of their appearing, and rather puts a Constraint upon his own Opinion, by passing over in Silence, what no other but himself would have done. As a competent Fortune secured him from Flattery in order to a Support, so his avoiding public Business protected him from the Shafts of Envy.

BUT eight Years were scarce spent in his happy Retirement, and he had but just Time to fix his Scheme of Life, and taste the Pleasures of Ease, when Death, eager for so valuable a Victim, seized him, and put an End to all his Designs. This happened in the forty-fourth Year of his Age, the same Year in which *Virgil* died. Whilst he lay dangerously ill, his great Concern was, that he could not embrace his *Delia* in his last Moments; but Fortune gratified him in this, for *Delia* and *Nemesis* paid him the last mournful Rites, and attended his Obsequies with the utmost Tenderness and Affection. *Domitius Marsus*, a Poet of that Time, has written this Epitaph:

*Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,  
Mors juvenem campos misit ad Elysios.  
Ne foret aut Elegis molles qui fleret amores,  
Aut caneret forti regia bella pede.*

*And*

*And you, Tibullus, Death constrain'd to go  
 Too soon with Virgil to the Fields below;  
 Lest any Poet should with us remain,  
 To weep soft Loves in Elegiac Vein,  
 Or sing of Battles in a lofty Strain.* }

THE Elegy of Ovid upon the Death of Tibullus is a fine Poem, and begins thus;

Amo. l. 3. El. 9.

*If fair Aurora wept for Memnon dead,  
 And Thetis Tears for her Achilles shed,  
 If mighty Goddesses to Grief must bow,  
 And be affected by inferior Woe;  
 Then weeping Elegy thy Locks unbind,  
 And throw thy Tresses careless to the Wind.  
 See the soft Master of thy moving Strain,  
 The easy, tender, Elegiac Vein,  
 See thy Tibullus' breathless Body laid;  
 With Flames surrounded on the funeral Bed.  
 See Venus' Son express the utmost Moan,  
 Revers'd his Quiver and his Arrows gone;  
 Venus herself cannot her Sorrows hide,  
 But grieves as much as when Adonis died.*

ELEGY, says Rapin, in Quality of its Name, is destined to Tears and Complaints, and therefore ought to be of a doleful Character; but it has been frequently used in Subjects of Tenderness and Matters of Love. The Latins have been more successful in this Species of Composition (by what appears to us) than the Greeks; for little remains to us of Philetas and Tyrtæus, who were famous in Greece for this Kind of Verse.



Verse. They who have written Elegy best among the *Latins*, are *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Ovid*. *Tibullus* is elegant and polite; *Propertius* exalted and sublime; but *Ovid* is to be preferred to both, because he is more natural, more pathetic, and more passionate, and thereby has better expressed the Character of Elegy than the others: But with all his Exactness, *Tibullus* falls short in his Panegyric of *Messala*; so hard it is to praise with Propriety. *Scaliger* likewise censures this Poem; he says it is so loose and careless, and so destitute either of Vigour or Harmony, that it is natural to believe it was published before it was finished, and that the Author had not Leisure to put his last Hand to it.

*QUINTILIAN*, an excellent Judge of the *Roman* Language, and of those who wrote in it, gives to *Tibullus* the Preference to all the Elegiac Writers. In Elegy, says he, we challenge the *Greek* Writers, of which the most terse, and the most elegant, in my Opinion, is *Tibullus*; some indeed prefer *Propertius* to him; *Ovid* is more lascivious than either of them, and *Gallus* more rough and unpolished.

It is certain that the Thoughts of this Poet throughout are inimitably soft and tender, humble and submissive, yet never groveling, abject, or mean; in his Writings, says *Lipsius*, the *Latin* Tongue appears in its true and native Elegance. This Writer, says *Scaliger*, is almost every where uniform, he is consistent with himself, and sustains his poetical Character; he generally gives one and the same Turn to Things; he is the most polite of all the Elegiac Writers;

Writers; but his so often using the infinitive Mood in the præterperfect Tense of five Syllables, such as *continuisse*, *discubuisse*, *increpuisse*, *pertinuisse*, and many others, is very unpleasing and inharmionious.

HE has left us four Books of *Elegies*; his Panegyric upon *Messala* is suspected; the small Pieces at the End of the fourth Book (except the Thirteenth) which *Scaliger* calls hard, languid, and rough, are so poor and trifling, that it is impossible to make any Thing of them. They either do not belong to *Tibullus*, or never received his last Hand, and have descended to us unfinished.

*Best EDITIONS of A. TIBULLUS.*

*Tibullus* ad opt. MSS. castigatus, Notis Var. Indicibus necnon Figuris illustratus a *Jano Brouckhusio*. *Amst.* 1708. 4to. 15s. This is a very valuable Edition, but the *Dutch* Editor has taken unwarrantable Liberties with the Text.

Dr. *Grainger's Tibullus*, 2 vols. 12mo. The Original correctly printed, together with his own elegant *English* Translation, and some judicious Notes. *Lond.* 1759. 6s.

*Tibullus*, Notis Variorum & *Vulpii*, 4to. *Patawii*, 1749. 15s. This infinitely surpasses, in every Respect, all the preceding Editions of *Tibullus*.

*PROPERTIUS.*

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## P R O P E R T I U S.

**SEXTUS AURELIUS PROPERTIUS**, an Elegiac Poet, descended from an Equeſtrian Family, was born at *Mevania*, a Town in *Umbria*: His Father was a Man of ſome Inter-eſt in his Country, and taking the Part of *Lucius Antonius*, was put to Death by the Command of *Auguſtus*, who ſeized upon his Eſtate, and reduced his Children to great Diſtreſs. He came to *Rome* very young, and giving up his Time and Studies to Poetry, to which his Genius naturally inclined him, he was ſoon diſtinguiſhed, and introduced into the Favour of the Chief of the Roman Wits, of *Mecænas*, of *Gallus*, *Ovid*, and *Tibullus*. *Mecænas* attending *Auguſtus* into *Greece*, had *Propertius* in his Company. He had a Houſe upon the *Eſquiline Mount*. He expreſſed the greateſt Tenderneſs for *Hoſtia* his Miſtreſs, whom he celebrated under the Name of *Cynthia*. *Martial* obſerves, that the Poet and the Miſtreſs were equally obliged to each other; he for being inſpired to write by her Charms and Beauties, and ſhe for being immortalized by his Elegies.

*Cynthia facundi Carmen juvenile Properti,  
Accepit ſamam, nec minus ipſa dedit.*

He is supposed to have been eight Years older than *Ovid*, and to have died about the fortieth of his Age, which is all that is recorded concerning him.

HE has left us four Books of Elegies ; and proposed chiefly to imitate *Callimachus* in this Species of Writing. A particular Account of whom is to be found among the *Greek Poets*. He had two other favourite Writers, whom he admired and studied to imitate, *Mimnermus* and *Philetas* ; a short Character of these Poets will serve to illustrate and explain the Abilities of *Propertius*. *Mimnermus* was much older than *Callimachus*, was born at *Colophon*, and lived in the Time of *Solon*. There are but few Fragments of his remaining, yet sufficient to shew him an accomplished Master of Elegy, in which, though *Quintilian* has given *Callimachus* the Palm, yet *Horace* makes *Mimnermus* the Superior.

*Discedo Alcæus, &c.*

*Then straight in his Opinion I'm divine  
Alcæus ; well ; and what is he in mine ?  
Callimachus, or would he more ? Mimnermus'*

*Fame*

*He gains, and glories in a borrow'd Name.*

*Propertius* on the Subject of Love, and in the Description of the softer Pleasures, ventures to prefer him to *Homer*, as the more easy, and the more pathetic of the two :

*Plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero,  
Carmina mansuetus lænia quærit amor.*

Greater

Greater in Love *Mimnerm* than *Homer* reigns,  
For gentle Love demands as gentle Strains.

His Temper seems to have been as truly poetical as his Writings, entirely devoted to Pleasure and Love, and an Enemy to the lightest Cares of common Business. *Horace* has quoted his Opinion about the Insignificancy of all human Enjoyments, if not tempered with pleasant Humours and easy Passions.

*Si Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque,  
Nil est jacundum, vivas in amore jocisque.*

If nothing, as *Mimnermus* strives to prove,  
Can e'er be pleasant without wanton Love.

This Poet was a Player on the Flute as well as a Writer of Elegies; and *Nanno*, the Lady that passes for his Mistress, is recorded to have gotten her Livelihood by the same Profession. *Hermesianax* in *Athenæus* makes him the Father of Elegy, and the Inventor of the Pentameter Verse.

Μίμνερμος δὲ τὸν ἥδυν, &c.

*Mimnermus* first to charm his racking Care,  
Fram'd the soft Spirit of Pentameter.

**PHILETAS** was of the Island of *Coos*, and flourished in the Time of *Alexander* the Great; *Propertius* pays him a signal Compliment; he says, that the Muse *Calliope*, in order to qualify him to write upon the Delicacies of Love,  
inspired

inspired him with the Spirit of *Philetas*, which he calls dipping him in the *Philetean* Stream.

——— *Lymphisque a fonte petitis,  
Ora Phileteâ nostra rigavit aquâ.*

THE three Masters of Elegy were *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, and *Ovid*; *Tibullus* has a mellifluous Sweetness in his Hexameters, which exceeds that of all the Elegiac Writers; *Ovid* was too negligent in his Versification, and *Propertius* too stiff and harsh in his, especially in making his Pentameters generally end with a Word of many Syllables; this he does in his very first Distich:

*Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,  
Contactum nullis ante Cupidinibus.*

In Pentameters likewise *Tibullus* is greatly superior; *Propertius* has too much affected the Cadence of the *Greek* Pentameters, which does not so well agree with the Genius of the *Latin* Tongue; and *Ovid* is not alike easy and soft in his. Though the Verse of *Tibullus* flows more smoothly, yet *Propertius* in Art and Labour exceeded them all; he first led the Way, those who followed had the Use of his Example, and he may be justly ranked among those *Greek* Poets he proposed for his Imitation.

THE Critics pronounce with Candour upon the Writings of *Propertius*; *Manesius* prefers him to all who have written Elegy among the *Latins*; for, says he, though *Tibullus* be wonderfully pleasant and elegant, and much more

correct in the *Latin* Language than he, (who often imitates the *Greek* Poets) and is also more elaborate and exact in his Verse, yet *Propertius* seems to excel him in Learning, and also in Sweetness and Amiability of Temper and Disposition; but though *Propertius* was of such a sweet calm Temper, yet he sometimes expresses his Passion with as much Heat and Vehemence as the most ardent and impetuous Lover of them all. *Barthius* calls him a most ingenious, a most accurate, and a most learned Writer, and incomparably well skilled in the *Greek* Elegancies. He who loves not *Propertius*, can never be a Favourite of the Muses; so great a Sweetness is there in his Verses that as the Comic Poet observes, *Nil nisi mulsæ loquitur*; Every Word in them seems mingled with Honey. So replete with Erudition are they, that one is disposed to think they were dictated by *Apollo* himself. Only, says *Turnebus*, I could wish he had employed his most elegant Fancy upon some other Subject than that of Love, that he might be read by Youth with greater Safety, than now he can. *Lipsius* allows that there is much abstruse Learning in *Propertius*, and that besides the Elegancy and Acuteness of his Sentiments, there are many Things, even in his very Words, which deserve both our Notice and our Praise. One Thing indeed is very new, and I cannot tell, says he, whether the like can be found in any other Author; and that is, his peculiar Way of using the Simple Verbs instead of the Compounds, and from a strange Idea of Elegancy, giving the Simple Verbs the very same Signification that the Compounds ought

## PROPERTIUS. 267

ought to have, which he often does. To illustrate this, I will give you an Example or two : Thus you shall find in this Poet the Verb *seſſari* used for *inſeſſari*, *teſſari* for *deſteſſari*, contrary to all other Authors. Many other Inſtances of the like Nature may be found in this Writer, of which, whoever is ignorant, may be involved in great Difficulties in reading this *Latin* Poet.

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### EDITIONS of PROPERTIUS.

*Sex. Aur. Propertii Elegiz, ex MSS. recenſitæ Notis Jani Brouckhuſii. Amſt. 1702. 4to.*

A Second Edition, more correct and ample, 4to. *Amſt. 1727. 15s.*

*Propertius, Notis Variorum & Vulprii, 2 vols. 4to. Patavii, 1755. 1l. 11s. 6d.* The beſt Edition of *Propertius* yet published. It is impoſſible to read *Propertius* with Satisfaction and Pleaſure in any other Edition.

## N 2 PHÆDRUS,



## P H Æ D R U S,

A Latin Poet, by Birth a *Thracian*; *Linus* and *Orpheus* were of the same Country, for which Reason he resolved to celebrate its Honour.

*Cùm fomno inerti, &c.*

Præf. l. 3.

He says, his Mother was delivered of him on the *Pierian Hill*, immortalized by the Poets, for being the Birth-place of the Muses.

*Ego quem Pierio, &c.*

Præf. l. 3.

His Parentage is uncertain, as well as the Time of his Birth. He is supposed to have been taken Captive by *Octavius* the Father of *Augustus* in the *Thracian Wars*, who made a Present of him to his Son. The Emperor finding in his young Slave a Disposition for Learning, attended with great Industry, gave him all the Advantages of a liberal Education, and at length made him free. He retained a grateful Remembrance of his Patron's Favour, makes honourable Mention of him upon all Occasions, and after his Death paid a venerable Respect to his Memory. *Tiberus* succeeding in the Empire, *Phædrus* unhappily fell under the unjust Dis-  
pleasure

pleasure of *Sejanus* the Prime Minister, and after the Exile of *Æsop*, composed some Fables, which had a particular Regard to his own Misfortunes :

*Ego porro illius, &c.* Præf. 1. 3.

*AUGUSTUS* was very liberal to *Phædrus*, but he neglected the Opportunity he enjoyed of growing rich, observing the Danger that in those distracted Times attended upon Persons of large Fortunes. He was tinctured with the common Vanity of Authors ; he was certain he should acquire Immortality by his Writings, and eternize his Patron *Particulo* to all Posterity :

*Particulo, chartis, &c.* Fab. 5. 1. 5.

He deems it an Honour done him, that a Person of *Particulo*'s Judgment should approve his Fables.

*Mihi parva laus est, &c.*

HE had another Patron, whom he calls *Eutychus* ; to whom he has inscribed his third Book. He lived to a great Age, and is supposed to have been about seventy at the Time of his Death.

So short is the Account that remains of this Writer, of whom so little Notice is taken by the Ancients. He translated the Fables of *Æsop* into *Iambic Verse*, as he says himself in the Preface of his Work, which contains five Books :

*Æsopus author, &c.*

*Francis Pithæus* was the first who recovered the Fables of *Phædrus*, and *Peter* his Brother published the first Edition; afterwards, in the Year sixteen hundred, they were edited by *Nicholas Rigaltius*, and dedicated to the great *Thuanus*. His Fables are generally a Work valued by the Learned for the Purity of the Language, which is very like that of *Terence*, and they who imagine they discover something barbarous in his Style, rather suppose there must be something of this in it because he was a *Thracian*, than that they can ever really find it so.

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## EDITIONS of PHÆDRUS.

Notis & elegantissimis figuris illustratus in Usam Principis Nassavii, a *Dav. Hoogstratano*. Typis grandioribus. *Amst.* 1701. 10s. 6d.

Notis Variorum & *Petri Burmanni*. 8vo. *L. Bat.* 1698. 6s.

*Burman's Phædrus*, 4to. *L. Bat.* 1727. 10s. 6d.

Another Edition not so correct was published, 4to. *L. Bat.* 1744. 10s. 6d.

MARCUS

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## MARCUS MANILIUS.

**T**HIS old *Latin* Poet is little known, though as worthy of our Acquaintance as many of those who are in great Credit : He lay entombed in the *German* Libraries, and was never heard of till *Poggius* published him near two Centuries ago. There is a dead Silence concerning him among the Learned of Antiquity, as if he had never been, nor can his greatest Admirers find any Character of him in ancient Writers.

**Y**ET it must be owned, that he is an Author of some considerable Age ; the severest Critics allow him to be as old as *Theodosius* the Great, and pretend to find some particular Phrases in him, which are indubitable Characters of that Time.

**O**THERS, who believe they have very good Reasons to place him higher, find it very difficult to account for this universal Silence : He is not, they say, mentioned by *Ovid* in his Catalogue of Poets, and no Wonder, since he did not begin to write before the Banishment of *Ovid*, and published nothing before his Death : His Fame did not reach so far as *Pontus*, otherwise they are confident there are too many Graces in his Poem to be neglected ; at least the Singularity of his Subject would have deserved to be taken Notice of. But why *Quintilian* doth not

propose him to his Orator, though he encourages him to read *Macer* and *Lucretius*, and affirms that a competent Skill in Astronomy is necessary in order to make him perfect in his Profession? Why the following Philologists never appeal to his Authority, though it might very often have been pertinently cited by *A. Gellius* and *Macrobius*? Why the Grammarians and Mythologists seem to be unacquainted with his Writings? They confess these are Questions not easy to be answered.

OF this Poet, who is universally acknowledged to have lain very long unknown, and about whom, since he first appeared in the World, so many Controversies have risen, I am to give some Account. His Name is commonly said to be *Marcus Manilius*, which in some Copies of his Poem is shortened into *Manlius*; in others softened in *Mallius*. This Variation is considerable, and the common Fault of inaccurate Transcribers. He is sometimes called *Caius*, but it is a Matter of no great Consequence whether his Name was *Caius* or *Marcus*; it is no fit Subject for Dispute, because impossible to be determined.

THIS *M.* or *C. Manilius* was born a *Roman*, lived in *Rome* when *Rome* was in her Glory, commanding the largest Part of the known World, and adorned with the greatest Men that ever any Age produced. This may be easily collected from various Instances through the Course of the Poem. The same Age that saw *Manilius*, gloried in *Varro*, *Lucretius*, *Cicero*, *Cæsar*, *Virgil*, *Varius*, and *Horace*. In the Beginning of this Astronomical Poem the Emperor  
*Augustus*

*Augustus* is invoked; that very Emperor, who was the adopted Son of *Julius Cæsar*, who beat *Brutus* and *Cassius* at *Philippi*, overthrew *Pompey* the Great's Son; who sent *Tiberius* to *Rhodes*; who lost three Legions in *Germany*, under the Command of *Varus*; who routed *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* at *Actium*; and saved the Roman Empire, by turning that overgrown dissolute Republic into a well-regulated Monarchy. Here are so many Characters, that the Person cannot be mistaken, not one of them agreeing to any but the first Great *Augustus*. So that this Author lived in that Age to which he lays Claim by so many very particular Circumstances, or else he is a most notorious Cheat, and one of the greatest Impostors in the World. It is almost needless to mention the Exceptions of those Critics who think his Style impure, or, as they please to speak, too barbarous for the Age he arrogates to himself: Indeed *Gyraldus* endeavours by this very Argument to prove he was no *Roman* born; but *Scaliger* treats him with Ridicule for his Attempt, and tells him, that he does not distinguish between Idiotisms and Barbarisms: And the learned *Vossius*, after he had studied this Poet, and considered his Diction critically, found nothing inconsistent in him with the Age of *Augustus*, and the Politeness of his Court; and indeed most of the Instances that are produced upon this Head, do not fasten upon the Author himself, but on the Transcribers and Publishers of his Writings.

THIS Writer not only lived in the *Augustian* Age, but was born under the Reign of that Emperor, was not only a *Roman*, but of illustrious

Extraction, being a Branch of that Noble Family the *Manilii*, who so often filled the Consular Chair, and discharged the best and greatest Offices in the *Roman* Commonwealth. Some indeed have affirmed, that he was of servile Condition, and being made free, according to Custom, took the Name of his Patron ; but how should he be a Slave, when he expressly declares himself to be a *Roman* born ? For in his fourth Book he shews a Concern for the Interest of the *Roman* Commonwealth down as low as the Age of *Hannibal*,

*Speratum Annibalem nostris cecidisse catenis,*

*Hannibal then destined to our Chains ;*

Which he could not with any Propriety have done, had his Relation to that State commenced so lately, or had his Ancestors had no Interest in the Losses and Victories of *Rome*. And since he was born a *Roman*, and of the Family of the *Manilii*, we may further from some other Evidences conclude, that he sprung from a very considerable, if not one of the noblest Branches of it ; for if we reflect that though he died young, yet he had been well instructed in the several Tenets of the ancient Philosophers, accurately taught the Doctrine of the Stoics, conducted through all the intricate Mazes and Subtilties of Astrology ; that he was acquainted with Mathematics, knew all the Mythology of the Ancients, and had read through the *Greek* Poets ; we shall find in him all the Signs of a very liberal and expensive Education, and consequently

requently that he was either of considerable Quality, or at least that he had a considerable Fortune. But if we reflect farther, that he was conversant at Court, and acquainted with the adulatory Style of the Palace, that he made his Eulogies in the same Phrase that the most finished Courtier ever employed, we may raise another probable Argument, that he was a Person of Distinction. Now the Reflection may be supported by one Observation made on the Compliment he pays *Tiberius* when at *Rhodes*. He styles him *Magni Mundi Lumen*, using the very same Word which we find in *Velleius Paterculus*, who wrote this Court Language upon the very same Occasion. *Alterum Reipublicæ Lumen Tiberius, secessit Rhodum, ne Fulgor suus orientium Juvenum C. & L. Cæsar obstaret initiis*, says that Historian.

As to the Place of his Birth, since we find him at *Rome* when he wrote this Poem, and no Author fixes his Abode any where else, it may with some Shew of Probability be concluded that he was born in that City, in which we are certain he both studied and led his Life. But if we consider farther, that he takes all Occasions to shew his Respect for *Rome*, that with Zeal he mentions those extravagant Honours which the Flattery of *Asia*, and the Vanity of her own Citizens had put upon her, we shall find so much Veneration in his Writings, that it could not well rise from any other Source than that Piety which Men of generous Spirits always retain for the Places of their Nativity.

THE Poem of *Manilius*, which at length emerged from German Darkness into Light,



contains a System of Ancient Astronomy and Astrology, together with the Philosophy of the Stoics. This Work consists of five Books, he began it when he was young, and did not live to finish his Design, or accurately revise what he had written. He wrote a sixth Book, but this has not been recovered. That he was young when he composed this Work may be demonstrated almost from every Page of it; he is too fierce and impetuous for an advanced Age, and bounds every Step he takes. When he is obliged to give Rules, and is restricted almost to a certain Form of Words, he struggles against these necessary Fetters, he aspires after the strongest Metaphors, uses the boldest Catachreses, and, against all the Rules of Decorum, labours after an *Obscure Sublime*, when he should endeavour to be plain, intelligible and easy; but as soon as he hath Room to expatiate, how wildly doth he rove? He is not free but licentious, and strives to err greatly. It is needless to produce Particulars, since they are so manifest in the Prefaces, Fables and Descriptions through his Books; and upon the whole, it may be affirmed, there are so many Boldnesses scattered through his Poem, that a Man may read his Youth in his Writings, as well as his Contemporaries could do it in his Countenance. On the contrary, when we find a Warmth in a Man of Years, we feel it to be regular, he never starts, his Pace is equal, and seldom varies, but when his Subject stimulates him to a more than ordinary Velocity.

By observing that *Manilius* began this Poem when he was young, from his dying young,  
and

and leaving his Work uncorrect without his last Hand, we may be able to give a tolerable Account of some seeming Difficulties that relate to this Author; for if it should be asked, Why the first Book is more correct than the rest? Why the Inaccuracies of Style the Critics charge upon him are for the most Part selected out of the four last Books? I would answer, we have only the first rude Sketches of them, and that as Poets and Painters are said to be near allied, so they agree in nothing more than they do in this, that though in their *Sketches* we see the Master, yet we may find something that the *Finisher* would correct. To him, who asks why there is no Mention of this Poet in any of the Ancients, I reply, that *Manilius* having left an unfinished Piece, his Family was studious both of his Credit and their own; they carefully preserved the Orphan, but would not expose it. In that Age, when Poetry was raised to its greatest Height, it had argued the utmost Fondness, or the extreme Folly, in a noble Family, to have published a crude unfinished Poem, and by this Conduct engaged their Honour to defend it.

THIS *Manilius*, without Doubt, had a liberal Education, suitable to his Quality, and the Time in which he lived; but his Poem particularly shews him to be well acquainted with the Principles of the several Sects of Philosophers, but addicted to the Stoics, whose Tenets, in the great Out-lines bear a very near Resemblance to some of the Theories that are now in fashion. The modern Philosophers build Worlds according

ing to the Models of the ancient Heathens, and *Zeno* is the chief Architect.

THE Stoic Principles were in short these: They say, there is One Infinite Eternal Almighty Mind, which being diffused through the whole Universe of well ordered and regularly disposed Matter, actuates every Part of it, and is as it were the Soul of this vast Body. The Parts of this Body, they say, are of two Sorts, the Celestial, *viz.* the Planets and the fixed Stars, and the Terrestrial, *viz.* the Earth, and all the other Elements about it. The Celestial continue still the same without any Change or Variation, but the whole sublunary World is not only liable to Dissolution, but often hath been, and shall be again, dissolved by Fire. From this Chaos, which because it is made by Fire, they call Fire, they say another System will arise, the several Particles of it settling according to their respective Weights. Thus the Earth would sink lowest, the Water would be above that, the Air next, and the Fire encompass the other three. But because all the earthy Parts are not equally rigid, nor equally dispersed through the Chaos, therefore there would be Cavities and Hollows in some Places, fit to receive the Water, and to be Channels for Rivers. In other Places, Hills and Mountains would rise, and the whole System appear in that very Form and Figure which it now bears. They farther add, that this Infinite Mind hath made one general Decree concerning the Government of the lower World, and executes it by giving such and such Powers to the Celestial Bodies,

Bodies, as are sufficient and proper to produce the designed Effects. This Decree thus executed they call Fate, and upon this Principle their whole System of Astrology depends. That some Things happened in the World which were very unaccountable, every Day's Experience taught them; they learned also, or pretended to have learned, from very many accurate and often repeated Observations, that there was a constant Agreement between those odd unaccountable Accidents, and such and such Positions of the heavenly Bodies, and therefore concluded that those Bodies were concerned in those Effects. Hence they began to institute Rules, and to frame their scattered Observations into an Art. And this was the State of the Hypothesis and Astrology of the Stoics; (I must call it so for Distinction Sake, though neither the Hypothesis nor the Astrology built upon it was invented by Zeno, but delivered down to him and his Scholars, by the *Chaldeans*, and other Philosophers of the East;) till the *Greeks*, ambitious of making it appear their own, endeavoured to establish, support, and adorn it with their Fables, and by that Means made that which before seemed only precarious, (as all Arts which are drawn from bare Observation, and not from any settled Principles in Nature must appear to be) ridiculous Fancies and wild Imaginations. But I do not design an Account, nor a Defence of the Astrology of the Ancients; it has been spoken against, and derided on the one Hand, and supported and applauded on the other by Men of great Wit, Judgment, Piety, and Worth; and he, who  
shall

shall take a View of it, will always find enough in it, to divert his Leisure, if not to satisfy his Curiosity, and to raise his Admiration.

THIS is the Hypothesis which *Manilius* endeavoured to explain in *Latin Verse*. Had he lived to revise it, we had now possessed a more beautiful and correct Piece; he had a Genius equal to his Undertaking, his Fancy was bold and daring, his Skill in the Mathematics great enough for his Design, his Knowledge of the History and Acquaintance with the Mythology of the Ancients general. Even in the present State of his Poem, some of the Critics place him amongst the Judicious and Elegant, and all allow him to be one of the useful and instructive, Poets; he hints at some Opinions, which later Ages have thought fit to glory in, as their own Discoveries. Thus he defends the Fluidity of the Heavens, against the Hypothesis of *Aristotle*.

He asserts that the fixed Stars are not all in the same concave Superficies of the Heavens, and equally distant from the Center of the World. He maintains that they are all of the same Nature and Substance with the Sun, and that each of them hath a particular *Vortex* of its own; and lastly, he affirms that the *Milky Way* is only the undistinguished Lustre of a great many small Stars, which the Moderns now see to be such through the Glass of *Galilæo*. In short, we do not give him too great a Character, when we say, he is one of the most discerning Philosophers that Antiquity boasts.

**M. MANILIUS.** 42

**EDITIONS of MANILIUS.**

Interpretatione & Notis illustravit *Mich. Fayus* ad  
usum Sereniss. Delphini, accedit Comment. *Petræ*  
*Dan. Huetii.* 4to. *Paris*, 1679.  
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**OVID.**

## O V I D.

**PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO**, a *Roman* Knight, and one of the celebrated Poets of the *Augustan* Age, was born at *Sulmo*, a Town in the Country of the *Peligni*, about ninety Miles from *Rome* : His Birth happened about the Middle of *March*, in that remarkable Year, when the Consuls *Hirtius* and *Pansa* were slain in the Battle of *Mutina* against *Antony*. This Battle was fought about Forty-three Years before the *Christian Æra*, in the Year of *Rome* Seven hundred and ten. He was descended from an ancient Family of great Distinction, and of the Equestrian Order ; and being born to a handsome Fortune, he had the Advantage of a good Education, by which his Understanding was highly cultivated, and he became one of the most accomplished Men and Scholars of that Age.

NATURE inspired him with so strong a Disposition to Poetry, that out of love to the Muses he renounced all that Application which is necessary to those who would arrive at Dignities. His Father designed him for the Bar, and prevailed with him to quit his poetical Studies, as an unprofitable and starving Profession: He applied himself for some Time to the Study of Eloquence : his Masters in Oratory were *Arellius Fuscus*

*Fuscus* and *Porcius Latro*, under whose Instructions he became a good Advocate; he says of himself, that he pleaded in Causes at the Tribunal of the *Centumviri*, and that being chosen Arbitrator in some Law-Suits, he decided them with Equity.

*Nec male commissæ est, &c. Trist. lib. 2. v. 93.*

*Before the Decemvirs I have appear'd,  
And for the Guilty with Success been heard:  
In private Matters I've explain'd the Laws,  
Nor could he blame his Judge, who lost his Cause.*

BUT his Inclination to Versification soon returned, and coming into an ample Fortune upon the Death of his elder Brother, he gave up all public Affairs, and devoted himself wholly to the Delights of Poetry. His fine Talents were soon distinguished by the *Roman Wits*, and introduced him into the Company of *Tibullus*, *Severus*, *Sabinus*, *Græcinus Flaccus*, all Men of Quality, and of the first Distinction in Literature. He soon discovered a Genius adapted to all Kinds of Poetry, in each of which he might have excelled, had he used more Application in his Youth, and the latter Part of his Life been less unfortunate. The natural Indolence of his Temper, joined to the Affluence of his Fortune, and his Wit and Vivacity in Conversation, engaged him too much in Company with those of his own and the Fair Sex, to leave him Time enough to be so correct and elaborate in his Compositions, as it is to be wished he had been.

SOON



SOON after he had assumed the *Toga Virilis*, which was at seventeen Years of Age, *Augustus* honoured him with the *Latus Clavus*, an Ornament only worn by Persons of Quality. He had three Wives, two of whom he divorced soon after Marriage. His last Wife *Perilla* he tenderly loved; she had a Taste for Poetry, and not only proved the best of Wives while they continued together, but after his Banishment, notwithstanding some ungenerous Solicitations, she remained inviolably faithful to him.

HE was very amorous in his Youth, and indulging the fashionable Vice of the Age, had several Mistresses, one of whom he much celebrated under the Name of *Corinna*. He was excessively addicted to sensual Pleasure, which was almost his only Vice. He informs us himself of the Qualifications with which Nature had endowed him for this Exercise, and the Use he made of them :

*Exigere a nobis angustâ nocte Corinnam  
Me memini numeros sustinuisse novem.*

HE found himself sprightly and gay in the Morning, after passing a whole Night in amorous Embraces, and he breathes a fervent Wish that it might be permitted him to die in the actual Fruition of that Pleasure. Nothing seemed to him more suitable to the Life he had led, than to make his Exit in the like Exercise. I do not believe *Lais* the Courtesan, who died in the Manner *Ovid* calls so happy, desired to expire in this Manner. This Poet's Writings upon Love are some of the warmest Productions we have remaining of Antiquity; not that we  
find

And in them the gross Expressions of *Catullus*, *Horace*, and *Martial*, or the unnatural Abominations of Pederasty, of which these three Poets speak so freely; but that Delicacy of Style, that Purity and Elegance of Diction, which *Ovid* has excelled in, render his Works the more dangerous, as by this Means they represent in a very intelligible and elegant Manner, all the most lascivious Arts and Impurities of Love. They are sufficient to corrupt an Empire of greater Amplitude than even the *Roman*. He does not speak upon the Credit of others, but writes from his own Practice. In his Apology indeed, which he composed in the Place of his Exile, he solemnly protests that he had not committed the Actions he described, and that his Head had a greater Share in those Descriptions than his Heart. It is certain, that many Poets relate as fortunate Adventures what are only Fictions of their Imagination, but we are at a Loss to determine whether this was *Ovid's* Case; we are at too great a Distance from the Age in which he lived, and we cannot question but many Writers, when they find their own Poems brought in as Evidence against them, will boast of their Innocence, though they are guilty.

NOTWITHSTANDING his Gallantries, he found Time to finish his *Heroic* Epistles, and his *Fasts*. Several little Poems are extant under his Name, which by the best Critics are pronounced spurious. He composed a Tragedy called *Medea*, much commended by *Quintilian* for the Beauty of the Expression, and the Dignity of its Sentiments, and generally admired by the Ancients for an excellent Piece. His  
Muse

Muse always brought forth without Sorrow, and never troubled herself about nursing the Child: she took very little Care in correcting her Productions. He confesses his Negligence and Indolence in this Regard. He allowed that he was justly censured at *Rome* for eternally reiterating the same Things in the Poems he wrote during his Exile. This was a Fault he was very sensible of, and which he endeavoured to correct, but the Vivacity which animated him in his first Composition, failing him when he came to revise what he had written, he found the Correction tedious and troublesome, and totally discontinued it.

THE last Poem he writ before his Banishment, was the *Metamorphoses*; but the Misfortunes he fell into prevented his putting his last Hand to it; for scarcely are the three last Books correctly finished. From this Work he foretold Immortality to himself, and that it would be Proof against the Injuries of Sword, Fire, Thunder, and Time. It concludes thus;

*Famque Opus exegi, &c.*

*The Work is finish'd, which nor dreads the Rage  
Of Tempests, Fire or War, or wasting Age:  
Come soon or late Death's undetermin'd Day,  
This mortal Being only can decay;  
My nobler Part, my Fame shall reach the Skies,  
And to late Times with blooming Honours rise;  
Whate'er the unbounded Roman Power obeys,  
All Times and Nations shall record my Praise;  
If 'tis allowed to Poets to divine,  
One Half of round Eternity is mine.*

WHEN

WHEN he found himself condemned to Banishment, he threw his *Metamorphoses* into the Fire, either out of Spite, or because he had not put his finishing Hand to it. He himself informs us of this Particular. Some Copies which had before been taken of this beautiful Poem, were the Cause of its not being lost.

By some Indiscretion in his Conduct, or by an accidental Discovery of some Incidents at Court, which were not fit to be known, he fell into a fatal Disgrace, and incurred the Displeasure of *Augustus*, when he was about fifty Years of Age, who banished him to *Tomi*, an *European* City, upon the *Euxine* Sea, near the Mouths of the *Danube*, in the Neighbourhood of a savage and barbarous People, who were continually making Irruptions, where he was exposed to the extreme Rigors of Frost and Cold, which was insufferable to an *Italian* of a delicate and soft Constitution, who had led his whole Life in the Pleasures of Effeminacy and Ease. *Cæsar* indeed was pleased to leave this distressed Poet the Enjoyment of his Fortune, and did not procure his Condemnation by a Decree of the Senate, and made Use of the Term *Relegation* instead of Banishment; yet it is certain, he inflicted upon him a very severe Punishment; he sent him among a Species of Savages, and there left him amidst Complaints and Groans, under the deepest Despair of ever being delivered from them.

IT has been a Matter of Enquiry for many Ages, what could be the Cause of the Emperor's Resentment, to punish a Poet who had so often contributed to his Pleasures, in so exemplary a Manner.

Manner. *Ovid* confesses in many Places of his Works, that the two Causes of his Misery were, that he had composed some Books on *the Art of Love*, and that he had *seen* something. He does not tell us what it was that he saw, but gives us to understand, that his Books contributed less to his Disgrace than that did; for he supposes, complaining to the God of Love, that after labouring to enlarge his Empire, he had obtained no other Reward than that of being banished among Barbarians, *Love* made answer to him, you know very well that was not the Thing that did you most harm.

*Utque hæc, sic utinam defendere cætera posses,  
Scis aliud quod te læserit esse magis.*

HE repeats in several Places the same Complaint of having seen undesignedly the Crime of another, and declares that it is not lawful for him to reveal this Mystery. Attempts have been made to conjecture what it was, and the more silent he is, the greater has been the Curiosity of Critics, to penetrate into this Secret.

SOME would believe, that the Poet surprised *Augustus* in a flagrant Crime with *Julia* his Daughter, and confirm this by a Passage of *Suetonius*, from which they pretend to collect, that *Caligula* despised his Mother, because he believed her to be the Offspring of the incestuous Commerce of *Augustus* with *Julia*. The Abbot *de Marolles*, in his Life of *Ovid*, tells us, that he was banished for having read to *Julia* the last Verses of his Book *de Arte Amandi*, and for having surprised *Augustus* using that  
young

young Princess with too much Familiarity. The latter could not be the Reason, for *Ovid* was disgraced several Years after *Julia* was gone from *Rome*, and become the Object of her Father's Indignation. I take it to be a truer Cause, says *Gifanius*, in his Life of this Poet, of banishing him, or rather of relegating him, that he had accidentally discovered *Augustus* in some indecent and obscene Action; for *Aristotle* observes in his second Book of Rhetoric, that no Hatred is so great as that which arises from being surpris'd in an indecent Fact; but that the Action was that of Incest, is necessarily false. The Editor desires that the Reader, who would see the Affair critically discuss'd, would consult the Authors of the Ancient *Universal History*.

OBSERVE farther, that *Julia* was already banished, when *Ovid* compos'd his *Art of Love*, and that it was eight or nine Years after his writing this Book, before he himself was banished; so that one Cause of his Disgrace could not be his *Art of Love*, which had given Offence to the Emperor by some Passages of it, which were meant of his Daughter under the Name of *Corinna*. He compos'd that Work at the Age of Forty-one, and he was in the fifty-first Year of his Age, when he left *Rome* to go to *Tomi*, the Place of his Relegation. This Transaction must ever remain a Secret, and needs no farther Inquiry in this Place.

THOUGH *Ovid* was so unfortunate as not to get himself recalled, or so much as removed to another Place of Confinement, yet he never was wanting in Respect to the Emperor; but, on

the contrary, continued inviolably to praise him with an Extravagance that bordered upon Idolatry, and he made an Idol literally of him as soon as he heard of his Death. He not only wrote his Elegy in a Poem in the *Getic Tongue*, but also invocated him, and consecrated a Chapel to him, where he went every Morning to offer him Incense and Adoration. The Successor and Family of this Prince had their Share in all this Worship, and were in all Probability the real Motive of it. However, the unhappy Poet could find no Remedy for his Misfortune, the Court continued as inexorable under *Tiberius* as before, and he died in his Exile, in the fourth Year of this Emperor, in the Year of *Rome* seven hundred seventy-one, about sixty Years of Age.

HE desired if he died in the Country of the *Geta*, his Ashes might be carried to *Rome*, and that the Epitaph he composed for himself might be inscribed upon his Tomb.

*Hic ego, qui jaceo tenerorum lusor Amorum,  
Ingenio perii Naso Poeta meo.*

*At tibi qui transis, ne sit grave, quisquis amasti:  
Dicere, Nasonis molliter ossa cubent.*

*Here lies Love's faithful Slave beneath this Stone,  
Ovid the Poet, by his Wit undone.*

*Let every Lover as he passes by,  
Wish that his Bones may unmolested lie.*

He not only met with Humanity among those *Barbarians*, but also a great deal of Civility. They loved and honoured him in a singular Manner,

Manner, and testified their Esteem of him by public Decrees; they made a general Mourning for him, and interred him in a stately Monument before the Gates of the City. He boasts of one Thing which proves that he renounced all Gallantry in his Exile; for he pretends, that no Person, of whatever Age or Sex, could complain of him; it is a Sign he no longer amused himself in making Love, and that even after he had learned the *Getic* Tongue, he did not entertain the Wives and Daughters of the *Tomians* upon that Subject, for if he had, their Husbands and Fathers would have clamoured against him. This Part of his Conduct was so much the more commendable, as it was difficult to be observed by a Person of his amorous Disposition, and who had contracted a long Habit in a quite different Course of Life.

HE wrote an infinite Number of Verses during his Exile, nor is this to be wondered at, for the Muses are naturally Tatlers, but most of all so in Adversity; and besides this, he wanted Conversation, and took no Delight either in Drinking or Gaming, so that they must needs be his whole Entertainment. If he had met with any Persons to whom he could have repeated his Verses, he would have versified with much more Satisfaction; for he confesses, that walking in the Dark, and writing Verses which we could read to no Body, is the very same Thing. Mr. *Cowley* very justly remarks, that one may see through the Style of *Ovid de Tristibus* the humble and dejected Condition of Spirit with which he wrote. There scarce remain any Footsteps of that Genius, quem nec Jovis



*ira nec Ignis, &c.* The Cold of the Country had stricken through all his Faculties, and benumbed the very Feet of his Verses; he is himself, methinks, like one of the Stories of his own *Metamorphosis*, and though there remain some weak Resemblances of *Ovid* at *Rome*, it is but, as he says of *Niobe*, *In vultu Color est sine sanguine, &c.*

HE had, among other good Qualities, that of not being Satirical, and yet he was very capable of composing satirical Verses, as he has shewn in his Poem against *Ibis*; for no Piece ever discovered more Gall than this, nor more severe Maledictions. He wrote it a little after his Banishment. *Ovid* was of a pale Complexion, his Person of a middle Stature, and slender, but graceful, and his Body strong and nervous, though not large limbed. According to *Apuleius*, he died upon the same Day as *Livy* the Historian.

THE Works of *Ovid* are well known; his Poetical Abilities fixed him with great Justice in the highest Rank among the *Roman* Poets. It is observed, that he was the best bred Gentleman of all the celebrated Geniuses of the Age in which he lived, and perhaps the Copiousness of his Expression was owing in some Measure to the Civility of his Breeding, as well as to the Luxuriance of his Fancy; and though *Virgil* and *Horace* were Courtiers too, yet they were vastly inferior to him in Courtliness of Expression, however they exceeded him in Majesty of Thought, in Conciseness and Accuracy of Style. The Reason was, *Ovid* was a Gentleman, and the others not; his good Breeding was natural

to him from his Infancy, theirs was acquired in their riper Years, and would never fit so easily upon them.

No Man, says *Scaliger*, ever did or can imitate that Easiness of Style which *Ovid* possessed; he transcends all Authors, says *Heinsius*, either in making Things that are false seem probable, or Things that are obscure, perspicuous, and in curiously adorning both the one and the other; or else in relating Things plainly and familiarly as they are: He abounds every where with moral Instructions, even when he is frolicsome and wanton. No one knew better how to express himself, nor to level his Thoughts to the meanest Capacity with more Advantage. He was, says *Gisænius*, so exquisitely skilled in the *Latin* Tongue, that, according to the Opinion of all learned Men, if the *Roman* Language were utterly lost, and nothing left but the Works of *Ovid*, they alone would be sufficient to retrieve it. Yet this Poet, with all his Sweetness, has but little Variety of Numbers, he is always, as it were, galloping upon the Turf. He avoids all *Synalæphas*, so that minding only Smoothness, he wants both Majesty and Variety. *Ovid* is certainly more agreeable to the Reader than any of the *Roman* Wits, though some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had Learning enough to make him equal to the First. But as his Verse came easily, he wanted the Toil of Application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his Imagination and Expressions, and not always natural. If Wit be Pleasantry, he has it to

Excess; but if it be Propriety, *Lucretius*, *Horace*, and, above all *Virgil*, are his Superiors.

THE most celebrated of the Elegiac Writers were *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Ovid*. *Tibullus* is elegant and polite; *Propertius* noble and high; but *Ovid* is to be preferred to both, because he is more natural, more pathetic, and more passionate. I know not, says *Faber*, whether *Ovid* did any where shew more Wit and Learning, than in his second Book *de Tristibus*; nor is this to be wondered at, since he was to plead his own Cause before *Augustus*, a Prince of great Learning, and a Poet himself. Never had any Thing in the *Latin* Tongue more Wit and Elegancy than his eighth Elegy of the second Book *Ponticorum*, every Thing in it is so terse, so fine, so pathetic, and so full of variety. He was vain and extravagantly fond of his own Compositions; what an Opinion he had of his Elegies appears plainly by those two arrogant Verses in the *Remedia Amoris*;

*Tantum se nobis Elegi debere fatentur,  
Quantum Virgilio nobile debet Epos.*

The World was as much obliged to him for the *Elegy*, as ever it was to *Virgil* for the *Epic*. This Remark had carried a greater Modesty, if it had come from any other Hand. There are good Judges who observe, that many of those Comparisons and Examples which he uses in his *de Tristibus*, and his other Elegies, are merely superfluous, and plainly shew that he was not arrived to a full Maturity of Judgment; and

*Scaliger*

*Scaliger* remarks, that his *de Tristibus*, and *de Ponto*, (both which Titles he finds Fault with) are less elaborate than his other Pieces, and especially than his *Epistles*.

THE six Books of his *Fasti*, which he sent to *Germanicus*, the Son of *Drusus*, contain Variety of singular Learning; the other Six which he proposed were never finished, his sudden Death, or his unfortunate Exile, prevented his Design. The Style of this Poem is easy, soft, and natural, though the Subject is not always equally tractable, nor capable of being adorned, nor has he often Scope enough for his Genius; yet, says *Scaliger*, in many Places he goes beyond himself in Purity and Politeness. *Selden* calls this Poet a Great Canon Lawyer, on Account of his *Fasti*, which give us the best Account of the Religion and Festivals of the old Romans.

THE *Epistles* are said to be the most polite Part of all *Ovid's* Works; the Thoughts, says *Scaliger*, are admirable, his Elegancy, natural and easy, they have a true Poetical Air; *Rapin* calls them the Flower of the Roman Wit, yet he owns they fall much short of that Maturity of Judgment, which is the chief Perfection of *Virgil*.

HIS *Art of Love*, and his Amorous Compositions are criminal and of pernicious Example; yet they have had their unchaste Votaries in all Ages. The Writers of the *Augustan* History relate, that the Emperor *Ælius Verus* was so delighted with that little Piece of *Ovid de Arte Amandi*, that he would often read him in his Bed, and when he went to sleep, he used to put him under his Pillow. There have been

many, says *Cornelius Agrippa*, both *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, who have discovered their wanton Amours more like Panders than Poets, though all of them were surpassed by *Ovid* in his Heroical Epistles, dedicated to *Corinna*, which were exceeded by himself in his *Art of Love*, and might better have been called the *Art of Whoring and Pimping*. The Learning and the unchaste Documents of this Poem were the Presence of the Banishment of the Author by *Augustus* to the remotest Parts of the North.

THE *Metamorphosis* of *Ovid* is said to be copied after one *Parthenius* of *Chios*, who had written an excellent Poem upon the same Subject; this Work of *Ovid's* was so highly esteemed by the *Grecian* Wits, that they translated it into their own Language. He has shewn Wit and Art in this Piece, but his Youthfulness would scarce be pardoned but for the Vivacity of his Wit, and a peculiar Happiness of Fancy. His Style, says *Borrichius*, in this Poem is not so lofty as in some of his other Compositions, but yet there is Beauty and Exactness in it. This Work is in this Respect highly to be admired, in that it does, in that wonderful Order, and as it were with a certain Chain and Concatenation, present to us almost all the Fables of the Ancients, from the Beginning of the World to that very Time.

SOME Critics have despised the *Latin* of this Poet, as if he was as corrupt in his Style and Poetry, as he was in Life and Morals. They would have met but with a sorry Reception from *Alphonso*, King of *Naples*: That Prince being with his Army in the Neighbourhood of *Sulmo*,  
asked

asked if it was certain that *Ovid* was born there? and the People assuring him that he was, he saluted the Town, and paid his Acknowledgment to the Genius of the Country, that had produced so great a Poet. It is said that the Pen of *Ovid* was found about two Centuries ago at *Taurunum*, a Town of the Lower *Hungary*, with this Inscription, *Ovidii Nasonis Calamus*. It was discovered under some ancient Ruins, and presented to *Isabella*, Queen of *Hungary*, who set a great Value upon it, and preserved it as a most venerable Relic.

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## EDITIONS of OVID.

Interpretatione & Notis illustravit, ad usum Serenif. Delphini, *Daniel Crispinus*, 4 vols. *Lugduni*, 1688. 4to. 5l. 5s.

Notis integris Variorum & *Petri Burmanni*, 4 vols. 4to. *L. Bat.* 1727. 3l. 10s.

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Ex recensione *Dan. Heinsii*, 3 vols: Typis *Elsevirianis*. 1629. 12mo. 15s.

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## S E N E C A.

**LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA**, was born at *Corduba* in *Spain*, about the Beginning of the Christian *Æra*, a Philosopher and Poet, and Uncle of *Lucan*. Monsieur *Baillet* tells us, that of all the ten *Latin* Tragedies which are collected and published in a Volume under the Name of *Seneca*, it is generally agreed that the best of them were written by this famous Philosopher, who was *Nero's* Tutor, and that he was really the Author of the *Medea*, the *Hippolytus*, and the *Troades*; the rest, says he, have their Excellencies, though the Authors of them are not well known. The meanest, and that which seems the most unworthy of the Name of *Seneca*, is the *Octavia*, to which others join the *Thebais*, which is the Work of a Declaimer, who knew nothing of Tragedy. *Lipsius* could by no means believe that *Seneca* ever wrote the *Troades*; he had so mean an Opinion of this Tragedy, that he took it for granted it was either written by some paltry Poet, or by some ignorant Pedant. *Scaliger* was much offended at this severe Censure of *Lipsius*, from whom he intirely differed, calling this Tragedy a *Divine Work*, and to be preferred before any of the other Nine, all which he believes were written

written by *Seneca*. However this be, we may conclude with *Vossius*, that though *Seneca* may not be the Author of those several Tragedies, which are commonly ascribed to him, yet there is no Doubt but some of them were really his; and therefore of his Life and Poetical Writings may be justly expected in this Place.

*SENECA*, a Spaniard of Corduba, (a Roman Colony of great Fame and Antiquity) was of the Family of *Annæus*, of the Order of Knights. His Father *Marcus* was famous for his Eloquence at Rome, a Man of Letters, some of whose Works are now extant, and who was distinguished from the Son by the Name of the *Orator*. His Mother's Name was *Helvia*, a Woman of excellent Qualities. His Father came to Rome in the Time of *Augustus*, and his Wife and Children soon followed him, our *Seneca* being in his Infancy. There were three Brothers; *Marcus Annæus Novatus*, *Lucius Annæus Seneca*, and *Lucius Annæus Mela*. The first of these changed his Name to *Junius Gallio*, who adopted him; to him it was that he dedicated his Treatise of *Anger*, whom he calls *Novatus* too; and he also dedicated his Discourse of a happy Life to *Gallio*. He is mentioned by St. *Luke* in the *Acts* of the Apostles. The youngest Brother, *Annæus Mela*, was *Lucan's* Father. *Seneca* was about Twenty Years of Age in the Fifth of *Tiberius*. His Father trained him up to Rhetoric, but his Genius led him rather to Philosophy, and he applied his Studies to Morality and Virtue. He was a constant Hearer of the celebrated Men of those Times, as *Attalus*,



*Papirius, Fabianus*, (of whom he makes often mention) and was a great Admirer of *Demetrius* the Cynic, whose Conversation he enjoyed afterwards in the Court, and both at home also and abroad, for they often travelled together. His Father was not at all pleased with his Humour for philosophizing, and forced him to study the Law, and for a while he practised Pleading. After which he would put him upon public Employments. And thus, notwithstanding his philosophic Studies, he came first to be Questor, then Prætor, and some will have it that he was chosen Consul; but whether he bore those Honours before or after his Banishment, is uncertain.

IN the first Year of the Emperor *Claudius* he was banished into *Corfica*, when *Julia* the Daughter of *Germanicus* was accused by *Messalina* of Adultery and exiled too, *Seneca* being charged as one of the Adulterers. But *Messalina* dying, and *Agrippina* being married to *Claudius*, she prevailed upon the Emperor to recall *Seneca*, after he had suffered an Exile of above eight Years. In this Retirement, it is said, that he chiefly amused himself with writing Tragedies, and other Poetical Compositions. She afterwards recommended him as Tutor to her young Son *Nero*: Had that young Prince attended to the Wisdom of his Preceptor through the Course of his Reign, with the same Attention he did for the first five Years of his Government, he would have been the Delight, as he afterwards proved the Detestation, of Mankind. As *Nero* grew weary of the Advice of his Master, *Seneca's* Interest

Interest soon declined at Court, and finding he had ill Offices done him, went directly to the Emperor with an Officer to refund all he had gotten, which *Nero* would not receive; however, from that Time the Philosopher changed his Course of Life, received few Visits, shunned Company, went little abroad, still pretending to be kept at home either by Indisposition or by his Studies.

*SENECA* had two Wives, the Name of the first is not mentioned, his second was *Paulina*, whom he often speaks of with great Affection; by the former he had his Son *Marcus*. His Estate was partly Patrimonial, but the greatest Part of it was derived from the Bounty of his Prince: His Gardens, Villas, Lands, Possessions, and incredible Sums of Money, are celebrated. *Dion* reports him to have had Two hundred and fifty thousand Pounds Sterling at Interest in *Britain* alone, which he called in all at once.

THE Manner of his Death is particularly given by *Tacitus*: Now follows, says he, the Death of *Seneca*, to *Nero's* great Satisfaction; not so much for any positive Proof against him, that he was of *Piso's* Conspiracy, but *Nero* was resolved to accomplish that by the Sword, which he could not effect by Poison; for it is reported that *Nero* had corrupted *Cleonikus* (a Freedman of *Seneca's*) to give his Master Poison, which did not succeed; for he lived upon the simplest Diet, as the Fruits of the Earth, and his Drink was most commonly River-Water.

*NATALIS,*

*NATALIS*, it seems, was sent upon a Visit to him, being indisposed, with a Complaint, that he would not permit *Piso* to visit him; to whom *Seneca* made answer, That frequent Meetings and Conferences between them, could do neither of them any Good, but that he had a great Interest in *Piso's* Welfare. Upon this, *Granius Silvanus* (a Captain of the Guard) was sent to examine *Seneca* upon the Conversation that had passed between him and *Natalis*, and to report his Answer. *Seneca*, either by Chance or on Purpose, came that Day from *Campania* to a Villa of his own, within four Miles of the City; and thither the Officer repaired the next Evening and beset the Place. He found *Seneca* at Supper with his Wife *Paulina*, and two of his Friends, and gave him immediately an Account of his Commission. *Seneca* told him, that it was true that *Natalis* had been with him in *Piso's* Name, with a Complaint that *Piso* could not be admitted to see him, and that he excused himself by Reason of his Want of Health, and his Desire to be quiet and private, and that he had no Reason to prefer another Man's Welfare before his own; *Cæsar* himself, he said, knew very well that he was not a Man of Compliment, having received more Proofs of his Freedom than of his Flattery.

THIS Answer of *Seneca* was delivered to *Cæsar* in the Presence of *Poppæa* and *Tigellinus*, the intimate Confidants of this abandoned Prince; and *Nero* asked him, whether he could collect any Thing from *Seneca*, as if he intended to dispatch himself? The Tribune's Answer was,

was, That he did not find him at all affected with the Message, nor so much as change Countenance upon it. Go back to him then, says *Nero*, and tell him that he is condemned to die. *Seneca* received the Message without Surprise or Disorder; called for his Will, which being refused him by the Officer, he turned to his Friends, and told them, That since he was not permitted to requite them as they deserved, he was yet at Liberty to bequeath them the Thing of all others that he esteemed the most, that is, the Image of his Life, which would give them the Reputation both of Constancy and Friendship, if they would but imitate it; exhorting them to a Firmness of Mind, sometimes by good Counsel, sometimes by Reprehension, as the Occasion required. Where now, says he, is all your Philosophy? All your premeditated Resolutions against the Violences of Fortune? Is there any Man so ignorant of *Nero's* Cruelty, as to expect, after the Murder of his Mother and his Brother, that he should even spare the Life of his Governor and Tutor? After some general Expressions to this Purpose, he took his Wife in his Arms, and having somewhat fortified her against the present Calamity, he besought and conjured her to moderate her Sorrows, and betake herself to the Contemplations and Supports of a virtuous Life, in which she would find Comfort for the Loss of her Husband. *Paulina* on the other Side told him her Determination to bear him Company, and ordered the Executioner to do his Office. Well, says *Seneca*, if after the Sweetness

Sweetness of Life, as I have represented it to thee, thou hadst rather entertain an honourable Death, I shall not envy thy Example, consulting at the same Time the Fame of the Person he loved, and his own Tendernefs, for fear of the Injuries that might attend her when he was gone. Our Resolution, says he, in this generous Act may be equal, but thine will ensure the greater Reputation. After this, the Veins of both their Arms were opened at the same Time. *Seneca* did not bleed so freely, his Spirits being wasted with Age and a thin Diet; so that he was forced to cut the Veins of his Thighs, and otherwise to hasten his Exit. When he was far spent, and almost sinking under Pain, he desired his Wife to remove into another Chamber, lest the Agonies of the one might work upon the Courage of the other. His Eloquence continued to the last, as appears by the excellent Things he deliverd at his Death, which being taken in Writing from his own Mouth, and published in his own Words, I shall not presume to deliver them in any other. *Nero* in the mean Time, who had no particular Spite to *Paulina*, gave Orders to prevent her Death, for fear his Cruelty should grow more and more insupportable and odious. Whereupon the Soldiers gave all Freedom and Encouragement to her Servants, to bind up her Wounds and stop the Blood, which they did accordingly; but whether she was sensible of it or not, is a Question. For among the common People, who are apt to judge the Worst, there were some of Opinion, that as long as she

she despaired of *Nero's* Mercy, she seemed to court the Glory of dying with her Husband for Company; but that upon the Likelihood of better Usage, she was prevailed upon to outlive him. And so for some Years she did survive him, with all Piety and Respect to his Memory; but so miserably pale and wan, that every Body might read the Loss of her Blood and Spirits in her Countenance.

*SENECA* finding his Death slow and lingering, desired *Statius Annæus*, his old Friend and Physician, to give him a Dose of Poison, which he had previously provided, being the same Preparation which was appointed for Capital Offenders in *Athens*; this was brought him, and he drank it up, but to little Purpose, for his Body was already chilled, and bound up against the Force of it. He went at last into a hot Bath, and sprinkling some of his Servants that were next him, This, says he, is an Oblation to *Jupiter the Deliverer*. The Fume of the Bath soon dispatched him, and his Body was burnt without any Funeral Solemnity, as he had directed in his Testament; though this Will was made in the Height of his Prosperity and Power. There was a Rumour that *Subrius Flavius*, in a private Consultation with the Centurions, had taken the following Resolution; to which *Seneca* himself was no Stranger, that after *Nero* should have been slain by the Hand of *Piso*, *Piso* himself should have been killed too, and the Empire delivered to *Seneca*, as one that well deserved it for his Integrity and Virtue. Thus far *Tacitus*. He was about threescore at the Time of his Death.

THE

THE bright Side of *Seneca's* Character is that of an excellent Moralift, and a foud Philofopher; he does not make fo confiderable a Figure as a Poet, and a Writer of Tragedies; though in this Refpect, he writ, fays *Borrichius*, in a pure Tragic Strain, he fhewed a decent Gravity, he was no Ways inferior to any of the *Greeks*, either for a majestic Style, or for an elegant Way of expreffing himfelf; his Sentiments are fublime, his Images lively and poetical, but the Fable and Execution of his Plays is irregular, he wants that noble Simplicity and pathetic Manner which recommends *Euripides*, and he feems to have written more for the Ufe of the Clofet, than of the Stage.

FOR a lofty and majestic Species of Verfe, fays *Scaliger*, *Seneca* is not inferior to the beft of the *Greek* Poets, nay, he excelled *Euripides* in Politenefs and Beauty. Invention, it muft be owned, is the peculiar Property of the *Greeks*, but *Seneca* is not beholden to them for that ftately Tragic Dignity, that harmonious Sound, that Sprightlinefs of Fancy, which every where abounds in him. But, fays *Rapin*, he knew nothing of Manner. He is a fine Speaker, who is eternally uttering pretty Maxims, and whatever Perfons he introduces, they always have the Mien of Actors. His Verfe is pompous, his Thoughts fublime, becaufe he would dazzle, but the Contrivance of his Fables has no great Character; he pleafes himfelf too much in giving his own Ideas, inftead of real Objects, and represents not very regularly what is to be represented.

ST. EVREMOND entertained a despicable Opinion of *Seneca* in every Capacity of his Writings. I have a great Respect, says he, for the Tutor of *Nero*, the Gallant of *Agrippina*, and for that ambitious Man, who pretended to the Empire. Of the Philosopher and Writer, I make but little Account; and am affected neither with his Style, nor with his Thoughts. His *Latin* has nothing of Resemblance to that of *Augustus's* Time; it is neither easy nor natural, all made up of *Points*, all fanciful and conceited, more of the Heat of *Africa* or *Spain* in them, than the elegant Beauty of *Greece* or *Italy*. You see there abrupt Things that have indeed the Air and Shape of Sentiments, but which have neither their Solidity nor good Sense, which titillate the Fancy, without gaining the Judgment. His forced Discourse communicates to me a Sort of Constraint, and the Soul, instead of finding there its Satisfaction and Repose, meets with Trouble and Affliction.

*NERO*, he goes on, one of the most wicked Princes in the World, was yet very ingenious, and had near him a Sort of Under-Masters, extremely curious, who used *Seneca* as a Pedant, and turned him into Ridicule. I never read his Writings, without being of quite contrary Sentiments to those which he would inspire his Readers with: If he attempts to recommend Poverty, I long for his Riches; his Virtue frightens me, and the least disposed to Vice, would abandon himself to Pleasures, by the Description he gives of them. He speaks so much of Death, and leaves me such melancholy Ideas,  
that



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that I do my utmost Endeavours not to improve by his Lectures. His Style has nothing that affects me; his Opinions are too severe; and it is ridiculous, that one who lived in Abundance, and was so careful of himself, should encourage nothing but Poverty and Death.

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**EDITIONS of SENECA's, TRAGEDIES.**

Notis integris *Joh. Frid. Gronovii* & selectis Variorum, curâ *Joh. Casp. Schroderi*. *Delpb.* 1728. 4to.  
1*l.* 1*s.*

Notis Variorum & *Joh. Frid. Gronovii*. *Amst.* 1682.  
8vo. 6*s.*

*Senecæ Opera*, Notis Variorum & *Gronovii*, 3 vols.  
8vo. *L. Bat.* 1672. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

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1649.

**LUCAN.**

## L U C A N.

**M**ARCUS ANNÆUS LUCANUS was born at *Corduba* in *Spain*, in the Reign of *Cāligula*, about the thirty-ninth Year of the common *Æra*. He was of an Equestrian Family, which had removed from *Italy*, and had for some Time settled in *Spain*, in which Province it had enjoyed many honourable Employments. His Father was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, or *Mella*, a Roman Knight, a Man of an excellent Character, and of great Interest in his Country, and had the additional Felicity and Honour of being Brother to the great Philosopher *Seneca*. His Mother was *Acilia*, Daughter of *Acilius Lucanus*, the most celebrated Orator of the Age in which he lived ; from this Grandfather our Poet was called by the Name of *Lucan*.

HE could not, it seems, escape the Attendance of a Miracle in his Infancy, the same related of *Homer* and *Hesiod*, that a Swarm of Bees hovered about his Cradle, and settled upon his Lips. His Father removed him to *Rome* when he was about eight Months old, that he might learn the *Latin* Language in its Purity, which effectually defeats the Malice of some Critics, who censure his Style as if it had received a Tincture from the Place of his Birth, and

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charge

charge him with writing like a *Spaniard*. His Education was conducted with the greatest Care, suitable to the Forwardness of his Genius, and the Quality of his Family. He studied the *Greek* and *Roman* Languages under *Palemon* the Grammarian; *Flavius Virgilius*, the most eloquent Orator of his Time, was his Master in Rhetoric; and for Philosophy, he was placed under *Cornutus* the Stoic, to which Sect he ever after addicted himself.

His Proficiency under his Tutors exceeded Expectation; he frequently declaimed in *Greek* and *Latin* at fourteen Years of Age. *Seneca* sent him to *Athens*, where he completed his Studies. Upon his Return to *Rome*, the Recommendation of his Uncle, and his own Merits, which could not be concealed, introduced him into *Nero's* Favour, who made him a Quæstor before he was qualified by Age to bear that Office; he exhibited a Shew of Gladiators at a great Expence, and was afterwards admitted into the College of Augurs. His Fortune and his Fame increasing, he married *Polia Argentaria*, the Daughter of *Pollius Argentarius*, a *Roman* Senator, a Lady of noble Birth, great Fortune, and distinguished Beauty, who, to add to her other Excellencies, was accomplished in several Parts of Learning, insomuch that the three first Books of the *Pharsalia* are said to have been revised and corrected by her in his Lifetime. *Statius*, at the Request of this Lady, wrote a Poem in Honour of the Anniversary of *Lucan's* Birth-Day, wherein he praises her Accomplishments.

*Formâ, Simplicitate, Comitâte,  
Censu, Sanguine, Gratiâ, Decore.*

This Lady survived him many Years.

How *Lucan* came to decline in *Nero's* Favour, we have no positive Account in History; it is agreed that he lost it gradually, till at last he became his utter Averſion. No doubt the Poet's Virtue, and his Principles of Liberty muſt make him hated by a Man of *Nero's* Temper; but there ſeems to have been a great deal of Envy, blended with his other diabolical Principles, on Account of his Poetry. Tho' the Spirit and Height of the *Roman* Poetry had ſomewhat declined, from what it had been in the Time of *Augustus*, yet it was ſtill an Art beloved and cultivated. *Nero* himſelf was not only fond of it to the higheſt Degree, but, as moſt bad Poets are, was vain and conceitedly fond of his poetical Performances. He valued himſelf more upon his Skill in this Art and in Muſic, than on the Purple he wore, and bore it better to be deemed a bad Emperor, than a bad Poet or Muſician. *Lucan*, though then in Favour, was too honeſt to applaud the Bombaſt that *Nero* was every Day repeating in Public. *Perſius* in his firſt Satire gives a Specimen of it;

*Torva Mimalloneis, &c.*

*Their*

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*Their crooked Horns the Mimallonian Crew  
With Blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris who slew  
The scornful Calf with Sword advanc'd on high,  
Made from his Neck his baughty Head to fly;  
And Mænas, when with Ivy Bridles bound,  
She led the spotted Lynx, then Evion rung around,  
Evion from Woods and Floods repairing Echoes found.*

At the Celebration of the *Quinquennalia*, it was proclaimed that *Nero* intended to recite the Story of *Niobe*, in a Poem of his own Composition. He was applauded, and thought himself sure of the Prize; *Lucan*, fired with Indignation, stood up, and repeating a Poem on the Fable of *Orpheus*, carried off the Prize against him. This ruined his Interest for ever with that Prince, who sent him an Order next Day never more to plead at the Bar, or repeat any of his Compositions in Public, as the most celebrated Poets and Orators were used to do. It is no wonder that a young Man, an admirable Poet, and one conscious enough of a superior Genius, should severely resent this barbarous Treatment; in revenge he omitted no Occasion to treat *Nero's* Verses with the utmost Contempt, and ridicule them and their Author. In this Behaviour towards the Emperor he was seconded by his Friend *Persius*, and no doubt they often diverted themselves alone at *Cæsar's* Expence. *Nero* resented this Usage to the utmost, and took all Occasions of censuring and depreciating *Lucan* and all his Compositions.

ROME

ROME had now long groaned under the Cruelty of this Imperial Tyrant; Nero had rendered himself odious and insupportable by his monstrous Vices, which urged several of the first Rank, headed by *Piso*, into a Conspiracy, to rid the World of this Prodigy of Wickedness. *Lucan* hated him upon a twofold Account, as his Country's Enemy and his own, and entered heartily into the Design. When it was ripe for Execution, it was discovered by some of the Accomplices, and *Lucan* was found among the first of the Conspirators. They were condemned to die, and *Lucan* had the Choice of the Manner of his Death. *Tacitus* asserts, that our Poet being put to the Torture, accused his Mother of being in the Plot. This Story seems to be a mere Calumny, and invented by the Tyrant or his Friends, to depreciate his Character, and to fix a lasting Stigma upon his Memory. It is certain, there are many Fragments of his Life where this Particular is not to be found.

HE chose to have the Arteries of his Legs and Arms opened in a hot Bath; he supped chearfully with his Friends, and then taking Leave of them with the greatest Tranquillity, and a philosophical Contempt of Death, went into the Bath, and submitted to the Operation. When he found the Extremities of his Body growing cold, and Death's last Alarm in every Part, he thought of a Passage of his own in the Ninth Book of the *Pharsalia*, which he repeated to the Spectators with the same Grace and Accent with which he used to declaim in

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Public, and immediately expired. He died in the Flower of his Life, and in the full Pursuit of Glory, in the twenty-seventh Year of his Age. The Passage was that where he describes a Soldier of *Cato's* dying much after the same Manner, being bitten by a Serpent.

*Sanguis erant Lachrymæ, &c.*

*Now the warm Blood at once from every Part  
Ran Poison down, and drain'd the fainting Heart;  
Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face,  
The ruddy Drops their tainted Passage trace.  
Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a Way,  
There Streams of Blood, there crimson Rivers stray.  
His Mouth and gushing Nostrils pour a Flood,  
And ev'n the Pores voze out the trickling Blood.  
In the red Deluge all the Parts lie drown'd,  
And the whole Body seems one bleeding Wound.*

He was buried in his own Garden at *Rome*.

*LUCAN* wrote several Poems, the Combat of *Hector* and *Achilles*, the Fable of *Orpheus* upon the dreadful Fire at *Rome*, where it is said he severely glanced at *Nero*; some Books of *Saturnalia*; a Poem on the Destruction of *Troy*; an imperfect Tragedy of *Medea*. These, says *Statius*, were composed by *Lucan*, at an Age at which *Virgil* had not written his *Culex*; nothing but the Titles of these Poems remain; we have his *Pharsalia* complete; on this Poem he founded his Reputation, and promised himself Immortality.

*Invidia*

*Invidia sacræ, &c.*

*Nor Cæsar thou disdain that I rehearse,  
Thee, and thy Wars in no ignoble Verse,  
Since if in aught the Latian Muse excel,  
Thy Name and mine, immortal I foretel;  
Eternity our Labours shall reward,  
And Lucan flourish like the Grecian Bard;  
My Numbers shall to latest Time convey  
The Tyrant Cæsar and Pharfalia's Day.*

Few Writers have been more exposed to the Censure of Critics than *Lucan*; some call him an excellent Poet, others an indifferent Historian; some a furious Orator, others a Mathematician, a Philosopher and a Divine. *Quintilian* observes, that *Lucan* has a great deal of Heat and Fire, and is remarkable for his Maxims, but he chooses rather to number him among the Orators than Poets. *Scaliger* contends that *Lucan* was a Poet, and that the Grammarians do but trifle when they object that he wrote not a Poem, but an History. *Barthius* styles him a Poet of vast Genius, of extraordinary Learning, and of a truly heroic Character, who, from the very Time he lived, has always been esteemed a very considerable Author, especially among Philosophers, by Reason of his Gravity, his Force, his Acuteness, and his weighty Sentences, which illustriously shine through his whole Work, so that he scarce ever had his Equal in this Regard. *Scaliger* confesses in another Place, that *Lucan* possessed



great Genius, but would often exceed the Bounds of Poetry, that he had an ungovernable Fancy, which would often transport him into the most extravagant Excursions; that he had too much Fire, wanting that admirable and divine Calmness of Mind which none ever possessed but *Virgil* only; he seems, says he, rather to *bark* than *sing*.

So uncertain are the Merits of this Poet in the Opinion of great Judges; the most candid in their Censure of his poetical Character, allow his Expression to be bold and lively, his moral Sentiments strong and clear, his Fictions probable, and his Digressions, though not proper, are always instructive and entertaining; yet his Episodes and long scholastic Dissertations and Disputes, merely speculative on Things that fall in his Way, shew much of Constraint and Affectation. He has so masterly a Manner in his Descriptions, that you seem rather a Spectator than a Reader of the several Transactions he relates, and he interests you so much by that Warmth and Fervor of Soul, which he communicates to his Writings, that you insensibly become a Person concerned, and find yourself engaged on the same Side with them, though you had resolved to be indifferent. He is judicious in discovering the secret Springs of Action, and looks very narrowly into the true Motives of human Undertakings, discovering their Rise in our irregular Passions, and how those Passions influence all our Actions. He is often happy in applying the several Parts of Learning to his Subject, which he seldom  
treats

treats with any great Delicacy or Discretion. But though in *Strada's* Opinion, *Calliope* cannot be said to be *Lucan's* inseparable Companion, as she is *Virgil's*, yet, according to that Critic, he is conspicuously mounted on the Top of *Parnassus*, and manages *Pegasus* with much Dexterity, still keeping firm in the Saddle, though he frequently seems in danger of losing his Seat from the many Bounds he makes, the natural Spirit and Mettle of that Creature increasing, being animated by the Boldness of the Rider. *Gyraldus* observes, that one very ingeniously compared *Lucan* to a Horse that was not broken, which would ever and anon be running in the midst of some Meadow or Field, leaping and kicking without any regard to Art or Order.

I shall conclude his Character with a Remark of Mr. *Dryden*. *Lucan*, says he, followed too much the Truth of History, crowded Sentences together, was too full of Points, and too often offered at somewhat which had more of the Sting of an Epigram, than of the Dignity and State of an Heroic Poem; he made no great Use of his Heathen Deities. There is neither the Ministry of the Gods, nor the Precipitation of the Soul, nor the Fury of a Prophet in his *Pharsalia*. He treats you more like a Philosopher than a Poet, and instructs you in Verse, with what he had been taught by his Uncle *Seneca* in Prose. In one Word, he walks soberly on foot, when he might fly. Yet *Lucan* is not always this religious Historian. The Oracle of *Appius*, and the Witchcraft of *Erietho*, will somewhat atone,

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for him, who was indeed bound up by an ill-chosen and known Argument, to follow Truth with great Exactness.

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*Best EDITIONS of LUCAN.*

Notis integris Variorum, curante Fr. Oudendorpio.  
2 vol. *L. Bat.* 1728. 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Notis integris Hug. Grotii, & selectis Variorum.  
*L. Bat.* 1669. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Notis Cortii, 12mo. *Lips.* 1726. 3*s.*

Notis Bentleii, 4to. Printed at Strawberry-Hill,  
1760. 1*l.* 1*s.*

*Lucan*, by Maittaire, 12mo. *Lond.* 1722.

*P E R S I U S.*

## P E R S I U S

**A**ULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS, the Satyrift, flourifhed under Nero, and was born of an Equeftrian Family, about the twenty fecond Year of Tiberius, at Volterra in Tufcany, though fome place his Birth in Liguria, which they found upon fome Lines of the fixth Satire :

— *Mibi nunc Ligus, &c.*

*For me, my warmer Conftitution wants  
More Cold than our Ligurian Winter grants;  
And therefore to my Native Shores retir'd,  
I view the Coast old Ennius once admir'd:  
Where Cliffs on either fide their Points difplay,  
And after opening in an ample Way.  
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard  
The Port of Luna, fays our learned Bard.*

He was about fix Years of Age when his Father Flaccus died, his Mother Fulvia Sifenna was married afterwards to Fufius, a Roman Knight, who died a few Years afterwards. He received the Rudiments of Learning at Volterra, where he lived till he was twelve Years of Age. He was then removed to Rome, where he applied himfelf to Study with great Application under

the Instructions of *Palæmon* the Grammarian, the Rhetor *Virginus Flaccus*, and *Cornutus* a Stoic Philosopher, the most learned Man of his Time, of a most virtuous Life, and a Poet himself. The Philosophy in which *Perfius* was educated he professed his whole Life, and in this he excelled both *Juvenal* and *Horace*; his Principles were not like those of *Horace*, who is sometimes an *Epicurean*, sometimes a *Stoic*, sometimes an *Eclectic*, as his present Humour sways him, nor declaims like *Juvenal* against Vices more like an Orator than a Philosopher. He is every where the same, true to the Doctrine of his Master, and devoted to his Philosophy. He contracted a strict Intimacy with this *Cornutus*, and by his Works immortalized the Friendship that was between them; he left him, by a Codicil to his Will, his Library of seven hundred Books, and a great Sum of Money, but *Cornutus* accepted of the Books only, and gave the Money to his Sisters, who were his Heirs.

He began to write when he was very young, and applied himself to Satire, upon reading the Writings of *Lucilius*; but the Verses he composed in his Youth were suppressed by the Advice of *Cornutus*, who thought they would not answer the great Reputation of those that had been published, and were received with so great Admiration by the Public, that all the Copies were presently sold off. Among other of his Works, they suppressed some Verses he had made upon *Arria*, Wife of the unfortunate *Pætus*, an illustrious Roman Lady, who killed herself to give an Example to her beloved Husband.

HE

HE studied with *Lucan* the Poet under *Cornutus*, and was so much admired by his School-Fellow, that when *Persius* recited his Verses, *Lucan* could scarce forbear breaking out into rapturous Acclamations; which is a rare Thing among Poets of the same Rank, but sometimes too common out of Hypocrisy or Adulation. *Persius* became acquainted with *Seneca* very late, and could never endure his Temper. He was a good Friend, a dutiful Son, an affectionate Brother, and a kind Relation. He was very chaste, though a Person of singular Beauty; he was sober, temperate, and modest: So true it is, that we must not judge of a Man's Morals by his Writings, for some of the Verses of *Persius* are indelicate and licentious, they are sharp and replete with Malignity. It is believed that he spared not the cruel *Nero*, and that he so plainly hinted at him, that *Cornutus* thought fit to alter some of his Words; he had written thus in his first Satire;

*Aurículas Afini Midas Rex habet.*

*An Ass's Ears King Midas has.*

*Cornutus* advised him to change them into these;

*Aurículas Afini quis non habet?*

*An Ass's Ears who has not?*

He died of a Pain in his Stomach, when he was about twenty-eight Years of Age.

THE Works of *Perfius* consist of fix Satires; he prefaces them with a Prologue in Imitation of the Drama. The Proœm to the first Satire is very beautiful, and contains the Sum of all the rest:

*O Curas hominum! quantum est in rebus inane!*

He acquired great Glory, says *Quintillian*, by these Compositions, and obtained more Credit, says *Martial*, by this one Book, than others did by many large Volumes.

*Sæpius in libro memoratur Perfius uno,  
Quam levis in toto Marfus Amazonide.*

THIS Poet had certainly the Advantage of great natural Parts, improved by a large Fund of acquired Knowledge. He was a professed Imitator of *Horace*. His Style is noble, figurative and poetical, and in general answerable to the Dignity of his Sentiments, which have all the Grandeur the *Stoic* Philosophy when judiciously applied could give them. To the Wit and refined Ridicule that shine in every Line of *Horace's* Satires he seems an utter Stranger, his Wit does not shew itself in genteel Raillery, but in insulting Sneers; it was not his Province to be witty. He shines most in recommending Virtue and Integrity; here it is that his Satire becomes him, and that Air of Sincerity that discovers itself in his Writings adds a new Grace to them. He has been equally ill treated by the Partizans of *Juvenal* and *Horace*. As a Poet, he is certainly

ly inferior to both, though in Virtue and Learning he was their Superior. He was grave, and particularly opposed his Gravity to Lewdness, which was the predominant Vice of *Nero's* Court when he published his Satires, which was before that Emperor fell into the Excess of Cruelty.

IN regard to his Versification, the learned *Casaubon* himself (who understood him particularly well, and better than any of his former Commentators) can neither defend his Numbers, nor the Purity of his *Latin*; he gives up this Point, and pretends not to justify either the Measures or the Words of *Persius*. He is evidently beneath *Horace* and *Juvenal* in both. And as his Verse is scabrous and unadorned, and his Words not every where well chosen, the Purity of *Latin* being more corrupted than in the Time of *Juvenal*, and consequently of *Horace*, who wrote when the Language was in the Height of its Perfection; so his Diction is hard, his Figures are generally too bold and daring, and his Tropes, particularly his Metaphors, insufferably strained.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the Diligence and Penetration of his Expositors, *Persius* is still obscure; whether he affected not to be understood but with Difficulty, or whether the Fear of his Safety under *Nero* compelled him to this Darkness in some Places, or that it was occasioned by his close Mode of thinking, the Brevity of his Style, and heterogeneous Admixture of his Figures; or lastly, whether after so long a Time many of his Words have been corrupted, and many Customs and Stories relating to them lost.



to us, whether some of these Reasons; or all, concurred to render him so obscure, it must be said, that the best of his Commentators can but guess at his Meaning in many Passages, and none can be certain that he has divined rightly. *Casaubon* excuses the general Obscurity of *Persius*, by alledging that it was designed *se defendendo* for fear of *Nero*, and that he was commanded to write in this obscure Manner by his Master *Cornutus*. The Poet seems not to have wanted many Lectures to be read to him upon that Subject; he was an apt Scholar, and when he was advised to be obscure in some Places where his Life and Safety were in question, he took the same Counsel for all his Books, and never afterwards wrote ten Lines together clearly. He is obscure, says *Bayle*, not out of Policy, but because he had such a Taste, and had given such a Turn to his Genius; for if the Fear of bringing himself into Trouble at Court, had moved him to cover his Conceptions with a thick Cloud, he would have done it only in such Matters, as had some Relation to the Life of the Tyrant; but we see that he twists his Words, and has recourse to Allusions and Enigmatical Figures, even when he is about to insinuate only a Moral Maxim, the clearest Explication of which could not have afforded *Nero* the least Pretence of being angry with him. I shall give no Examples of it, but refer to his Satires, which sufficiently evince it.

*SCALIGER* has a mean Opinion of the Writings of *Persius*, particularly of his Style; he calls him a silly trifling Author, an impertinent Prater, one who valued himself much on his Learning, which

which was hot and feverish. He affected nothing so much as to render himself obscure, for which Reason he was called *the blind and the dark Poet*. Not but that he has some Touches of a hidden Delicacy, but these Strokes (says *Rapin*) are always involved in so much profound Learning, that there needs a Comment to unfold them. He may properly be called the *Lycophron* of the *Latins*, on account of his Darkness; and *St. Jerome*, who could not understand the Riddles and Obscurities of this Poet *intellecturis ignibus ille dedit*, committed them to the Fire to be unfolded. His Moroseness, says the *French Critic*, never leaves him, he speaks not of the least Things but with Pomp, and he never sports but with the most serious Air. *Vossius* will have it, that *Persius* either did not understand the Rules of Satire, or at least, that he never observed them, because he only attacked some few particular Persons instead of reproving Vice in general; and when he had a mind to touch upon the Faults or Actions of such particular Persons, he commonly made use of some general Name, such as *Titius* or *Navius*, which does not give us Light enough to know either the Fact or the Person; and therefore this Poem of his scarce deserves the Name of a Satire, because he reflects upon nobody by Name. I am ready, says *Vauvasser*, to give to *Persius* the Deference that is due to him; I allow him his Jest, his cool Derision, his Wit and his Sarcasms, nor will I take from him his *Latin*, which as it is not the very best, so I must own it is none of the worst. These are the Censures that are

to be met with in the Writings of the Learned, who have fate in Judgment upon the Works of this Poet.

BUT after all it must be allowed, that *Persius* was a young Man like his Friend and Contemporary *Lucan*. Both of them Men of extraordinary Parts, and great acquired Knowledge considering their Youth. But neither of them had arrived at that Maturity of Judgment which is necessary to accomplish a great Poet; and this Consideration, as it lays some Imperfections to their Charge, so on the other Side, it is a candid Apology for those Failings which are incident to Youth and Inexperience; and we have more Reason to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth Year of their Age, could write so well, and think so strongly, than to accuse them of those Faults from which human Nature, more especially in Youth, could never possibly be exempted.

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PERSIUS, *Vide* JUVENAL.

*Best EDITIONS of PERSIUS.*

*Persii Satyræ, Is. Casaubonus Commentario illustravit.* Paris. 1605. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

*Notis Cornuti & aliorum.* Paris. 1613. 4to. 5s.

*Persius enucleatus a Dav. Wedderburn.* Amst. 1664. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

*Lat. & English by Dr. Sheridan.* 1739. 8vo. 2s.

S I L I U S

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## SILIUS ITALICUS.

**CAIUS SILIUS ITALICUS** was born under the Emperor *Tiberius*, but the Year of his Birth cannot be ascertained; he derived his Pedigree from the noble and ancient Family of the *Silii*; the Place of his Nativity is likewise uncertain; the common Opinion is, that he was born at old *Seville* in *Spain*, called *Italica*, and from thence obtained his Surname; others suppose he was born at *Corfinium* in *Italy*, which, according to *Strabo*, had the Name of *Italica* given it during the Social War.

WHEN he came to *Rome* he applied himself to the Studies and Practice of the Bar, and succeeded so well, that by a close Imitation of *Cicero*, and his Form of Pleading, he became a celebrated Advocate, and an accomplished Orator. His Merit and Character recommended him to the highest Offices in the Republick, so that he obtained the Consulship, and executed that Office when *Nero* died: He lay under the Infamy of being a false and cruel Informer under that bloody Emperor, who made use of him in accusing Persons of Fortune and Honour, whom he had devoted to Destruction. But he behaved with more Honesty and Virtue under *Vitellius*, by whose Favour he held a principal Place,

Place, and at the same Time preserved his Credit with the Public.

*VESPASIAN* sent him in the Quality of Proconsul into *Asia*, where he behaved with Honour and an unblemished Reputation. Old Age now fast approached, and having consumed the best Part of his Time in public Offices, he retired to a private Life, resolving to spend what remained of it in Ease and the delightful Amusements of Poetry. He had several Country Villas, one at *Tusculum*, which had been *Cicero's*, and a Farm at *Naples*, said to have been *Virgil's*. It is certain, he paid the highest Veneration to the Memory of that Poet, and annually celebrated his Birth-day with great Solemnity. He lived many Years in these Retirements, cherishing his Muse in her old Age, when she grew languid and had lost her Fire. He lived to see his eldest Son Consul; his other Son, a Youth of promising Hopes, died before him. He was tormented with an incurable Ulcer, which afflicted him with insupportable Pains and compelled him, according to the heroic Bravery of the *Romans*, by refraining from Meat to put an end to his own Life. *Martial*, who had been much indebted to him, pays this grateful Tribute to his Memory :

*L. 2. Ep. 49.*

*Silius hæc magni celebrat Monumenta Maronis,  
Fugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet.  
Hæredem Dominumque sui tumulique larisque  
Non abrum mallet nec Maro nec Cicero.*

*Silius*

## SILIUS ITALICUS. 319

*Silius here celebrates great Maro's Praise,  
And Tully's Acres he at ease enjoys,  
Virgil and Cicero would surely choose,  
My Silius for their Heir, and all the World refuse.*

SINCE we know little of *Silius*, but what we collect from *Pliny* the younger, it will be proper to insert the Character he gives of this Poet in a Letter to his Friend *Caninius*: It is the seventh Epistle of the third Book.

I AM just now informed, that *Silius Italicus* has starved himself to Death, at his Villa near *Naples*. Having been afflicted with an Imposthume, which was deemed incurable, he grew weary of Life under such uneasy Circumstances, and therefore put an End to it, with the most determined Courage. He had been extremely fortunate through the whole Course of his Days, excepting only the Loss of his younger Son; however, that was made up to him in the Satisfaction of seeing his Eldest, who is of a more amiable Character, attain the Consular Dignity, and of leaving him in a very flourishing Situation. He suffered a little in his Reputation in the Time of *Nero*, having been suspected of forwardly joining in some of the Informations which were carried on in the Reign of that Prince; but he made Use of his Interest in *Vitellius*, with great Discretion and Humanity. He acquired much Honour by his Administration of the Government of *Asia*; and by his approved Behaviour, after his Retirement from Business.

' nefs, cleared his Character from that Stain  
 ' which his former Intrigues had thrown upon  
 ' it. He lived among the Nobility of *Rome*,  
 ' without Power, and consequently without  
 ' Envy. Though he frequently was confined  
 ' to his Bed, and always to his Chamber, yet  
 ' he was highly respected, and much visited;  
 ' not with a View to his Wealth, but merely  
 ' on Account of his Merit. He employed his  
 ' Time between conversing with Men of Let-  
 ' ters, and composing of Verses; which he  
 ' sometimes recited, in order to try the Senti-  
 ' ments of the Public: but he discovered in  
 ' them more Industry than Genius. In the  
 ' Decline of his Years he entirely quitted *Rome*,  
 ' and lived altogether in *Campania*, from whence  
 ' even the Accession of the new Emperor could  
 ' not draw him. A circumstance which I men-  
 ' tion as well to the Honour of the Prince, who  
 ' was not displeased with that Liberty, as of  
 ' *Italicus*, who was not afraid to make Use of  
 ' it. He was reproached with being fond of all  
 ' the Elegancies of the fine Arts to a Degree of  
 ' Excess. He had several Villas in the same  
 ' Province, and the last Purchase was always  
 ' the chief Favourite, to the Neglect of the  
 ' Rest. They were all furnished with large  
 ' Collections of Books, Statues and Pictures,  
 ' which he more than enjoyed, he even adored;  
 ' particularly that of *Virgil*, of whom he was so  
 ' passionate an Admirer, that he celebrated the  
 ' Anniversary of that Poet's Birth-day with  
 ' more Solemnity than his own; especially at  
 ' *Naples*, where he used to approach his Tomb  
 ' with as much Reverence as if it had been a  
 ' Temple.

Temple. In this Tranquillity he lived to  
 the Seventy-fifth Year of his Age, with a de-  
 licate, rather than a sickly Constitution. It  
 is remarkable, that as he was the last Person  
 upon whom *Nero* conferred the Consular Office  
 (that Prince being killed during his Consul-  
 ship) so he was the last also that survived of  
 all those who had been raised by him to that  
 Dignity. When I consider this, I cannot  
 forbear lamenting the transitory Condition of  
 Mankind. Is there any Thing in Nature so  
 short and limited as human Life, even in  
 its most extended Period? Does it not seem  
 to you, my Friend, but Yesterday, that *Nero*  
 was upon the Throne? and yet not one of  
 all those who were Consuls in his Reign now  
 remains! But why should I wonder at an  
 Event so common? *Lucius Piso* (the Father  
 of that *Piso* who was infamously assassinated  
 by *Valerius Festus* in *Africa*) used to say, he  
 did not see one Person in the Senate who sat  
 in that House when he was Consul: such  
 Multitudes are swept away in so short a Space!  
 I am therefore so far from thinking those  
 Tears of *Xerxes* need any Apology, that in  
 my Judgment History does Honour to his  
 Character, which informs us, that when this  
 Prince had attentively surveyed his immense  
 Army, he could not refrain from weeping,  
 with the Thought that so many thousand Lives  
 would so soon be extinct. The more ardent  
 therefore should our Zeal be to lengthen  
 out this short Portion of Existence, by Ac-  
 quisitions of Glory, if not in the active Scenes  
 of Life (which is not always in our own  
 Power)



' Power) yet however in those of Study and  
 ' Contemplation; and since it is not granted  
 ' us to live long, let us transmit to Posterity  
 ' some Memorial that we have at least LIVED.  
 ' I well know, you want not any Incitement  
 ' to Virtue; but the Warmth of my Affection  
 ' for you inclines me to forward you in the  
 ' Course you already pursue; as I have often  
 ' found myself encouraged by your generous  
 ' Exhortations. How glorious is the Contention,  
 ' when two Friends thus strive who shall  
 ' animate each other most in their Pursuits of  
 ' immortal Fame! Farewel.'

*SILIUS* in the Decline of Life, and far advanced in Years, attempted an *Epic* Poem, which he composed in seventeen Books, and chose for his Subject the History of the *second Punic War*. He was stimulated to this Work beyond his Natural Heat, by his superstitious Admiration of *Virgil*, whom he proposed as an Example, and resolved to imitate; but the Copy fell infinitely short of the divine Original, for though he had a tolerable Génius for Poetry, yet his Subject was most improper for an *Epic* Poem: His Subject was insipid and common, every Circumstance of the *Punic War* was fully known, so that he was servilely restricted to Historical Facts, and the Scope of his Fancy was cramped and confined; yet *Martial* compliments him as the Honour and Ornament of the Age in which he lived.

*Sili Castalidum decus sororum, &c.*

Silius

*Silius the Glory of the Castalian Sisters,  
Who sing'st in lofty Verse the perjur'd Rage,  
And treacherous Pride of Hannibal, &c.*

It must be allowed that *Silius* possessed some of those great Qualities requisite to form a great Poet. He had Learning historical, moral and natural. His Characters are often noble and just, and his Sentiments great and beautiful. His Images are poetical, but the Expression, the Colouring is weak, and often spiritless. He is Master of many Excellencies, but often loses the Influence of the ætherial Particle, that Enthusiastic Fire which strengthens every Figure, and animates every Line in *Homer* and *Virgil*. Though he does not always creep, and can sometimes soar with Dignity and Gracefulness, yet he weakened his Fire by attempting to imitate *Virgil's* Correctness. He has many Excellencies, and would be much more esteemed were he more known. *Silius Italicus*, says *Rapin*, is much more regular than *Statius*. He owes more to Industry than to native Genius. There seems some Judgment and Conduct in his Design, but nothing of Greatness and Nobleness in his Expression; and if one may rely on the younger *Pliny's* Judgment, there is more Art than Genius in his Composition; it is rather the History of the *Punick* War than an Epic Poem.

*PETRARCH* wrote a Poem upon the same Subject, which, it is probable, he would never have attempted had he seen this of *Silius*, which was not found till long after his Death, in the Time of the Council of *Basil*.

*Bist*

**Best EDITIONS of SILIUS ITALICUS.**

**Notis integris Variorum & Arnoldi Drakenberch.**

*Traj. ad Rhen.* 1717. 4to. 1l. 1s.

**Notis utilissimis illustratus a Christoph. Cellario.**

*Lipſiæ*, 1696. 8vo. 3s.

**STATIUS.**

## S T A T I U S.

**PUBLIUS PAPINIUS STATIUS** was born at *Naples*, about the Beginning of the Reign of the Emperor *Claudius*; his Father was of a good Family at *Sella*, a Town of *Epirus*, whose Ancestors had been famous for their Learning and polite Accomplishments, and made a considerable Figure in that Place for many Generations. He received his Education under his Father, who opened a School of Rhetoric and Oratory in *Naples*, and met with suitable Encouragement from Men of the first Distinction, who employed him in the Education of their Children. He removed afterwards to *Rome*, and engaged in the same Profession with equal Success.

HERE our Poet fell in love with a young Widow, named *Claudia*, a Musician's Daughter, a Lady of excellent Genius, and who had made singular Improvements in many Parts of Learning, especially in Poetry: She proved a virtuous and chearful Companion, and was of signal Use to him in some of his Compositions, particularly in his *Thebaid*:

——— *Longi tu sola laboris*  
*Conscia, cumque tuis crevit mea Thebais annis.*

Thee

*Thee only conscious of my Pains I lov'd,  
And with thy Years my Thebais improv'd.*

He inscribed many of his Poems to his Wife, whom he always mentions with Tenderness and Honour, and, as a Mark of his Love and Esteem, he treated a Daughter whom she had by her first Husband with singular Regard and paternal Affection.

*STATIUS* it seems had obtained three Prizes in the *Alban Games*, but lost the Victory in the *Capitol*. His Character was soon established at *Rome*, and his occasional Poems introduced him to the great Wits of the Age, whom he frequently took occasion to praise and compliment in his *Silvæ*, or Miscellanies. It is very remarkable, says *Vossius*, that *Martial*, who was a great Admirer of *Stella* the Poet, should never make any mention of *Statius*, who was so intimate with *Stella*, that he dedicated to him the first Book of his *Silvæ*. This he supposes might proceed from Envy and Emulation in *Martial*, who could not bear, that *Pampinius* was so much in *Domitian's* Favour, because he had so ready a Talent in making extemporaneous Verses, which *Martial* pretended to as his own particular Province. He was recommended to the Emperor's Favour by *Paris*, a favourite Actor, who obtained for him the Honour of being admitted to sit at Table with the Emperor among his chief Ministers. He artfully insinuated himself into the Esteem of this cruel Tyrant by his extravagant Compliments and fulsome Adulation, who distinguished him by very honourable Rewards,  
2 particularly

particularly he made him a Present of a *Golden Crown*, when he won the Prize in the *Alban Mount*, at the *Quinquatria*, Games celebrated in honour of *Minerva*. It is supposed his Circumstances were far from being affluent, before he became acquainted with *Paris*, and that he was obliged to sell his Poems for a Subsistence; for *Juvenal* mentions a Tragedy called *Agave*, which was purchased by *Paris*, who from a Player was become a Man of Fortune and a principal Favourite.

*Curritur ad vocem jucundam, &c. Sat. 7.*

*All Rome is pleas'd when Statius will rehearse,  
And longing Crowds expect the promis'd Verse;  
His lofty Numbers, with so great a Gust,  
They hear and swallow with such eager Lust:  
But while the common Suffrage crown'd his Cause,  
And broke the Benches with their loud Applause,  
His Muse had starv'd, had not a Piece unread,  
And by a Player bought, supply'd her Bread.*

THE Miscellanies of *Statius*, which he called *Silvæ*, were the Foundation of his public Character among the Wits of *Rome*. *Naugerius*, a noble *Venetian* of great Learning, had a different Opinion of these little Pieces; for being told that some of his Poetical Writings had in them much of the Style of *Statius*, he was so enraged at the Comparison, that he threw them into the Fire, and saw them consumed.

HIS next Attempt was his *Thebaid*, in which he was assisted by *Maximus Junius*, a Person of Distinction, possessed of singular Learning. This

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Poem cost him twelve Years Labour, and he was far advanced in Age before he finished it: he gave it its ultimate Completion at *Naples*. His last Attempt was his *Achilleid*, but he had made little Progress in this Work before Death prevented him, which happened at *Naples*, in the Reign of *Trajan*.

*STATIUS*, says *Borrichius*, the Favourite of *Domitian*, wrote several Things in a learned and lofty Style, but many were lost, and among others, his famous Tragedy, the *Agave*, which he was obliged by Poverty to sell to *Paris* that he might publish it as his own. We have extant his *Silvæ* in five Books, his *Thebaid* in twelve Books, and his *Achilleis* in two; in all which Pieces his Style generally appears to be florid, stately and magnificent; in his *Silvæ*, the Style is purer and more natural; in his *Thebaid*, fuller of Art; and in his *Achilleis* it is more irregular. Hence, therefore, some of the Critics declare, that it is with *Statius* among the Poets, as it was with *Alexander* the Great among the Heroes; that his great Virtues were mixed with great Vices; his Verse sometimes flows in a truly lofty and majestic Strain; sometimes he soars above the Clouds in high Bombast; and then again, like *Icarus*, falls from the greatest Elevation down to the very Ground. *Strada*, therefore, very properly supposes *Statius* to be seated upon the highest Part of *Parnassus*, and in so much Danger, that he seems to be like a Man who is just ready to fall. I may add, his Writings could scarce be harmonious and correct, when he congratulated himself on having spent but two Days about the *Epithalamium*

*Epitium of Stella*, which contained two hundred and seventy-eight Verses.

*SCALIGER* is immoderate in his Praise, he calls him a most accomplished and a most ingenious Poet; he says, there are none either of the Ancients or Moderns, who so much resemble *Virgil*, and that he had approached nearer him if he had not affected to follow him too closely. Being in his own Nature of a sublime and exalted Mind, whenever he endeavoured to excel and exert himself, he presently uttered Expressions that were too extravagant and tumid. But beyond Dispute, unless it be that Phœnix of *Rome*, *Virgil*, there are none of the Heroic Poets, whether *Greek* or *Latin*, who can be compared to *Statius*, whose Verses will admit a Comparison even with those of *Homer*. He had that Veneration for *Virgil's* Memory, that he frequently visited his Tomb, and celebrated his Birth-day with great Solemnity.

THIS Poet has experienced different Treatment from *Rapin*, and some others, who charge him with the formal Affectation of great Words and swelling Expressions, filling the Ear without ever touching the Heart; that he had an unbounded Imagination without Judgment; that he is as fantastical in his Ideas as in his Expressions; and that his two Poems, the *Thebais* and *Achilleis*, have nothing in them regular, all is vast and disproportionable.



**Best EDITIONS of STATIUS.**

**Commentariis Crucei**, 2 vol. *Parif.* 1618. 4to.  
10s. 6d.

**Interpretatione & Notis illustravit ad usum fereniff.**  
**Delphini**, *Claudius Beraldu*, 2 vol. *Parif.* 1685.  
4to. 20l.

**Silvæ.**—Notis & Emendat. *Jer. Marklandi.* *Lond.*  
1728. 4to. 15s.

**Opera**, Notis integris *Fr. Gronovii* & selectis Vario-  
rum, curâ *Veenbushii.* *L. Bat.* 1671. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**JUVENAL.**

## J U V E N A L.

**DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS,** was born about the Beginning of the Reign of the Emperor *Claudius*, at *Aquinum*, a Town belonging to the Territory of the ancient *Volsi*, and since famous for having given Birth to *Thomas Aquinas*, the famous Father of Scholastic Philosophy. Our Poet's Father was a rich Freedman, who gave him a liberal Education, and, conformably to the Custom of those Times, bred him to the Bar, and to the Study of Eloquence, in which he made a very great Progress. He studied first under *Fronto* the Grammarian, and afterwards, as it is generally conjectured, under *Quintilian*, who is thought to have seen some of his Satires. He never ranked himself among the Rich and Wealthy, yet in the eleventh Satire, he describes his Country House, his Entertainment and his Attendants, which argue a sufficient Plenty and Competency for a Philosopher and Poet.

BESIDES his Acquaintance with *Umbritius*, a famous *Aruspex* mentioned in his third Satire, he was singularly beloved and esteemed among his Friends, by *Martial* the Poet, who addresses three Epigrams to him (Lib. 7. Ep. 23. and 91. and Lib. 12. Ep. 18.) where he

gives him the Title of the Eloquent, and informs us that *Juvenal* pleaded at the Bar. The last was written by *Martial*, after he had retired to *Bilboa*, which happened under *Trajan*; he speaks of our Author as a Man in the Bloom of Life, and full Vigour of Genius, and as if he had as yet written but few Satires. The greatest Part of his Works was published very late in Life, for he had long distinguished himself by his Eloquence at the Bar, and improved his Fortune and Interest at *Rome* before he thought of Poetry, the very Style of which, in his Satires, evinces a long Habit of Declaiming.

WE are told he recited the first Essay which he made, when he was above forty, to a small Audience of his Friends, but being encouraged by their Applause, he hazarded a greater Publication; which reaching the Ear of *Pæris*, *Domitian's* chief Favourite at that Time, tho' but a Pantomime Player, whom he had severely insulted, that Minion made his Complaint to the Emperor, who banished the offending Poet into *Egypt*, (to *Pentapolis*, a City of *Lybia*, says *Suidas*) though he was eighty Years old, as *Gyraldus* observes in his Account of the *Latin* Poets, under Pretence of giving him the Præfecture of a Cohort. Upon this Account he is called by *Sidonius Apollinaris*, *Irati Histrionis Exul*.

*Ille & Militiæ multis largitur honorem,  
Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro,  
Quod non dant Proceres, dabit Histrion.*

*He*

*He can dispose of Honours and Commands,  
 The Pow'r of Rome is in an Actor's Hands.  
 The peaceful Gown and military Sword;  
 The bounteous Player outgives the starving Lord.  
 And would'st thou, Poet, rise before the Sun,  
 And to his Honour's lazy Levee run?  
 Stick to the Stage, and leave thy sordid Peer,  
 And yet, Heav'n knows, 'tis earn'd with Hardship  
 there.*

HE was not idle during his Stay in *Egypt*, but made such Observations upon the Superstitions and religious Differences of the People, as he afterwards wrought up into a Satire, which is the fifteenth in the Order they are commonly published.

AFTER *Domitian's* Death, *Juvenal* returned to *Rome*, sufficiently cautioned not only against attacking the Characters of those in Power, but against all personal Reflections upon Great Men living; and therefore he thus wisely concludes the Debate he is supposed to have maintained with a Friend in the first Satire, which seems to be the first he wrote after he returned from Banishment. *Experiar quid concedatur*, &c. He is supposed to have died about the eleventh of *Adrian's* Reign. That he lived to be an old Man, we may conclude from the eleventh Satire, where he says of himself, and of *Perseus*, to whom he writes;

*Nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula Solem,  
 Effugiatque Togam.*

*Our aged Limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' Rays,  
And live this Day devoted to our Ease.*

As to his Person, we are told he was tall and large, which made some think he was of *Gallic* Extraction. We meet with nothing relating to his moral Character or way of Life; but both from the Manner of his Punishment by *Domitian*, and the whole Tenor of his Writings, he seems to have been a real Friend of Sobriety and Virtue. There is no Mention that he ever was married, nor is it at all probable, if we consider the Opinion he had of the Women of those Times, whom he bitterly and with extravagant Acrimony scurrilizes in his sixth Satire.

THE Writings of *Juvenal* consist of sixteen Satires, which have justly had their Admirers among the Learned in all Ages; and indeed the Works of this Poet are so complete a System of Morality, and so perfect a Body of useful Philosophy, they express so just a Rage against the shocking Vices of the Times in which he lived, that he has scarce left any Thing unsaid upon the Subjects he chose. The Jealousy and atrocious Guilt of the Age obliged him often to draw Characters, and represent Crimes under the Names of Persons who had been long dead; for the Corruption was too great and universal, and the Power of the Vicious too formidable, to be attacked without Danger; and this wary Method which he adopted has been followed successfully by succeeding Satirists in many States and Countries, who have laboured under the same Inconveniences.

MANY

MANY and lofty are the Eulogies bestowed upon the Satires of this Poet; he is so full of divine Sentiments, and his ethical Reflections are so grave and moral, that he may properly be called *The Prophet of the Latin Poets*. Many prefer his Pieces before all the Morals of *Aristotle*, and some pronounce him equal to *Seneca* and *Epietetus*. He is styled *Censor Morum Liberrimus*; and is, says *Stapleton*, a most excellent Poet, his Verse flowing like a River when the Wind breathes gently, smoothly near the Banks, and strong in the Current. On the same Subjects he never fell short of *Horace*, but often surpassed him; his eight Satire upon *True Nobility* far exceeds *Horace's* sixth upon the same Subject. Compare *Juvenal's* tenth with *Horace's* first, and then, says *Scaliger*, *Sanè ille tibi Juvenalis Poeta videbitur, hic Horatius, jejuna cujuspiam Theseos tenuis Tentator*; you will confess *Juvenal* to be the Poet, and *Horace* to be some poor Theme-maker. *Horace*, he proceeds, is a meer Scoffer, his Diction is vulgar, his Verse negligent, only his *Latin* is pure; but *Juvenal ardet, instat, aperte jugulat*; his Purity is *Roman*, his Composition happy, his Verse better, his Sentences sharper, his Phrase more liberal, and his Satire more accurate. *Horace* did not more exceed *Lucilius*, than *Juvenal Horace*, whether we respect the Variety of Arguments, the Dexterity of Execution, the Fertility of Invention, the Frequency of Sentiments, the Sharpness of Reprehension, as also his Raillery and polite Manners. *Juvenal*, says *Holyday*, is to be preferred to *Horace* for his Ardour, his Loftiness, and his Freedom,

Freedom, and tho' I willingly admire the Happiness of *Horace* in his Lyrics, yet I cannot but think he very much untuned himself, in his Fall from the Ode to the Satire. Besides, *Juvenal's* Change of the ancient Satire was not only a Change, but a Perfection: for what is the End of Satire, but to reform? Whereas a perpetual *Grin* does rather exasperate than amend. Wherefore the old Satire and the New, and so *Horace* and *Juvenal*, may seem to differ, as the Jester and the Orator, the Face of an Ape and of a Man, or as the Fiddle and Thunder. *Horace* was a slight superficial Satirist, who only laughed from the Teeth outward, whereas *Juvenal* bit to the very Bone, and did not often suffer his Prey to escape strangling and being put to death.

To form an exact Comparison between *Horace* and *Juvenal* is a difficult Undertaking; a Dispute has always been instituted between the Favourers of the two Poets. If it be only argued which of them was the better Poet, the Victory is already gained on the Side of *Horace*; *Virgil* himself must yield to him in the Delicacy of his Turns, his Choice of Words, and perhaps the Purity of his *Latin*; he who says that *Pindar* is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his Odes. But the Contention between these two great Masters is for the Prize of Satire, in which Controversy all the Odes and Epodes of *Horace* are to stand excluded. It must be granted by the Favourers of *Juvenal*, that *Horace* is more copious and profitable in his Instruction of human Life, but *Juvenal* is the more delightful Author; I am profited by both, I am pleased by both,

both, but I owe more to *Horace* for my Instruction, and more to *Juvenal* for my Pleasure. *Juvenal* is of a more Vigorous and Masculine Wit than *Horace*, he gives me as much Pleasure as I can bear; he fully satisfies my Expectation, he treats his Subject greatly; his Spleen is raised, and he raises mine; I have the Pleasure of being strongly interested in all he says; he drives his Reader along with him, and when he is at the End of his Way, I willingly stop with him; if he went another Stage, it would be too far, it would make a Journey of a Progress, and turn Delight into Fatigue. When he gives over it is a Sign the Subject is exhausted, and the Wit of Man can carry it no farther.

If a Fault can be justly found in *Juvenal*, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant, says more than he needs, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his Thoughts are as just as those of *Horace*, and much more elevated. His Expressions are sonorous and more noble, his Verse more numerous, and his Words are suitable to his Thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the Pleasure of the Reader, and the greater the Soul of him who reads, the greater are his Transports. *Horace* is always on the *Amble*, *Juvenal* on the *Gallop*, but his Way is perpetually on Carpet Ground; he goes with more Impetuosity than *Horace*, but as securely, and the Swiftneſs adds more lively Agitation to the Spirits. The Sauce of *Juvenal* is more poignant to create in us an Appetite of reading him; the Meat of *Horace* is more nourishing, but the Cookery of *Juvenal* more exquisite; so that granting *Horace* to be



the more general Philosopher, we cannot deny that *Juvenal* was the greater Poet, I mean in *Satire*. His Thoughts are sharper, his Indignation against Vices more vehement, his Spirit has more of the Commonwealth Genius; he treats Tyranny, and all Vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost Rigour; and consequently a noble Soul is better pleased with a zealous Vindicator of *Roman Liberty*, than with a *Temporizing* Poet, a well-mannered Court-Slave, and a Man who is often afraid of laughing in the right Place, who is ever decent because he is naturally servile. After all, *Horace* had the Disadvantage of the Times in which he lived, they were better for the *Man*, and worse for the *Satirist*; those enormous Vices practised under the Reign of *Domitian*, were unknown in the Time of *Augustus Caesar*; *Juvenal* therefore had a larger Field than *Horace*, little Follies were out of Doors when Oppression was to be scourged instead of Avarice; it was no longer Time to turn into Ridicule the false Opinions of Philosophers, when the *Roman Liberty* was to be asserted; there was more need of a *Brutus* in *Domitian's* Days to redeem or mend, than of a *Horace*, if he had then been living, to laugh at a Fly-catcher.

*RAPIN* does not distinguish with that Advantage to the Character of *Juvenal*. That Delicacy, says he, which properly gives the Relish to Satire, was heretofore the Character of *Horace*, for it was only by way of Jest and Merriment that he exercised his Censure. He knew well, that the Sport of Wit had more Effect than the strongest Reasons, and the most  
 sententious

sententious Discourse, to render Vice ridiculous; in which *Juvenal*, with all his Seriousness, has so much Difficulty to succeed; for indeed that violent Way of declaiming which he employs, has most commonly very little Effect, he scarce persuades at all, because he is always in a Rage, and never speaks in cold Blood. 'Tis true, says the *French Critic*, he has some *Common Places* of Morality that may serve to dazzle the weaker Sort of Apprehensions, but with all his strong Expressions, energetic Terms, and great Flashes of Eloquence, he makes little Impression, because he has nothing that is delicate, or that is natural; it is not true Zeal that makes him talk against the Faults and Follies of that Age, it is merely a Spirit of Vanity and Ostentation.

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### Best EDITIONS of JUVENAL.

*Juvenal & Persius*, elegantissimis Typis excusi sunt. Typographiâ regiâ. *Parisiis*, 1644. Fol. 10s. 6d.

*Juvenal & Persius*, veterum Scholiis & Notis Variorum, accedunt *Is. & Merici Casauboni* Comment. in *Persium*, curâ *Hen. Heninonii*, æneis figuris illustr. *Lugd. Bat.* 1695. 4to. 1l 11s. 6d.

*Juvenal & Persius*, cum vet. Scholiis & Variorum Notis. *Amst.* 1684. 8vo. 6s.

*Juvenal & Persius*, a *Maittaire*, *Lond.* 1718. 2s. 6d.

MARTIAL

## M A R T I A L.

**M**ARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS, a Latin Poet, was born at *Bilbilis*, now called *Bubiera*, a Town of the ancient *Celtiberia* in *Spain*, which is the Kingdom of *Arragon*. This Town stands upon the River *Salo*, or *Halo*, which falls into the *Ebro* above *Saragossa*. His Father was called *Fronto*, and his Mother *Flacilla*, as he declares in the thirty-fifth Epigram of the fifth Book. He was born, it is supposed, in the Reign of *Claudius* the Emperor. When he was twenty Years of Age he came to *Rome* under *Nero*, and there continued thirty-five Years under the Emperors *Galba*, *Otho*, *Vitellius*, *Vespasian*, *Titus*, and *Domitian*, by whom he was advanced to the Tribune and Equestrian Dignity: This Emperor likewise gave him the *Fus trium Liberorum*, the Privileges of a Citizen who had three Children.

HE was sent to *Rome* to qualify himself for the Bar, but finding he had no great Genius nor Inclination to this Profession, he altered his Design, and applied himself to the Study of Poetry. He succeeded in this Pursuit, and acquired a happy and elegant Way of Writing, which introduced him to an Acquaintance with the Wits of that Age, *Silius Italicus*, *Stella*, and *Pliny*

*Pliny* the Younger, who in one of his Epistles gives him a good Character. *Sertinius*, a noble Roman, had so great an Esteem for the Compositions of this Poet, that he placed his Statue in his Library while he was living, and the Emperor *Verus* usually called him his *Virgil*, which reflects considerable Honour on his poetical Character.

AFTER a long Stay at *Rome* without any Improvement of his Fortune, he turned his Thoughts towards his native Country, for his Poverty deprived him of the common Comforts of Life: His fulsome Flattery of *Domitian* was no Advantage to his Circumstances, *Trajan* at length became tired of him, and his Friends forsook him, so that he was reduced to the lowest Distress, which he complains of;

*Sum fateor semperque fui, Callistrate, Pauper.*

IN this melancholy Condition he retired to *Bilbilis*, the Place of his Birth, in the Decline of Life, as he says of himself, and grey-headed; and this Journey he could not have undertaken, if his Friend *Pliny* had not contributed to the Expence of it. He met with better Fortune in his own Country, for there he married *Marcella*, (a second Wife, it is supposed) a Woman of good Fortune, whom he exceedingly commends and admires, and for very good Reasons; for she had a House and fine Gardens, which she made him a Present of, and settled upon him. Here he finished his twelfth Book of Epigrams, at the Desire of his Friend *Priscus*, a Man of Consular Dignity, who came to him into *Spain*.

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and to whom it is inscribed as his Patron. He died about the seventy-fifth Year of his Age. The other two Books, that is, the thirteenth and fourteenth, are called *Xenia*, and *Apophoreta*, and are conceived by most Judges to have been written by some other Hand.

His Friend *Pliny* being informed of the Death of *Martial*, was much affected with the News, and gives the following Character of him in a Letter to *Priscus*; it is the twenty-first Epistle of the third Book.

TO PRISCUS.

‘ I HAVE just received an Account of the  
 ‘ Death of poor *Martial*, which much con-  
 ‘ cerns me. He was a Man of an acute and  
 ‘ lively Genius, and his Writings abound with  
 ‘ an agreeable Spirit of Wit and Satire, con-  
 ‘ ducted at the same Time by great Candor and  
 ‘ Good-nature. When he left *Rome* I made  
 ‘ him a Present to defray the Charges of his  
 ‘ Journey, which I gave him, not only as a  
 ‘ Testimony of my Friendship, but in Return  
 ‘ for the Verses with which he had compli-  
 ‘ mented me. It was the Custom of the An-  
 ‘ cients to distinguish those Poets with honour-  
 ‘ able and pecuniary Rewards, who had cele-  
 ‘ brated particular Persons or Cities in their  
 ‘ Verses; but this generous Practice, with  
 ‘ every other that is fair and noble, is now  
 ‘ grown out of Fashion; and in Consequence  
 ‘ of having ceased to act laudably, we consider  
 ‘ Applause as an impertinent and worthless  
 ‘ Tribute. You will be desirous, perhaps, to  
 ‘ see

‘ see the Verses which merited this Acknow-  
 ‘ ledgment from me; and I believe I can, from  
 ‘ my Memory, partly satisfy your Curiosity,  
 ‘ without referring you to his Works: but if  
 ‘ you are pleased with this Specimen of them,  
 ‘ you must turn to his Poems for the rest. He  
 ‘ addresses himself to his Muse, whom he di-  
 ‘ rects to go to my House upon the *Esquilæ*;  
 ‘ but to approach me with Respect:

‘ *Go, wanton Muse, but go with Care,*  
 ‘ *Nor meet, ill-tim’d, my Pliny’s Ear;*  
 ‘ *He, by sage Minerva taught,*  
 ‘ *Gives the Day to studious Thought,*  
 ‘ *And plans that Eloquence divine,*  
 ‘ *Which shall to future Ages shine,*  
 ‘ *And rival, wond’rous Tully! thine.* }  
 ‘ *Then, cautious, watch the vacant Hour,*  
 ‘ *When Bacchus reigns in all his Pow’r;*  
 ‘ *When crown’d with rosy Chaplets gay,*  
 ‘ *E’en rigid Catos read my Lay.*

‘ Do you not think that the Poet who wrote in  
 ‘ such Terms of me, deserted some friendly  
 ‘ Marks of my Bounty *then*, and that he merits  
 ‘ my Sorrow *now*? For he gave me the most  
 ‘ he could, and it was want of Power only, if  
 ‘ his Present was not more valuable. But to say  
 ‘ Truth, what higher can be conferred on Man  
 ‘ than Honour, and Applause, and Immorta-  
 ‘ lity?—And though it should be granted, that  
 ‘ his Poems will not be immortal, still, no  
 ‘ Doubt, he composed them upon the contrary  
 ‘ Supposition. Farewel.’

THE Poet lashes *Cato's* Gravity, on Account of an Accident that happened at the *Floral Games*, where Women appeared naked before all the People. The same *Cato*, says *Valerius Maximus*, being present at the *Floral Games* which *Messius* the *Ædile* exhibited, the People had so much Modesty as not to require that the Courtezans should be stripped; which when he understood from *Favonius*, his intimate Friend who sat by him, he left the Theatre, lest his Presence might be a Hindrance to the usual Spectacle. The People followed him with loud Acclamations, and then proceeded according to Custom, declaring they had a greater Regard for the Majesty of that one Man, than for that of the whole Assembly. *Martial* justly laughs at this Behaviour of *Cato*; Why did he go to those Games, since he knew what was practised there? Did he go there only to go out again? This the Poet reproaches him with. Ep. 3. lib. 1.

*Noffes jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ,  
Festosque cujus & licentiam vulgi;  
Cur in Theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?  
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?*

*Why cam'st thou Cato 'midst that frolic Crowd,  
No Stranger to the Revels there allow'd?  
Thou knew'st 'twas Flora's Feast, why cam'st thou  
then?  
Was it for this, strait to go out again?*

It has happened to this Poet, that those who have criticised his Writings have shewn him in too opposite Characters; his Admirers are extravagant

travagant in his Commendation. The Genius of *Martial*, say they, was extensive and lively; no Subject came amiss to him, and he was certainly capable, had the good Taste of the Age encouraged him to it, of keeping up the Spirit of *Epigrammatic* Poetry, without the poor Aids of false Wit and Obscenity. His Works were received with universal Applause in all the polite Parts of the *Roman* Empire. He was a pleasant, witty Poet, says *Turnebus*, adding, he had no Notion how he came to be called a *Buffoon*; that his Epigrams, let Men say what they please, are written with a considerable Share of Elegance.

THE peculiar Properties of an *Epigram*, says *Scaliger*, are Brevity and Smartness; this last Quality *Catullus* did not always attain, but the most acute *Martial* never failed here; many of his Epigrams, he proceeds, are Divine, his Style is pure and exact, and very proper for that great Variety of Matter he was concerned with; and though, says *Morbofius*, he be charged by some ill-natured Critics with sometimes using the *Spanish* Idiom, yet this ought not to deprive him of the Honour that is justly his Due, his elegant Knowledge in the *Latin* Tongue.

BUT notwithstanding the Authority of such considerable Advocates, some Writers make free with his Character, and treat him in a very scurrilous Manner. He is, says *Muretus*, if compared with *Catullus*, a pert Fellow, a mere Droll. His Epigrams, says *Gyraldus*, never pleased any but a Company of Asses. His Epigrams, says *Raphael Valaterranus*, are not fit to be read, they contain neither Elegance nor  
Morality.



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Morality : And *Vossius*, with a just Moderation observes, that *Martial* was one of those Authors, who, at the same Time he reprov'd Vice, taught it; and though he deserv'd great Commendation for many of his Epigrams, yet by those few that are obscene, he did infinitely more Mischief than by others he had done Good.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura  
Quæ legis hic : aliter, non sit, Avite, Liber.*

*As most Books are, so Epigrams, my Friend,  
Some good, indifferent some, more badly end.*

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*Cum Commentariis Variorum & Indice Jof. Langii.*

*Parif. 1617. Fol. 15s.*

*Interpretatione ac Notis illustravit, in usum Sereniss.*

*Delphini, Vincentius Colleſſo. Parif. 1684. 4to.*

*1l. 1s.*

*Notis Variorum. L. Bat. 1670. 8vo. 8s.*

*Ex Muſæo & Notis Petri Scriverii. Lug. Bat. 1619.*

*12mo. 3s.*

*Martial a Smids, cum figuris, 8vo. Amſt. 1701.*

*6s.*

**VALERIUS.**

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VALERIUS FLACCUS.

**C**AIUS VALERIUS FLACCUS, was born at *Setia*, now *Sezzo*, a Town of *Campagna di Roma*, whence he had the Name of *Setinus*, but lived most Part of his Time at *Padua*. He was Contemporary with *Martial*, who had an intimate Friendship with him, and advised him to leave the unprofitable Study of Poetry, and apply himself to the Bar, as the more advantageous Profession. He died before he had put the finishing Hand to his Work, at about thirty Years of Age. This short Account is the whole that remains of the Life and Death of this Poet.

**FLACCUS** chose for his Subject the History of the *Argonautic Expedition*, which he wrote in eight Books, in Imitation of *Apollonius Rhodius* upon the same Subject. *Quintilian* laments his untimely Death, and that it was a great Loss to the Learned, that he did not live to correct his Works. He addresses his Poem to the Emperor *Vespasian*, and enters upon it with a pompous Invocation of *Apollo*, but his Muse soon jaded.

*Phæbe, mone si Cumææ, &c.*

*If conscious at Cumæan Rites I bend,  
And at the hallowed Service pure attend,*

I

*If*

*If undefil'd thy laurel'd Wreath I wear,  
Phœbus inspire my Numbers, bear my Pray'r.*

He seems rather to imitate than to translate the Greek Poet *Apollonius*, whose Work, though he had before him, and by comparing it with *Homer* and *Virgil*, might have made his Advantages in treating the same Subject; yet without using the help of a Guide, he gave himself up wholly to his own Invention, and succeeded accordingly. However, *Apollonius* has been far from suffering where *Flaccus* has appeared to translate him; none of his Spirit has been lost in the Transfusion, and he may be placed in the Number of those few Authors, whose Copies have rivalled their Originals. He had a true Genius for Poetry, which would have been more distinguished, had he arrived at riper Years, and a more discerning Judgment. He professedly imitated *Virgil*, and often does it in a happy Manner, and is in general far from deserving to be so much neglected as he has been, in comparison of other Poets, no Ways superior to him, either for their Subject, Style, or Versification. This Character is consistent with the Observation of the best Judges who have hazarded their critical Remarks upon him.

*SCALIGER*, to excuse the harsh Style of this Author, laments that he died before he had Time to review his *Argonautics*; but he allows him to be a Person of Genius, of a happy Fancy, of a solid Judgment, and of extraordinary Diligence and Application; that his Verses have a pleasant and harmonious Sound, tho' his Poem has none of those other Graces and

Beauties,

Beauties, which are the Ornaments of Poetry. He is really, says *Barthius*, a more considerable Poet than he is generally allowed; they are either Pedants, or half learned Men, who neglect to read him from an Opinion that his Style is harsh and disagreeable; whereas he is a Poet of no inconsiderable Distinction, possessing a noble and elevated Soul. However some will not be induced to allow his Poetical Genius, his Learning, his Sublimity, and his Judgment; yet *Flaccus* appears more considerable, when he marches alone, than when he treads in the Footsteps of *Apollonius* the *Rhodian*. *Borrichius*, in his Dissertation upon the Poets, confesses that *Flaccus* has very often exalted Flights, that his Style is florid enough, though it has Unevennesses sometimes and seems a little rugged, which undoubtedly he would have softened and polished had he lived some Time longer. *Rapin* reduces him to the lowest Order of Poets; he is cold and flat, says he, affecting a Loftiness of Expression, but not having a Genius for it; his Poem is extremely mean, the Fable, the Contrivance, the Conduct, all is of a very grovelling Character.

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EDITIONS of VAL. FLACCUS.

Notis integris Variorum & *Petri Burmanni*. *Leidæ*,  
1724. 4to. 15s.  
Ex Emendat. *Nic. Hanfii*. *Trajec.* 1702. 12mo. 3s.

AUSONIUS.

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## A U S O N I U S.

**D**ECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS, one of the most excellent Poets of the fourth Century, was a Native of *Bordeaux* in *France*, and the Son of *Julius Ausonius*, Physician to the Emperor *Valentinian*. He was born at *Bazas*, and settled at *Bordeaux*; his Wife's Name was *Æmia Æonia*, and was the Daughter of *Cæcilius Argicius Arboreus*, who fled into *Aquitain* after a Proscription, which had deprived him of all the Estate he had in the Country. This *Arboreus* having fixed himself in the City called *Aquæ Tarbellorum*, married an amiable Woman of little or no Fortune, whose Name was *Æmia Corinthia Maura*. From this Marriage proceeded one Son and three Daughters; the Son was *Æmilius Magnus Arboreus*, who taught Rhetoric at *Toulouse*, and who took such a particular Care of the Education of our Poet. One of the Daughters was married to *Julius Ausonius*, and brought him four Children, of whom our *Ausonius* was the second. He gives a minute Description of his Father's Virtues in his *Parentalia*, or *Epicedion in Patrem*; and if he resembled the Picture which his Son has held up to the World of him, he was a Remnant of the Golden Age.

He was educated with very particular Care, the whole Family interested themselves in it, either because his Parts were very promising, or because

because the Scheme of his Nativity had prognosticated that he should attain to great Honours. It seems *Cæcilius Argitius Arboreus*, his Grandfather by the Mother's Side, understood Astrology, and had calculated this Nativity, but never discovered it to his Family. Many Years after his Death his Daughter accidentally found it. *Ausonius* informs us of these Particulars himself.

*Tu cæli Numeros & conscia Sidera, &c.*

*Thy Art from conscious Stars our Lives can date,  
And in Heaven's Aspects read the Book of Fate;  
There all my future Fortunes didst thou trace,  
And in thy Schemes the pleasing Secret place.  
But what the Grandfire with such Care conceal'd,  
The curious Mother's prying Eye reveal'd.*

He adds, that *Arboreus* meeting from Time to Time with adverse Fortune, and lamenting his Son, who died at thirty Years of Age, comforted himself under his Afflictions, with the Expectation of those Dignities which the Stars had promised to his Grandchild.

*Dicebas sed te, &c.*

*Pleas'd with the Honour Fate for me design'd,  
No longer thy own Grievs distract thy Mind.  
Ev'n now thou smil'st among the Dead, to see  
This full Accomplishment of Fate's Decree:  
To see me thus adore thy pious Shade,  
A Quæstor, Prefect, and a Consul made.*

He supposes his Grandfather's Soul, even in the Abodes of the Blessed, was sensible of the Accomplishment of the *Horoscope*, and of the particular

Dignities which our Poet had obtained at the Emperor's Court. He is less orthodox in another Place, for he there questions whether any Thing of us remains after Death.

*Et nunc sine aliquid, &c.*

*And now if after Death there aught remains,  
In thy blest Shade a sweet Remembrance reigns:  
Or if thy Grave no farther Prospect give,  
Yet thy past Life will make thy Fame still live.*

HE made a surprising Proficiency in Learning, and at the Age of Thirty was appointed to teach Grammar in *Bourdeaux*. Some Time after he was promoted to the Office of Professor of Rhetoric. He acquired so great a Reputation in this Employ, that he was invited to the Imperial Court, to be the Preceptor of *Gratian*, Son of the Emperor *Valentinian*. He made himself very agreeable both to his Pupil and to his Pupil's Father, and received from them such Rewards and Dignities, as rendered him a very signal Example of *Juvenal's* Maxim,

*Si Fortuna volet, sis de Rhetore Consul.*

*If Fortune pleases,  
A Rhetorician may become a Consul.*

He was, in effect, raised to the Consulship by the Emperor *Gratian*, in the Year Three hundred seventy-nine, after having gone through other considerable Offices; for besides the Dignity of Questor, with which he was honoured in the

the Life of the Emperor *Valentinian*, he was created Præfect of the *Prætorium* in *Italy* and in *Gaul*, after the Death of that Prince. The Thanks which he gave to the Emperor *Gratian* for his Promotion to the Consulship, is an excellent Performance. The Time of his Death is not certainly known, but without question he lived to a very great Age. He married a Wife of good Family, who died young; he had some Children by her, and did not marry again. He was much esteemed by the Emperor *Theodosius*, and some believe that Monarch conferred on him the Dignity of a *Patrician*. They found this on a Letter which appears in most Editions, at the Beginning of *Ausonius's* Works. Nothing can be more courteous and obliging than that Letter. Some Critics judge it to be supposititious, but they cannot deny that this Emperor very much esteemed *Ausonius's* Poems, and exhorted him to publish them, for this appears by a Preface which is incontestably the Poet's own.

CRITICS have exercised themselves with inquiring, whether *Ausonius* was a professed Christian; *Vossius*, and some others, pronounce him a Heathen Poet, and appeal to the Testimony and the Epistles of *Paulinus* to him; and therefore conclude, that those Christian Compositions usually ascribed to him must undoubtedly have been the Work of another Person. Those who consult *Paulinus's* Works, find nothing there to persuade them that *Ausonius* professed Paganism; and since *Paulinus* no where uses any pressing Exhortation to him to be baptized, they conclude he had already professed



the Gospel. They infer it yet more certainly from these exprefs Words which occur there.

*Non reor hoc sancto sic displicuisse Parenti,  
Mentis ut errorem credat, sic vivere Christo.*

*I hope my Holy Tutor now will find  
The Christian Faith no Error of the Mind.*

So that the Reading of *Paulinus's* Works proves the very Reverse of what *Vossius* and some others have asserted; it demonstrates that *Ausonius* was a professed Christian. It is therefore without Foundation, that some would exclude from this Poet what appears in Praise of Christ, in his Collection of Verses. Though we should deprive him of the *Carmen Paschale*, and the excellent Piece which begins with

*Omnipotens solo mentis mihi cognite cultu,*

as some Critics do, yet there would be enough left in his Works to confute those who affirm he was a Pagan. *Baronius* observes, that *Ausonius* was educated by two Nuns, who were his Aunts: this is a Proof that he was of a Christian Family. Now Christianity being upon the Throne in those Times, and Paganism exposed to Disgrace and Persecution, it seldom happened that a Christian turned Pagan. Since then *Ausonius* was educated from his Infancy in Christianity, we ought to believe he professed it all the Days of his Life; for nothing is more absurd than the Thought of *Giselinus*, who says, that *Claudian* and *Ausonius* being prevailed upon by the Authority and Eloquence of the Pagan *Symmachus*, abjured the Christian Faith,

Faith, and plunged themselves again into Idolatry.

THERE is an extreme Inequality in the Works of *Ausonius*, either because his Muse was a little too inconstant, or because some Pieces have been inserted in his Poems, which he had but just sketched, or because some particular Reasons obliged him to permit the Publication of some Verses, which he had not Time to polish. Generally speaking there is something harsh in his Manner and in his Style, but it was rather the Defect of the Age, than of his Genius. They who are good Judges of Poetry, can easily see, that if he had lived in the *Augustan* Age, some of his Verses would have equalled the best of that Time, so much Delicacy and Genius appear in most of his Writings. He had certainly an elegant Mind, and a great Fund of Learning and Eloquence, but he neglected to cultivate his Abilities, and often employed himself upon frivolous Subjects. Many of his little Compositions were the Amusements of his vacant Hours, written for the Use of his Grandchildren or of some particular Friends; but he was so vain and careless, that scarce any Thing finished came out of his Hands. His Epigrams are many of them Translations of the *Greek*, and have but little Spirit or Elegance; his Love-Verses made upon *Biffala*, a fair *German* Slave whom he set at liberty, are imperfect. He wrote Verses upon the seven wise Men; upon the principal Cities of the *Roman* Empire; upon the Contents of *Homer's Iliad*, and *Odyssey*. He has left Epistles and other Miscellaneous Works: But his most celebrated Piece, in the

Opinion of *Scaliger*, is his Poem upon the *Mosselle*; this, he says, was so elaborate a Work, that had *Ausonius* written nothing else, it would have been sufficient to have procured him the Character of a great Poet, there being in it a great deal of Art, Method, fine Language, Genius, Candor, and Acuteness.

*AUSONIUS*, notwithstanding his Profession of Christianity, is justly condemned as a lascivious, indelicate Writer. Some Epigrams, says *Scaliger* the Father, are so detestably obscene, that they deserve neither Writer nor Reader, and instead of the Sponge, they seem to merit no other Purification than that of the Flames. I wonder he says nothing against the Obscenities of the *Cento Nuptialis*, written in the Decline of Life, which have principally excited the Indignation of several other Authors. Mr. *Baillet* observes justly, It were, says he, to be wished, that Somebody had expunged that abominable *Cento*, a wicked Piece of *Patchwork*, which he fabricated out of several half Verses of *Virgil*, on Subjects purely amorous. It is with much Justice that the University of *Paris* complained forty Years ago of the sinister Malignity of this Poet, in making *Virgil* speak in so very lewd a manner, who, of all the Poets of Antiquity, was most celebrated for his Chastity. Father *Briet*, a Jesuit, has carried his Zeal yet further, when he represents this Action of *Ausonius* to us as an Outrage highly penal, declaring it to be as great a Piece of impudent Assurance, as of scandalous Obscenity, to make such a Misapplication, and that there was something Diabolical rather than Human, in that pernicious Art of perverting  
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ing Things, and changing Good into Bad, to lay Snares for the Innocence and Integrity of Youth. These Reflections justly arise from considering the Turpitude and Infection of this Composition, and *Ausonius* seems to take Shame to himself, and confess as much; for after he had described the Wedding-Feast, the Procession of the Bride and Bride-groom, the Wedding-Presents, the Compliments of the Company, and having modestly enough represented the first Discourse of the married Couple, he stops, and advertises the Readers, that what he had to say more, not being covered with a Veil, it was their Part to decline going any farther.

‘ Thus far, says he, I have veiled the Nuptial-Mystery with many Words and long Descriptions for an Entertainment to modest Ears; but because the matrimonial Solemnity requires some indelicate Mirth, and Custom has authorized those loose Descriptions, the remaining Secrets of the Chamber and Bed will be given you by the same Author, who must blush again and again for imposing upon *Virgil’s* Words so libidinous a Meaning. You that please may stop here, and leave the rest to those who are more curious.’

*AUSONIUS* composed this Nuptial-Piece of *Patchwork* at the Instance of the Emperor *Valentinian*, who had treated the same Subject in the same ludicrous Manner. He excuses himself by observing, that a Prince cannot express any sort of Command more absolute than that of a Request; he found himself much perplexed, for in writing a wicked Poem, he exposed himself to the Accusation of grossly sacrificing his

Reputation to Flattery, and by writing a better Poem than that of the Emperor, he was like to be condemned for his Insolence, in having the Assurance to be more witty than his Master. But to do the Poet all the Justice which the Delicacy of his Wit and Pen deserves, let us hear his own Words in his Preface to that Piece. ‘ I am ashamed to have disgraced the Dignity of *Virgil’s* Poetry on so jocular a Subject; but what could I do? I was commanded to do it; and which is the most absolute sort of Command, I was desired to do it by him, who could have commanded it, even by his Sacred Imperial Majesty *Valentinian*, a Prince, in my Judgment, truly learned, who had himself treated the same Subject in the same Manner in very apt and witty Poetry. Desiring therefore to try how far he should excel in this our Trial of Skill, he commanded me to undertake the Work. You will readily imagine I had a very nice Task; I was neither willing to excel nor be excelled; if I fell short, it would look in the Judgment of others like Flattery; if I outdid, it would seem Insolence. I undertook it therefore with an Appearance of Unwillingness; and by a happy Course I kept in favour as an Equal, and offended not as a Superior.’ If it be true, that the *Cento Nuptialis* of the Emperor *Valentinian* was not inferior to that of *Ausonius*, it must be said that this Monarch was not unskilled in Poetry; and besides, as he was grave, and of exemplary Chastity, it may serve, in some Measure, to justify the Conduct of this Poet.

THE Censors of Poetry have judged with Tenderness upon the Writings of *Ausonius*; they say, he is every where so replete with Wit and Smartness, that he never suffers his Reader to slumber. *Brodæus* cannot imagine his Style to be so inelegant and unpolished as those do, who, by Way of Reproach, call him *Ferreum Scriptorem*, a Writer hard as Iron. He was the most learned, if we believe *Scaliger*, of all the Poets; from *Domitian* down to that Time; he was possessed of a great and acute Genius, but his Style is somewhat harsh; he is far from being regular and uniform; he has written on several Subjects, but not always with the same Success, and therefore we are not to judge of him from what he hath done, but what he could have done. He wishes that he had never written any of his Epigrams, not one of them is finished as it ought to be, some are impertinent, cold and frivolous; when he translated from the *Greek*, he never regarded to carry the original Beauty into the *Latin*; he was very careless and negligent, and therefore it is that we find many of his *Iambics*, which at the Beginning seem pure and elaborate, in the Conclusion prove flat and fæculent.

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EDITIONS of AUSONIUS.

Interpretatione & Notis ad usum Sereniss. Delphini  
editus est. *Parisi*. 1728. 4to. 1l. 1s.  
Notis Variorum & *Jac. Tollii*. *Amst.* 1671. 8vo. 6s.

CLAUDIAN.

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## C L A U D I A N.

**T**HOUGH the Place of his Birth be uncertain, yet *Claudius Claudianus* is commonly said to have been born at *Alexandria* in *Egypt*, about the Beginning of the Reign of *Valentinian* the First, of the vulgar *Æra* Three hundred sixty-five. He finished his Studies at *Alexandria*, a famous School in that Age, and as renowned as *Athens* for the Education of Youth; his Knowledge of the *Greek* Tongue was so perfect, that he hazarded his first poetical Attempts in that Language. About thirty Years old he came to *Rome*, and published his first Poem, as he confesses to *Probinus* the Consul, who was his Friend and Patron,

*Romanos bibimus primum, te Consule, Fontes.*

His elegant Compositions and polite Learning soon admitted him into the best Company among Men of Taste and Merit, particularly into the Favour and Esteem of *Stilico*, a noble *Goth*, who had the whole Administration of Affairs under the Emperor *Honorius*. This Prime Minister distinguished himself by his Valour and Conduct under *Theodosius*, who heaped Honours upon him, made him General of his Forces, married him to his Niece *Serena*, and upon his Death-

Death-bed recommended to him the Care of the Empire, constituting him the Guardian of his Children. Supported by this extraordinary Power, and the great Interest he had in *Honorius*, to whom he had married his Daughter *Maria*, he began to raise Schemes of settling the Empire in his own Family; but his Ambition proved fatal, his Treason was discovered, for which he and his Son *Eucherius* deservedly suffered Death. The Ruin of *Stilico* fell heavily upon *Claudian*; for *Hadrian*, who was the succeeding Favourite, a Captain of the Guards who had detected the Conspiracy, persecuted our Poet as a Dependant upon *Stilico*, and resolved to ruin him both in Person and Fortune. *Claudian* complains of the barbarous and unjust Usage he had received from this Minister, he expostulates with him by Letter, but finding no Redress, and reduced to the lowest Fortune, and unsupported by his Friends, who were either banished or put to Death, he observed no Temper, but gave a loose to his Resentment, and severely handled the Favourite in Lampoons and bitter Invectives.

THO' he suffered by the unforgiving Spirit of *Hadrian*, yet we find by his Writings, that the Compliments and Panegyrics he bestowed upon the Consulship of *Honorius*, were not thrown away or unrewarded; for he enjoyed many Employments Civil and Military, but of what Nature or Value cannot be discovered. But he was eminently distinguished by a singular Honour he received from *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, and the general Vote of the Senate, who erected to him a Statue of Brass in *Trajan's Forum*, with the following Inscription.



**T**O CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS, Tribune and Notary, and among other great Qualifications, the most excellent of Poets ; though his own Works are sufficient to make his Name immortal, yet as a Testimony of their Approbation, the most learned and most happy Emperors Arcadius and Honorius, at the Request of the Senate, have ordered this Statue to be erected, and placed in the Forum of Trajan.

This Epigram was inscribed below.

*Rome and the Cæsars here his Statue raise,  
Who Virgil's Genius join'd to Homer's Lays.*

CLAUDIUS married a Lady of great Distinction and Fortune in *Libya*, by the Interest of the Princess *Serena*. The Time of his Death is uncertain, nor can we meet with any other Particulars of his Life.

THIS Poet valued himself, and laid the Foundation of his Character upon his Poem of the *Rape of PROSERPINE*, a curious Subject, and a celebrated Story in the Heathen Mythology, and capable of the highest Embellishments, though it is supposed not to be a finished Piece. He addresses it to his Friend *Florentinus*, a Person of Learning and Distinction, and confesses it cost him much Time and Labour, and that he did not undertake so arduous a Task, before he had tried the Strength of his Muse upon lower and less important Subjects. The rest of his literary Productions consist of Panegyrics or Invec- tives, with some Epistles and Epigrams. Some little Poems upon Sacred Subjects, which thro' Mistake have been ascribed to *Claudian*, and so have made him thought a Christian, were written by *Claudius Mamercus*, a Christian Poet of *Vienne* in

in Gaul. Several Critics are of Opinion that his Invectives are the most perfect of all his Writings, and that he has discovered in them all a superior Talent for Satire. Those against *Entropius* and *Rufinus* have so many Admirers, that it is hard to say, which of the two deserves the Preference.

AFTER the Death of *Theodosius*, this *Rufinus*, out of Envy at seeing *Stilico* above him, formed treacherous Designs upon the Empire. He practised secretly with the *Huns*, the *Goths*, and the *Alans*, and endeavoured to make himself Sovereign, or at least independent on his Masters and his Enemies. This Treason cost him his Life. The long Prosperity of this great Man, induced *Claudian* to believe, as *Epicurus* did, that all Things were made by Chance, and that the Gods did not concern themselves with the Government of the World; but the exemplary Punishment of *Rufinus* removed his Difficulties, and cleared up to him the just Administration of the Divine Providence. His Sentiments upon this Occasion are sublime and solemn.

*Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,  
Curarent Superi terras, an nullus inesset  
Rector, & incerto fluerent mortalia casu.  
Nam cum dispositi quævissem fœdera Mundi,  
Præscriptosque maris fines annique meatus,  
Et lucis noctisque vices, tunc omnia rebar  
Consilio firmata Dei, qui lege moveri  
Sidera, qui fruges diverso tempore nasci,  
Qui variam Phœben alieno jusserat igne  
Compleri, solemque suo: porrexerit undis  
Littera, tellurem medio libraverit axe,*

*Sed cum Res hominum tantâ caligine volvi  
 Adspicerem, lætosque diu florere nocentes  
 Vexarique pios, rursus labefacta cadebat  
 Relligio ; causæque viam non sponte sequebar  
 Alterius, vacuo quæ currere semina motu  
 Affirmat, magnumque novas per inane figurat  
 Fortunâ non arte regi, quæ numina sensu  
 Ambiguo vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri.  
 Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini pæna tumultum,  
 Absolvitque Deos. Jam non ad culmina rerum  
 Injustos crevisse queror ; tolluntur in altum  
 Ut lapsu graviore ruant.*

*Oft has my Mind with anxious Doubts been tost,  
 Whether the Care of Heaven extends to Earth,  
 Or mortal Things depend on Chance alone.  
 For when the fair Creation I survey'd,  
 In beauteous Order rang'd ; the Sea confin'd  
 Within its Bounds, and its proud Waves restrain'd ;  
 The Year revolving in its constant Course,  
 And the Vieissitude of Day and Night ;  
 I clearly saw the Hand of Providence,  
 And own'd the active Ruler of the World.  
 That God, whose all-informing Hand directs  
 The rapid Motion of the Whirling Spheres,  
 Who rules the Seasons of the varied Year ;  
 Who fills the Moon's bright Orb with borrow'd Light,  
 And bids the Sun with native Lustre shine.  
 Who on the Ocean's Brink extends the Shores,  
 And on its Axis balances the Earth.  
 But when the gloomy Scene of Man I view'd,  
 The Bad triumphant, and the Good oppress'd,  
 Religion in a Moment lost its Hold,  
 My Heart inclin'd to that Philosophy,  
 Which tells us, that discordant Seeds of Things  
 Hurl'd thro' the vast Abyss of Emptiness,*

Produce d

*Produc'd by Chance, not Art, this fair Variety;  
 Which wou'd persuade there are no Gods in Heaven,  
 Or Gods regardless of the human Race.  
 At length Rufinus' Punishment has clear'd  
 My anxious Doubtings, and absolv'd the Gods.  
 No longer I complain, that prosp'rous Vice  
 Is rais'd on high; the Wicked are exalted  
 Only to fall with greater Ruin down.*

THE Judges of *Claudian* are divided in their Opinions concerning him; some think his Style too florid, and are offended with the flowing Ease and Harmony of his Numbers, which, they say, want both Variety and Strength to support the Dignity of the Expression. Others admiring the charming Ease and Fluency of his Numbers, with the Spirit and Vivacity of his Style, wish he had been happier, or more judicious in the Choice of his Subjects. *Claudian*, says *Crinitus*, possessed an excellent Genius, well adapted to Poetry; he is happy in his Flights, and takes such a wonderful Delight in the Variety of Figures and Sentences, that Nature seems to have designed him for a Poet. Though he did not select the noblest Subjects, yet, what was wanting in them, he supplied by his Wit. He had a solid Judgment, his Style was pure, easy, and natural; he had a great deal of Genius without the least Affectation. He is worthy of the highest Commendation, and though his Wit and Eloquence happened to fall in a vicious and degenerate Age, yet since the Reign of *Augustus*, no Man hath surpassed beyond him, either in Purity of Style, or Loftiness of Expression. The Verses of *Claudian*, says *Borrichius*, are read at this Day with great Veneration, in respect to his profound Genius;

Genius; his Style is chaste, grave, and sublime, and yet, which is a Thing to be admired, easy and natural, interwoven with moral and political Instruction, but he is too full of the Sallies of Youth, and his Style is sometimes a little inflated.

It is observed by *Rapin*, that the common Undertakers of Panegyrics, who have not Strength of Mind sufficient to form a Design, let loose the Reins of their Fancy, and after they have piled a Heap of gross and fulsome Praises one upon another, without Order and Connexion, they stamp it with the splendid Name of Panegyric. It is thus, says he, that *Claudian* has praised the Emperor *Honorius*, and the Consuls *Probinus*, *Olyorius*, *Stilico*, and the other illustrious Persons of his Time. Throughout all his Panegyrics reigns an Air of Juvenility, that has nothing solid, tho' there appears some Wit. He flags in the Invention, and tho' at his first setting out he seems to be full of Fire and very brisk, yet all on a sudden he stops like a Man labouring under an Asthma, and his Conclusion is never answerable to his Beginning; yet, says *Gyraldus*, there are some Flowers in him, of which, if a wise Man had the Gathering, he would turn to wonderful Advantage.

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*Best EDITIONS of CLAUDIAN.*

Interpretatione & Notis illustravit, ad usum Sereniss.

Delphini, *Guliel. Pyrrho. Paris.* 1677. 4to. 5l. 5s.

Notis Variorum & *Nic. Heinsii. Amst.* 1665. 8vo.

10s. 6d. Notis *Nic. Heinsii.*

*Claudian*, Typis *Elzevir. L. Bat.* 1650. 12mo. 5s.

*Claudian*, *Gesner*, 2 vols. 8vo. *A most excellent Edition. Lips.* 1758. 10s. 6d.

*Claudian*, *Burmanni*, 4to. *Amst.* 1760. 1l. 1s.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.











